THE

WORKS

OF

UCIAN.

VOL. III.

THE WORKS OF LUCIAN,

FROM THE GREEK,

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VOL. III.



Tantum obtinet in dicendo gratiæ, tantum in inveniendo fælicitatis, tantum in jocando leporis, in mordendo aceti; sic titillat allusionibus, sic seria nugis, nugas seriis miscet, sic ridens vera dicit, vera dicendo ridet, sic hominum mores affectus, studia, quasi penicillo depingit; neque legenda, sed planè spectanda oculis exponit, ut nulla comœdia, nulla satyra cum hujus dialogis conferri debeat, seu voluptatem spectes, seu spectes utilitatem.

ERASMUS.

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TO

SIGNOR GALLINI,

THIS TREATISE IS INSCRIBED BY

THE TRANSLATOR.

ON

DANCING,

A DIALOGUE.

One of the bad Consequences arising from the Company of Wits, who deal in Irony and Sarcasm is, that you never know whether they are in Jest or Earnest; and this is the Case with LUCIAN, *in regard to the following Dialogue, which wears such a double Face, that it is difficult to say whether he meant to ridicule the noble Science of Dancing, or truly and soberly to defend and extol it. When he tells us, in the Beginning, that Dancing is coeval with the Universe, and that the World is nothing but a grand Dance of Things, we can hardly conceive him to be serious; and yet in the latter Part of the Treatise, the Gravity of his Arguments and Manner would incline us to think him so. The whole, however, except, perhaps, the long String of old Fables, is entertaining and sensible.*

LYCINUS AND CRATO.

LYCINUS.

AS you have thought proper, my friend Crato, for some time past to bring most heavy complaints against dancing, to abuse the art itself, and find fault with me for being fond of it, as spending all my time on a frivolous and womanish entertainment; I must now convince you how greatly you are mistaken, and how sadly you have forgot yourself, in speaking thus contemptuously of one of the most agreeable things in life: it may, however, be pardonable in you, who have been brought up and used to a gloomy way of life, and have always imagined that nothing can be good that is not harsh and rigid, and condemn that which you are an utter stranger to.

CRATO.

In good truth, my friend Lycinus, I am astonished to see a man like you, brought up to letters, and no bad philosopher, leaving his profitable studies and converse with the ancients, to be tickled with a flageolet, or sit admiring an effeminate fellow, in long petticoats, singing lascivious songs, and imitating the lewd women, the * Phædras, Parthenopes, and Rhodopes

* *Phædras, &c.*] The story of Phædra, and her passion for

dopes of antiquity, beating time with your foot upon the benches, and making a ridiculous noiſe, very unbecoming a man of your education. When I heard you frequented ſuch entertainments, I not only bluſhed for, but was truly angry with you, for thus neglecting Plato, Ariſtotle, and Chryſippus, to ſit like thoſe who tickle their ears with a feather; and that too whilſt there are ſo many noble and delightful employments for the eye and ear, ſo many excellent concerts, ſo many, where the † harp is played on in perfection, and above all, whilſt there is grave tragedy and chearful comedy to amuſe you, things worthy of public conteſt,

for Hippolytus, is too well known to ſtand in need of any illuſtration. Parthenope was one of the Syrens whom Ulyſſes ſhut his ears againſt. The laſt mentioned lady is reported to have got money enough, by her profeſſion as a courtezan, to build one of the famous Ægyptian pyramids.

† *The harp.*] Greek κιθαρα. I call it a harp, though, as Montfaucon has obſerved, it is very difficult to determine in what the lyre, cithara, chelys, pſaltery, and harp differed from each other. Dr. Burney obſerves, that the cithara (from which the Italian word chitarra, or guittar, is manifeſtly derived), was, perhaps, as different from the lyre, as a ſingle harp from a double one. The Greeks had, probably, two principal ſpecies of ſtringed inſtruments, one, like our harp, of full compaſs, reſting on its baſe, the other more portable, and ſlung over the ſhoulder, like our guittar, or the ancient lyre, repreſented in ſculpture.

and universal emulation. You will stand in need, therefore, my good friend, of a long apology, at least with every liberal mind, if you mean not to be cut off from the society of all good and virtuous men: you had better, indeed, at once, deny that you were ever guilty of such a folly; and take care that, for the future, we never see you changing yourself thus, from a man into a Lydian or Bacchanal; it would be not only your fault, indeed, but ours, if, when we saw you stupified, like ‡ Ulysses by the lotus, we did not endeavour to bring you back to your senses, before you were totally possessed by those Syrens of the stage; his Syrens caught mariners by the ears, if they did not stop them up with wax, as they sailed that way; but you are taken by the eye, and reduced to the most abject slavery.

LYCINUS.

Bless us, Crato, what a fierce dog have you let loose upon me! but your simile, let me tell you, of the Syrens and Lotophagi, is by no means applicable to my case: for those who eat the lotus, and listened to the Syrens, were punished with death; whereas, with regard to my-

‡ *Like Ulysses.*] See Odyssey, book ix. l. 92. I have the passage as translated by Pope, in another place.

self,

ſelf, beſides that the pleaſure is much greater than theirs, the conſequence alſo is good and happy; for neither have I by this forgot my private concerns, nor become incapable of doing my buſineſs; but, on the contrary, I can affirm, always return from the theatre more alert, and fit for all the offices of life, ſo that I may ſay with Homer, who was an eye witneſs of it,

* Delighted I return, and wiſer far.

But pray tell me, Crato, do you find fault with dancing, and the ſtage, after being often preſent at them; or, having never been there, do you, notwithſtanding, aſſert that they are indefenſible? If you have ſeen them yourſelf, you are upon the level with me; and if you have NOT, ſurely your accuſation is unreaſonable and ill-founded, when you condemn that which you know nothing of.

CRATO.

Moſt certain it is, I have never been there: it would but ill become me, with my long beard

* *Delighted.*] This is a literal tranſlation of the line in Homer, which is

Τερψαμενος νειται, και πλειονα ειδως,

which is part of the Syren's ſong in the twelfth book of the Odyſſey. Pope has ſunk the whole line in his tranſlation, and, as he frequently does, gives us ſomething elſe in the room of it.

and grey locks, to ſit myſelf down amongſt a heap of women, and mad ſpectators, to applaud a worthleſs fellow, writhing his body into a thouſand forms, for no good or uſeful purpoſe whatſoever.

LYCINUS.

I muſt pardon you, Crato, ſince this is the caſe; but if you will take my advice, only go by way of experiment, and open your eyes; I will anſwer for it, you will ſoon be for going early, and before any body elſe, to ſecure a good place, from whence you may ſee and hear every thing diſtinctly.

CRATO.

May I periſh if ever I ſubmit to any ſuch thing whilſt I have hair on my legs, and my beard is not pulled off! In the mean time I ſincerely pity you, who are ſeized with this Bacchanalian frenzy.

LYCINUS.

Will you then liſten to me, my friend, whilſt I defend dancing, and endeavour to convince you that it has many perfections; that it is not only entertaining, but profitable to the ſpectators; that it is uſeful and inſtructive, harmoniſes the ſouls of the beholders, charms the ſight with agreeable ſpectacles, and the hearing with delightful ſounds, diſplaying the united

beauties

beauties both of mind and body: that it does all this by the aſſiſtance of muſic and numbers, is not to its diſgrace, but adds to the praiſe and honour of it.

CRATO.

I am not at leiſure to hear a madman harangue in praiſe of his diſtemper; but, if you are very deſirous of pouring out your nonſenſe upon me, I will ſubmit to the operation, and lend you my ears, which, though I ſhall not ſtop them with wax, may not, perhaps, be very attentive to you. I will hold my tongue, however; therefore, ſay what you pleaſe, as if there was nobody to overhear you.

LYCINUS.

That is the very thing I wiſhed for; you will ſoon ſee whether what I am going to ſay to you is nonſenſe. In the firſt place, then, I muſt obſerve, that you ſeem not to know the antiquity of dancing; that it is not of yeſterday, not invented by our anceſtors, nor by thoſe who lived before them: they who know the true origin of it will inform you, that it is coeval with the birth of the Univerſe, and ſprang forth at the ſame time with Love, the eldeſt of the gods. The Chorus of the ſtars, the conjunction of the planets, their harmonious order and connection, are but various copies of the firſt

great dance of things: from that time the art hath been advancing, which is now arrived at perfection, and is at length the most * muse-like, all comprehending, all harmonious, first of things.

† Rhea, we are told, delighting in the art, first commanded the Corybantes in Phrygia, and the Curetes in Crete to dance; and she received no small advantage from it; for they preserved her son, and Jove will himself acknowledge, that to them he owed his delivery from the cruelty of an incensed father: they danced in arms, and striking their swords on their shields, seemed, as it were, filled with a martial and divine fury. Some of the bravest Cretans

* *Muse-like.*] Greek, πολυμουσον αγαθον.

† *Rhea, &c.*] To understand the force, and taste the ridicule of this passage, it is necessary to inform the reader, if he does not know it before, that, according to the unaccountable system of ancient theogony, Rhea, or Cybele, when she was with child of Jupiter by Saturn, that her husband might not destroy the infant as soon as born, which it seems he had threatened, retired to Crete, when, after being delivered, she gave her little Jupiter to the care of her friends, or priests, the Curetes and Corybantes, who made a violent noise with their lances, shields, and bucklers, that Saturn might not hear the child cry. Lucian takes this opportunity of laughing at the whole story, and tells us that it is therefore to dancing alone we are indebted for the preservation of the father of gods and men.

after-

afterwards ſtudied this art, and became excellent dancers; and theſe were not the low and common people, but of the nobleſt families, and amongſt thoſe who were deſerving of the empire. Homer, with a view to diſtinguiſh, and not to diſgrace Merion, calls him a dancer: and ſo famous was he in this art, that not only his countrymen the Grecians acknowleged his perfections in it, but his enemies the Trojans alſo; they experienced, no doubt, in battle, that ſkill and agility which he had acquired by his proficiency in this uſeful ſcience: the verſes, I think, are pretty nearly as follows,

> * Swift as thou art, the raging hero cries,
> And ſkill'd in dancing to diſpute the prize;
> My ſpear, the deſtin'd paſſage had it found,
> Had fix'd thy active vigour to the ground.

And yet we find he did not kill him: by his knowlege of † dancing, I ſuppoſe, he eſcaped the arrows that were ſhot at him. I could enumerate ſeveral other heroes who were renowned for this art; it may ſuffice to mention only Neoptolemus, the ſon of Achilles, a moſt admirable dancer, who invented the famous Pyrrhic dance, ſo called from him. When

* See Pope's Homer's Odyſſey, B. xvi. l. 745.

† *Dancing.*] Is this a ſerious defence of dancing, or a ſevere ridicule of it?

Achilles

Achilles heard this of his ſon, it gave him more pleaſure, they ſay, than when he reflected on his beauty, and all his other accompliſhments and perfections. It was ‡ his dance indeed, that deſtroyed and laid level with the ground, the proud city of Troy; which, to that day, had remained unconquerable.

The Lacedæmonians, who were reckoned the braveſt of all the Grecians, learned their Caryatic from Caſtor and Pollux (this is a ſpecies of dance, ſo called from Caryæ, a ſtreet in Sparta); theſe people did every thing in a muſe-like manner, fought by numbers, muſic, and a regular motion of the feet; the pipe always giving the firſt ſignal of battle: and as they were led on by muſic and dancing, they always conquered: their young men were taught to dance, as well as to fight: they came to blows, then pauſed for a time, and finiſhed the engagement in a dance; the fidler always ſitting in the midſt, and beating time with his foot; whilſt they, forming themſelves as it were, into metre, fol-

‡ *His dance.*] Surely Lucian appears here with a broad grin on his countenance, and is plainly ironical.—it puts us in mind of the burleſque ſong, where Alexander

Drank about the council-board,
And ſubdu'd the world by drinking,
More than by his conquering ſword.

lowed

lowed each other in various circumvolutions; and marching to different tunes, ſometimes rough and warlike, and ſoon after to quick and ſpritely ones, ſuch as Bacchus and Venus admire. The ſong which they ſing in their dance, is an invitation to Venus and Cupid to trip it along with them; another, for they ſing two, contains inſtructions how they are to dance: then they cry out aloud, "Boys, move your feet, and dance better."

Thoſe do much the ſame who perform the * Hormus: this is a dance of the youths and virgins, moving in a chorus one by one, like a chain or collar, from which it takes its name. The young man leads the way, ſtepping gracefully along, and with ſuch motions as he is afterwards to practiſe in the field; the virgin follows, teaching her ſex, as it were, to dance with decency and grace; ſo that the whole appears indeed like a chain, where manly fortitude, and female modeſty, are knit together.

What Homer tells us in his ſhield of Achilles concerning † Ariadne, and the dance which Dædalus

* *Hormus.*] From the Greek ὅρμος, monile, a collar, or necklace. The idea is a pretty one, ſomething ſimilar to this is frequently adopted in our modern dances.

† *Ariadne.*] A figured dance ſucceeds; ſuch once was ſeen,
In lofty Gnoſſus, for the Cretan queen,
Form'd

Dædalus led her, as unneceſſary to repeat to a reader like you, I ſhall paſs over; as well as the two dancers, leaders of the chorus, whom the poet calls ‡ tumblers; and likewiſe where he ſays,

The youthful dancers, in a circle bound.

And which, he tells us, was the moſt beautiful part of Vulcan's ſhield. The Phæacians, we may naturally ſuppoſe, were fond of dancing, being a delicate race of people, and who lived a life of luxury and happineſs. Homer therefore, makes * Ulyſſes particularly admire them.

The Theſſalians had this art in ſuch eſteem, that they called their generals and great warriors

Form'd by Dædalian art; a comely band
Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand,
Now forth at once, too ſwift for ſight they ſpring,
And, undiſtinguiſh'd, blend the flying ring.

See Pope's Homer's Odyſſey, book xviii. l. 691.

It is worth obſerving, ſays a commentator on this paſſage, that the Grecian dance is ſtill performed in this manner in the oriental nations; the youths and maids dance in a ring, beginning ſlowly, by degrees the muſic plays a quicker time, till at laſt they dance with the utmoſt ſwiftneſs, and towards the concluſion, ſing as here in a general chorus.

‡ *Tumblers.*] Greek, κυβιστητῆρες, the Latin tranſlator calls them ſaltantes in caput, ſuch as dance on their heads. Pope calls them tumblers.

* *Ulyſſes.*] See Odyſſey, Θ. l. 365.

leaders

† leaders of the dance; and this is proved by their inſcriptions on the monuments which they raiſed, in memory of their great men: one of them ſays, "the city made ſuch a man Proorcheſter: and another, "the people raiſed this "to the memory of Ilation, for his well-danced "battle."

I ſhall not here obſerve, that amongſt all the ancient myſteries, there are none without dances, as Orpheus, Muſæus, and others, the beſt dancers of their time, who inſtituted them, always took care to make dancing an indiſputable qualification for all who were initiated into them. We muſt not ſpeak of the orgies, on account of thoſe who are not initiated; but every body knows, that thoſe who reveal the myſteries, are ſaid to have ‡ danced out of the circle.

In

† *Leaders.*] Greek, προορχηστῆρας, firſt dancers. This and the other appellations mean no more than that the Theſſalians applied terms uſed in dancing to military affairs, and did this art the honour ſometimes to draw alluſions from it; but Lucian's buſineſs here is to make the moſt of the matter.

‡ *Danced out.*] Greek, Ἐξορχεῖσθαι, extra ſacrum chorum ſaltare. Whence, perhaps, we may derive our Engliſh word, exorciſm; but, after all, this is nothing, as I before obſerved, but an alluſion; though Lucian ſeems to inſinuate that religion itſelf depends on dancing. His fervent zeal on this occaſion puts me in mind of a famous Treatiſe on the Art of Angling, now before me; the author, after affirming

In Delos, no ſacrifices, it is well known, were ever made without muſic and dancing: a chorus of boys always played upon the lute and harp, whilſt the moſt ſkilful of them proceeded with hymns and ſongs; and the verſes written for theſe choruſſes which the Lyric poets are full of, were called § Hyporchemata. But why need I dwell upon the Greeks, when even the Indians, as ſoon as they riſe in the morning, worſhip the ſun; not as we do, who, when we have kiſſed our hands, think our adoration complete; but turning their heads towards the eaſt, ſalute him with a dance; ſilently throwing themſelves into certain poſtures, and imitating the motions of the divinity. Such is the adoration of the Indians, their chorus, and ſacrifice; in this manner they propitiate the deity in the morning and in the evening every day. The Æthiopians alſo dance whilſt they fight; nor will one of them take an arrow out of his hair, (for that is his quiver, which they ſurround like ſo many rays,) without firſt making

affirming that no man can be honeſt or good who does not love fiſhing, proceeds gravely to remark, that only three Apoſtles attended our Saviour to the mount at his transfiguration, and that theſe three were all—fiſhermen.

§ *Hyporchemata.*] From ορχησις, ſaltatio, υπορχημα δε, ſays Meurſius, το μετ' ορχησεως αδομενον μελος

ufe of feveral threatening motions, and terrifying the enemy with a dance.

And now we are got into India and Æthiopia, it may be worth our while to ftep down into the neighbouring kingdom of Ægypt. Here, according to the old fable, lived the famous Proteus, who, I believe, was nothing more than a good dancer, and an excellent mimic; who could throw himfelf into all fhapes and forms, imitating, by the rapidity of his motions, the fwiftnefs of fire, the fluidity of water, the fiercenefs of the lion, the fpirit of the panther, the bending of the trees, and any thing, in fhort, he pleafed: but they caught hold of the marvellous, and told the ftory as if thofe things had really happened, which were fo well reprefented by him, though thofe that dance now perform the very fame, for they change themfelves into every form, and rival * Proteus himfelf: we have reafon to fuppofe that Empufa alfo, who could throw herfelf into fuch a variety of fhapes, was likewife fome excellent proficient in this art.

* *Proteus.*] Here the mafk falls fairly off, and Lucian may be faid to laugh out; his turning Proteus into a dancing-mafter plainly fhews he cannot be in earneft, but it is hoped the Proteus's of the prefent age, in confideration of the many handfome things he has faid on the fubject, will forgive him a laugh or two on the profeffion.

Nor

Nor muſt we here paſs over that dance of the Romans which is performed by the † Salii (for ſo they call ſome of their prieſts), in honour of Mars, the god of war, and which is moſt grave and holy.

Agreeable to this Roman cuſtom is the fable which the Bithynians relate of their Priapus, a warlike deity, one of the Titans I believe, or the ‡ Idæan Dactyli, well ſkilled in military knowlege, who is ſaid to have received Mars from the hands of Juno, whilſt he was yet a boy, though remarkably ſtrong and manly, and to have inſtructed him in dancing, even before he taught him to fight; for this, as a reward, he was preſented by Juno with a tenth of the ſpoil which fell to the ſhare of Mars in battle.

† *Salii*] The Salii were Roman prieſts, and ſo called from ſalio, to dance, firſt appointed we are told by Numa; their office was to celebrate the rites of Mars with ſongs and dances; they were habited in a ſhort ſcarlet caſſock, having round them a broad belt, claſped with braſs buckles, on their heads they wore a ſort of copper helmet, ſhort ſwords by their ſides, a javelin in their right hand, and the ancele, or target, in the other. They were twelve in number, and always choſen from the patricians.

‡ *Idæan dactyli.*] Prieſts of Cybele, who was worſhipped on mount Ida, called dactyli, from δακτυλος, a finger, in allusion to their number, as in their firſt inſtitution there were but ten of them. See Strabo, Pollux, Iſ. Caſaubon, and the learned Bryant.

battle. I need not mention to you the feasts of Bacchus, which, you well know, all consist in dances, the principal of them the * Cordax, the † Sicynnis, and the ‡ Emmeleia, were so called from the Satyrs, priests of Bacchus, who invented them; by these he conquered the Tyrrhenians, Indians, and Lydians, and obliged those warlike nations to carry the thiasus.

Take heed, therefore, my most extraordinary friend, that you are not guilty of impiety, in vilifying this divine and mystic art, practised by so many of the gods themselves, and dedicated to their service, and which, at the same time, affords both profit and delight. When I consider (for I must once more recur to the poets), how great an admirer you are of Homer, and Hesiod in particular, I am astonished to find your opinion so directly opposite to

* *Cordax.*] This was a gay brisk dance, accompanied sometimes, we are told, with lewd and wanton gestures, and belonged properly to comedy; a learned writer on the subject calls it genus ridiculæ saltationis in comediis, quæ turpiter lumbos spinamque quatiebat—approaching, I suppose, pretty nearly to the indecency of our modern stage-dancing; the Bacchanalia, or feasts of Bacchus, consisted principally of various dances.

† *Sicynnis.*] This was a satirical dance, wherein the grave and brisk were intermixed

‡ *Emmeleia.*] This was a grave and solemn dance.

them, who praiſe this art above all things. When Homer ſpeaks of things the moſt deſireable, he mentions ſleep, love, and harmony, and calls dancing alone the § irreprehenſible pleaſure: he bears teſtimony, you ſee, to the excellency of ſong, which always accompanies my favourite art, and expreſly ſays, that is irreprehenſible, which you have dared to find fault wi h; and again, in another part of his poem, he ſays,

|| To ſome the powers of bloody war belong,
To ſome ſweet muſic, and the charms of ſong.

Moſt delightful, indeed, are ſong and dance together, they are the ſweeteſt gift of heaven; the poet ſeems to have divided all things into two parts, war and peace, and in oppoſition to the former has contraſted theſe pleaſures as the moſt delectable.

Heſiod alſo, who was not told of it by others, but himſelf,

At early morn beheld the dancing choir,

in the beginning of his poem, ſings the Muſes praiſe, and tells us, as the higheſt encomium of them, that

§ *Irreprehenſible.*] Greek, αμυμονος ορχηθμοιο. Il. N. 636.

|| *To ſome, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xiii. l. 915.

On

* On the clear fountain's brim, with tender feet,
They lead the mazy dance, around the altar
Of their celestial fire ——

And is it not, my friend, almost to fight against the gods, thus to revile so noble an art?

Socrates, who, if we are to credit the Pythian oracle, was the wisest of men, not only praised dancing, but did himself condescend to learn it, attributing the greatest effect to music, numbers, and modulated motions; nor was he ashamed, though an old man, to consider it as the most serious thing. He was, indeed, no little friend to it who frequented the schools of music, and listened even to the † courtezan Aspasia for wisdom and instruction, though he lived when the art was in its infancy, and long before it had arrived at its present perfection; had he seen those who now practise it, he would, I doubt not, have left every thing else for this entertainment alone, nor have taught his pupils any thing before, or in preference to it.

When you talked of tragedy and comedy, you must certainly have forgot that there are dances appropriated to each of them; for one,

* *On the clear.*] See Hesiod's Theogony.

† *Courtezan.*] This is an invidious sneer on Socrates, whose exalted virtue Lucian frequently takes the liberty to call in question.

the Emmeleia; for the other the Cordax; the Sicynnis alſo is ſometimes taken in with them; but ſince you ſet out by preferring theſe to dancing, becauſe they are frequently propoſed as ſubjects of contention, and are therefore honourable, let us compare them together, to paſs over muſic, which is only an attendant on our art, and ſubſervient to it.

If we are to judge of tragedy from its firſt appearance, what a diſguſting and formidable ſpectacle it is! to ſee a man come in ſtretched out to an enormous length, and ſtalking in high-heeled ſhoes, with a maſk that comes out beyond his head, and gapes as if it would devour all the ſpectators, not to mention the cuſhions ſtuck out on the breaſt and belly to make artificial fat, to prevent the inconſiſtent appearance of a thin body: then from under his covering you hear him crying out, ſometimes high, and ſometimes low, and chaunting his ſorrows in iambic verſe, minding nothing but his voice, for every thing elſe uſed to be ſupplied by the poet himſelf: as long as only Hecuba or Andromache ſpoke, this was tolerable; but when Hercules comes to ſing alone, he forgets the club and the lion's ſkin, drops the character, and may be ſaid to make a ſoleciſm indeed.

You

You allege, that in dancing, men act the part of women; now this is commonly done both in tragedy and comedy, for * in both there are more women than men: in comedy, the principal parts, to make the audience laugh, are given to the ridiculous characters, cooks, ſcullions, Davus's, and Tibius's: on the other hand, how neat and decent the habit and appearance of the dancer is, I need not remark, one muſt be blind not to ſee it: add to this, that the maſk is always handſome, and ſuited to the action, not gaping like the other, but with the mouth ſhut. There are, indeed, other mouths enough to open in praiſe of it. It was formerly uſual for the ſame perſon both to ſing and dance; but, finding that ſhortneſs of breath from quick motion ſpoiled the ſong, they relieved the dancer, and appointed a perſon to ſing † under him. With regard to other things,

* *In both.*] This, ſo far as it regards the ſmall remains of the ancient drama now extant, is by no means true; in Lucian's time, however, for ought we know, it might have been ſo. Women, it is almoſt certain, never acted either in comedy or tragedy, and moſt probably were not then thought capable of it. What would Lucian ſay, if he could come amongſt us, to a Young, a Yates, or a Barry?

† *Under him.*] This lets us into a dramatic manœuvre which we were totally unacquainted with, one man dancing, and

things, tragedy and dancing are nearly the same, except that the latter has more variety, and is ‡ more instructive.

The reason why there are no exercises, or prizes for dancing appointed in Greece, was, I suppose, because the magistrates thought it too noble and sacred a thing to become a subject of public trial, as it were, and examination; not to mention that there is a city in Italy, which has added this ornament to their other games and ceremonies.

I must here apologize to you, for omitting many things which I might have mentioned on

and another explaining his motions in a song; a great deal of skill and exactness must have been necessary in both. This idea agrees surprisingly with the hypothesis supported by the Abbé du Bos. See his Reflections on Painting and Poetry.

‡ *More instructive.*] Greek, πολυμαθέστεραι, plus doctrinæ habentes, a bold assertion of Lucian, which the tragic poets of this or any other age will hardly admit; but our satirist, we must remember, is apt now and then to deal in the hyperbole: the writers, however, on the other side of the question are equally extravagant, melius est fodere quam saltare, says the pious St. Augustine; nemo saltat sobrius, says Tully; and the author of the History of the Waldenses very gravely assures us, that a dance is the devil's procession, and as many paces as a man dances, so many steps does he make towards hell; with many other reflections of the same nature.—Must we then, after all, send our children to the dancing school or not? as Pope says,

Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

this

this occaſion: I am not ignorant that ſeveral who have treated the ſame ſubject before me have dwelt much longer upon it, have run through every ſpecies of dancing, given us their names, and deſcribed what they were, and by whom invented, with a view, I ſuppoſe, to ſhew their extenſive learning; for my own part, I look upon all this, as the poor ambition of the ignorant; and beſides that, it would be very troubleſome and inconvenient to me, and for that reaſon I paſs them all over. I muſt deſire you, moreover, to recollect, that it was not my preſent intention to trace out the origin of every kind of dance, but only to deſcribe the few which I firſt mentioned, and which, I conſidered as the principal efforts of this noble art. The chief end of this diſcourſe being to recommend dancing in general, and to ſhew how much, both of pleaſure and profit, there is in it: I mean, as it is now practiſed, not as it was formerly, but with all the improvements which it received in, and ſince the time of Auguſtus. Paſſing over, as it were, the roots and foundation of the art, we come now to the flower and fruit of it. Taking no notice of the * Thermayſtris,

* *Thermayſtris.*] A remarkably quick dance, abounding in leaps and caprioles, ſuch as required the greateſt ſtrength

Thermaystris, the † Crane, and the rest of those which are foreign to our present practice: nor shall I mention the ‡ Phrygian dance, made use of, generally, by boon companions in their drinking bouts; and which, our rustics continue to this day to the sound of flutes, which, likewise, have very little resemblance with our present modes and fashions. Plato, in his laws, finds fault with several of these; in his division of them into the useful and agreeable, rejecting some as rude and indecent, and praising and admiring others. So much therefore, for the art itself. For to describe all the species of it would be a ridiculous and unnecessary task.

And now I will enumerate those qualities which the dancer should be possessed of, how he should be prepared, and instructed, and by

strength and agility. Athenæus calls it furiosa saltatio, a mad dance; and another author calls it, genus saltationis vehementis, & præcipuæ agilitatis.

† *The crane.*] Greek, γερανον, so called, we may suppose, from the flight of that bird, whose motions were probably imitated by the dancers.

‡ *Phrygian.*] This was probably, as it is described to us, a rustic popular dance, in which the performers, as they danced, sung to the dance tune,—Where are my roses, where are my violets, where are my beautiful swarms of bees, &c.

what

what means his knowlege may be ſtrengthened and confirmed; by which you will perceive, that this art is not to be numbered amongſt the eaſieſt and moſt practicable, but reaches to the * ſummit of all human learning: comprehending muſic, numbers, geometry, with your favourite philoſophy, both natural and moral, though it doth not hold the ſubtilty of diſputation by any means neceſſary. Oratory, however, it would not deſpiſe, but lays claim to a part of it, as far as concerns the paſſions and affections of men: nor muſt it be a ſtranger to painting and ſtatuary, as it can imitate their ſymmetry and proportion, in ſuch a manner as neither Phidias nor Apelles can be ſuperior to it. But, above all, it will be neceſſary for the dancer to have a great and comprehenſive memory: for, like Homer's Calchas, he

† Muſt know the paſt, the preſent, and to come.

That nothing may eſcape him, as it is an imitative ſcience, he muſt be able to point out and expreſs the thoughts of men: what Homer, therefore, attributed to Pericles, the good dancer

* *The ſummit.*] This exaggerated encomium puts us in mind of a [illegible] of humour (and I believe it is the only one in it), in one of our farces, where the dancing-maſter obſerves, that the young lady's imprudent conduct can be attributed to nothing but her never having learned to dance.

† *Muſt know.*] See Homer's Iliad, book i.

muſt

muſt alſo enjoy; a power of underſtanding what ought to be done, and of practiſing it alſo. How he is to do this, I will now conſider.

The firſt great requiſite is a knowlege of ancient hiſtory, a perfect remembrance, as I before obſerved, and a proper repreſentation of it. He muſt know every thing, therefore, from chaos and the origin of things, down to the times of Ægyptian Cleopatra; with all that paſſed in the interval; as, the ‡ caſtration of Cœlum, the birth of Venus, the battle of the Titans, the nativity of Jupiter, the fraud of Rhea, the ſtone, the impriſonment of Saturn, and the fate of the three brothers; the rebellion of the giants, the ſtolen fire, the creation of men, the puniſhment of Prometheus, the power of the two kinds of love; the wandering of Delos, the

‡ *The caſtration, &c.*] Lucian has here, probably to ſhew his learning, which was very extenſive, given us a long detail of ancient ſtories, which, to confeſs the truth, is rather tedious and unneceſſary; it would ſurely be ſufficient to obſerve, in ſupport of his laboured panegyric on the art, that the dancer ſhould be acquainted with every part of ancient hiſtory, fable, and mythology, without entering ſo minutely into the repetition of them

It is obſervable that ſome of the tales alluded to are not mentioned by any author but Lucian, and contain ſome facts and hiſtories which we know nothing of: an enquiry into, and full explanation of them all would fill a quarto volume; I have not, therefore, attempted a taſk which would be both tireſome and unneceſſary.

birth

birth of Latona, the taking away of Python, the ſnares of Tityus, the middle of the earth diſcovered by the flight of eagles: beſides theſe, he muſt remember the wreck of things in the time of Deucalion, one * ark containing the remnant of mankind, and mortals ſpringing up again from ſtones; the tearing Iachus in pieces, the trick of Juno, and burning of Semele; the birth of both Bacchus's, every thing about Minerva, Vulcan, and Erichthonius; the contention for Athens, the ſtory of Halirrhodius, the ſentence of the Areopagus, with all the mythology of that country, particularly the travels of Ceres, the hoſpitality of Celeus, the agriculture of Triptolemus, the planting of the vine by Icarius, the misfortunes of Erigone, and every thing that is related concerning Boreas, and Oreithyia, and Theſeus, and Ægeus; the carrying away of Medea, and the retreat into Perſia; the daughters of Erectheus and Pandion, with all that they did and ſuffered in Thrace; not forgeting Acamas, and Phyllis, the firſt rape of Helen, the invaſion of Athens by Caſtor and Pollux, the adventures of Hip-

* *The ark.*] A ſtrong confirmation of the truth of the Moſaic hiſtory of the Deluge; but Lucian, in another part of his works, which the reader will come to preſently, gives us a full and very extraordinary account of this matter.

polytus,

polytus, and the return of the Heraclidæ; this all belongs to the hiſtory of Athens, from which I have only ſelected theſe few particulars. Afterwards muſt come that of Megara, the account of Niſus and Scylla, and the purple hair, the journey of Minos, and his ingratitude to his benefactreſs; to which will ſucceed, the ſtory of Cithæron and the Thebans, the affairs of the Labdacidæ, and the travels of Cadmus, the ox that laid down, the ſerpent's teeth, and the men ſpringing up from them, the metamorphoſis of Cadmus into a ſerpent, the walls built by Amphion by the ſound of the lyre, the madneſs of the builder, the pride of Niobe, her ſilence and grief, the hiſtory of Pentheus, Actæon, Oedipus, Hercules and all his labours, with the murther of his children. Then comes Corinth that abounds in fables, of Glauce and Creon, Bellerophon and Sthenobæa, the battle between Neptune and the ſun, the madneſs of Athamas, the flight of the children of Nephele through the air upon a ram, with the reception of Ino and Melicerta amongſt the deities of the ſea: then follows the hiſtory of the Pelopidæ, Mycenæ, and all that paſſed there; Inachus; Io, Argus, Atreus, and Thyeſtes, Ærope, the golden fleece, the wedding of Pelops, the murther of Agamemnon, and the puniſhment

of

of Clytemnæſtra; before this, the expedition of the ſeven leaders againſt Thebes, the reception of the baniſhed ſons-in-law of Adraſtus, the oracle concerning them, the forbidding of funeral rites, and the deaths of Menæceus and Antigone in conſequence of it; add to this, as neceſſary to be known, what happened in Nemæa, to Hypſipyle and Archemorus, and what paſſed long before that with relation to Danae's priſon, the birth of Perſeus, and his combat with the Gorgon, to which is joined the hiſtory of Æthiopia, Caſſiopeia, Andromeda, and Cepheus, whom the credulity of after-ages placed amongſt the ſtars: neither muſt he forget the ſtory of Danaus and Ægyptus, and the fradulent marriage of their children. Lacedæmon will alſo furniſh him with many events, the loves of Hyacinthus, the rivalſhip of Zephyrus and Apollo, the murther of the boy by a diſcus, the flower that ſprung up from his blood with the melancholy marks upon it, Tyndarus riſing from the dead, and Jupiter's quarrel with Æſculapius, the wandering of Paris after his judgment of the apple, with the rape of Helen. The hiſtory of Troy is connected with that of Sparta, and is very large and comprehenſive: as from almoſt every one of the adventures there, a fable may be compoſed; all which, he ought, there-

fore,

fore, to retain in his memory, particularly from the rape of Helen to the return of the Greeks, the voyages of Æneas, and the paſſion of Dido; with which may be connected, the acts of Oreſtes, and what he performed in Scythia: nor muſt the previous circumſtances be forgot of Achilles remaining at Scyrus in the habit of a virgin, the madneſs of Ulyſſes, Philoctetes left in the deſart iſland, all the adventures of Ulyſſes, Circe, and Telegonus, the power of Æolus over the winds, and every thing that happened down to the death of the ſuitors, back as far as the ſnares laid for Palamedes, the anger of Nauplius, the madneſs of one Ajax, and the death of the other amongſt the rocks. Elis will alſo furniſh the ſkilful dancer with many ſubjects; Oenomaus, Myrtilus, Saturn, Jupiter, and the firſt contenders at the Olympic games. Arcadia will likewiſe ſupply him with abundance of fables, ſuch as the flight of Daphne, Calliſthes living the life of a ſavage, the drunken frolics of the Centaurs, the birth of Pan, the loves of Alpheus, and his diving under the ſea. If he paſſes over into Crete, he will meet with great variety, Europe, Paſiphae, the two bulls, the labyrinth, Ariadne, Phædra, Androgeos, Dædalus, Icarus, Glaucus, the prophecies of Polyides, and Talus the traveller,

veller, who carried the brazen tablets through Crete. If he goes from thence to Ætolia, he will find Althæa, Meleager, Atalanta, the fatal brand, the combat of Hercules and Achelous, the birth of the Syrens. the origin of the Echinæ, when the fury of Alcmæon had subsided, the story of Nessus, and Deianira, and the funeral pile of Hercules. Thrace will likewise produce some things very necessary to be known by him, as, the death of Orpheus, his head swimming upon the lyre and speaking, Hæmus, Rhodope, and the punishment of Lycurgus. Thessaly will furnish him with still more, Pelias, Jason, Alcestes, the fleet of the fifty youths, Argos, and the * talking ship; the adventures of Lemnos, Æte, the dream of Medea, Absyrtus torn to pieces, what befel her in her voyage, and the story of Protesilaus and Laodamia. If from thence you go back to Asia, you will meet with Samos, and the misfortunes of Polycrates, and his daughter's rambles into Persia, not to mention the more ancient fables of the imprudent tongue of Tanta-

* *Talking ship.*] Orpheus calls it ευλαλος αργω, and the Roman poet says,

> Mox, ubi victa gravi ceciderunt lumina somno,
> Visa coronatæ fulgens tutela carinæ
> Vocibus his instare duci.

See Val. Flaccus, book i. l. 301.

lus, the dreadful banquet of the gods, with the death of Pelops, and his ivory ſhoulder. In Italy he will find Eridanus, with Phaeton, and his ſiſters turned into trees that diſtilled amber: he muſt be acquainted alſo, with the Heſperides, the dragon that guarded the golden fruit, the labour of Atlas, Geryon, and the driving of the oxen out of Erytheia; nor muſt he be ignorant of the various metamorphoſes into trees, beaſts, or birds; and of women into men, as Cæneus, Tireſias, and the like; in Phœnicia, Myrrha, and the death of Adonis. Beſides theſe, he muſt know thoſe more recent facts which happened after the eſtabliſhment of the Macedonian empire, with all that Antipater and Seleucus ſuffered for the love of Stratonice. He muſt be acquainted with the myſteries of the Ægyptians, and be able to expreſs them by proper ſymbols; ſuch, I mean, as Epaphus, Oſyris, and the gods changed into various animals; and above all, their love-adventures, particularly thoſe of Jove, and the many ſhapes he transformed himſelf into. He muſt know alſo all the tragic hiſtory of the infernal regions, their puniſhments, and the cauſes of them; with the uncommon friendſhip of Theſeus and Pirithous, continued even in the ſhades. His memory, in ſhort, muſt comprehend every thing

thing which Homer, Heſiod, and the tragic poets have recorded.

Theſe few things, out of a great many, or rather a great many out of an infinite number, I have here mentioned as indiſpenſibly neceſſary, leaving the reſt to be ſung by the poets, or gleaned up by the artiſt himſelf, which he muſt always have in readineſs to produce, whenever he may have occaſion for them.

As his ſkill conſiſts in imitation, and he undertakes to explain every thing that is ſung by geſtures; he muſt, like the orator, be always perſpicuous and intelligible, that whatever he points out may be plain and clear, and not ſtand in need of an interpreter: for, as the Pythian oracle declared, the dancer muſt be underſtood though he is dumb, and heard though he ſays nothing.

Something like this happened formerly to Demetrius the Cynic, who, finding fault with dancing, as you do now, affirmed that it ſucceeded merely by the aſſiſtance of muſic, conducing not at all of itſelf to the main action; but that men were impoſed on by a fine ſilken garment, a handſome maſk, the flute, and the good voices of the ſingers with which that was ſet off, though it had no merit of its own. An eminent dancer in the reign of Nero, not leſs

diſtinguiſhed for his knowlege of hiſtory, than for the grace and eloquence of his motions, only begged Demetrius, which was certainly a very reaſonable requeſt, to ſee him dance before he condemned him, and promiſed to perform without muſic or ſinging; which he did, and commanding the inſtruments to ceaſe, he danced before him the whole ſtory of Mars and Venus, the ſun expoſing them, Vulcan detecting and throwing the chains over the lovers, the gods ſtanding by, Venus bluſhing, Mars frightened and ſupplicating him; in ſuch a manner as beyond meaſure to delight Demetrius, who paid him the higheſt compliment, crying out with a loud voice, "I not only ſee every thing you do, but even hear it alſo; for your hands ſeem to ſpeak to me."

And now I am talking of Nero: I will tell you what happened in his time, with regard to this very dancer whom I juſt now mentioned to you, and which was the greateſt encomium on the art itſelf. A certain barbarian from Pontus, of royal lineage, who came to Nero on ſome private buſineſs, ſaw this man dance with ſeveral others; when he performed ſo amazingly, that though he did not know the meaning of the ſinging that accompanied him, for he was a Half-Grecian, yet he perfectly

under-

underſtood him. When he was returning home, Nero embraced him, and deſired him to aſk for whatever he pleaſed, and he ſhould have it: whereupon, the barbarian ſaid, The greateſt favour you can confer, will be, to make me a preſent of that dancer. And when Nero aſked what ſervice he could be of to him, he replied, I have ſeveral barbarians at home, who ſpeak different languages, and it is difficult to get interpreters for them: this man will ſupply the place of one, and by his geſtures explain every thing to me. So ſtrong an impreſſion had this imitative art made on him, and ſo clear and excellent did it appear to him.

The chief buſineſs and ſcope of this art conſiſts, as I before obſerved, in its imitative perfection; the ſame which the rhetoricians aim at, particularly thoſe who excel in what we call declamation; which always meets with extraordinary applauſe, when it is agreeable to the ſubject, and correſponds with the character of the perſon ſuppoſed to ſpeak, whether he be a tyrant-killer, a poor man, or a huſbandman; in either of theſe, the merit lies in repreſenting what is proper for, and peculiar to him.

I will tell you what another barbarian ſaid on this ſubject. Seeing one day five maſks prepared, (for the fable conſiſted of five acts,)

 and

and but one dancer, he enquired who was to perform the rest of the parts; and, being informed that he was to do them all himself, "I did not know, said he, my good friend, that this one body of your's had so many souls."

The Romans have not improperly styled the dancer a * pantomime, the imitator of every thing, as he really is; the † poetical exhortation, therefore, may be well applied to him; "Frequent thou, my son, various cities and various people, assuming their manners, and adhering, like the polypus, to every one of them." This is absolutely necessary to the

* *Pantomimes.*] The mimics and pantomimes which Lucian here speaks of, were not introduced till in the decline of the Roman empire, when an almost total depravity of taste prevailed: though dancers, they had their names from acting or imitation, copying all the force of the passions, merely by motions of the body, and without the help of words, represented all the stories of antiquity. They became so extremely fashionable, and were so universally caressed by the young nobility, that a law, we are told, was at last made, that no pantomime should be suffered to enter the house of a Patrician. See Weaver on Dancing, and the Abbé du Bos.

† *Poetical.*] Alluding to those verses of Theogenis, as quoted by Plutarch,

> Πωλυπου οργην ισχε πολυπλοκον, ος ποτε πετρη
> Τη προσομιλησει, τοιος ιδειν εφανη.

The polypus here mentioned, was probably a kind of oyster or muscle, adhering to the rock, and appearing as a part of it.

dancer

dancer, who muſt adhere to, and be familiar with every thing about him. The art profeſſes to deſcribe the manners and paſſions, and to expreſs them by action, to repreſent men as affected by love, by anger, by grief, by madneſs, and every one of them with its peculiar geſtures. What is moſt aſtoniſhing, is, that in the ſame day is often performed the character of a raging Athamas, an affrighted Ino, an Atreus, or Oerope, and all by one and the ſame perſon.

Other ſpectacles and repreſentations either for the eye or ear, exhibit but one thing, it is the pipe, the harp, the ſong, the comedy, or the tragedy, but dancing comprehends them all; you have the pipe, the harp, the cymbal, the motion of the feet, the chorus ſinging, and the actor ſpeaking, every thing, in ſhort, put together into one: in other things, the functions of the mind and body are ſeparately exerted, but in this they are united: it exerciſes the limbs, and at the ſame time employs the underſtanding; for nothing is done in it without wiſdom and reaſon. Lesbonax, therefore, of Mytilene, one of the beſt and worthieſt of men, uſed to ſay, that dancers had wiſe heads; he went frequently, therefore, to ſee them, as thinking he never came out of a theatre without

being the better for it: and his master, Timocrates, having been only once, and that when he was far advanced in years, present at this entertainment, cried out after it was over, What a spectacle hath the foolish shame of a philosopher so long deprived me of!

If Plato's division of the soul into three parts, the irascible, the concupiscible, and the rational, be a just one, the good dancer may be said to perform them all when he represents the angry man, the lover, and lastly, the moderate and sensible man, who guides every thing by reason: reason, indeed, presides over, and directs the whole of this art, being diffused through every part, as the touch is in every sense. Whilst, moreover, it consults beauty and grace, doth it not demonstrate the truth of Aristotle's assertion, who says in praise of beauty, that it makes one third of the happiness of this life? And I have heard young men, jesting on the silence of the dancers, observe, that it favoured much of the Pythagorean doctrine.

Some studies boast of the useful, and others the agreeable; but this alone possesseth both: and the profit is still greater, because it is joined with pleasure. It may be agreeable to see the contentions of young men, wrestling in the sand, beating one another with their fists, and drenched

drenched in blood; but how much more pleasant, safe, and decent, is the representation of it in a dance! where you observe their various turns and motions, the bendings and writhings of the body, which at the same time that they are entertaining to the spectator, are wholsome and salutary also to the performer; for the exercise is both healthful and becoming, that bends and supples the limbs, makes them fitter to bear any change, and gives them no small strength and firmness.

What then can be said against an art so universally excellent, which sharpens the mind, exercises the body, delights the spectator, teaches the knowlege of antiquity, and pleases both the eye and ear, amidst the harmony of flutes, cymbals, harps, and songs: if the modulations of the voice attract you, where will you find sweeter harmony? or, if you take delight in music's still more enchanting sounds, in our art you will have enough of both. Nor need I add, that this entertainment improves the manners also, for we always find the stage detesting and abhorring every thing that is evil, sympathizing with the oppressed, and in every respect inculcating morality, and the conduct of the spectators. Most praise-worthy it is, in this art, that it promotes both the strength and agility of

the limbs; the force of Hercules, and the delicacy of a Venus, are at once exhibited by it.

I will now deſcribe to you what a good dancer ſhould be, both with regard to mind and body: the former I have already touched upon, and obſerved that he ſhould have a fine genius and an excellent memory, a ready wit, and good underſtanding, knowing how to make the beſt of every thing; with a critical judgment of poetry, able to diſtinguiſh the beſt ſongs and verſes, and to reject what is bad.

With regard to his body, it ſhould be according to the rules laid down by Polycletes; he ſhould not be exceſſively tall, nor too ſhort like a dwarf, but of a true and proper height; not fat and bulky, for that can never be agreeable, nor, on the other hand, ſo thin, as to be like a carcaſe, or a ſkeleton.

The people of Antioch, a very ingenious and ſenſible nation, who are very fond of dancing, and ſo nice in their obſervations that nothing eſcapes them, made the following remarks: a * little man one day performing the

* *A little man, &c.*] This puts me in mind of Quin's facetious remark on Garrick in the part of Othello. 'I ſee the little black boy, ſaid he, but where is the tea-kettle?— It is but juſtice to add, that Garrick played the part of Othello (though it was not his fineſt character), infinitely better than Quin.

part

part of Hector, they cried out, this is Astyanax; where is his father? another time, an immoderately tall fellow, dancing in the character of Capaneus, who was to scale the Theban wall, "Get up, they cried, you do not want a ladder:" a fat heavy dancer, attempting to make a great leap, they roared out, "Take care you do not beat the stage down;" and a poor meagre creature cutting capers, they cried out, "I wish you better," as if the man had been sick. I mention these remarks, not for the jest's sake, but that you may perceive that there are whole nations, who consider the art of so much consequence as to prescribe what is becoming in it, and what is not so.

The body of the good dancer must, moreover, be both flexible and compact, that it may bend easily, or stand firm, as occasion shall require. Dancing, with regard to the motion of the hands, partaking in a great measure the nature of boxing in the public games, and borrowing whatever is beautiful and becoming from the rites of Hercules, Mercury, and Pollux. Herodotus tells us, that the † eye conveys more faithful intelligence than the ear: the dancer must make use of both.

† *The eye.*] See Herodotus, B. viii.

Dancing

Dancing has ſuch an effect on the mind, that the lover who comes into the theatre is cured of his paſſion by ſeeing the dreadful conſequences of it: and the melancholy man ſhall go away briſk and cheerful, as if he had drank the cup of oblivion, as the ‡ poet ſays,

> ——— Of ſovereign uſe t'aſſuage
> The boiling boſom of tumultuous rage,
> To clear the cloudy front of wrinkled care,
> And dry the fearful ſluices of deſpair.

It is a certain ſign that there is in this art ſomething analogous to our nature, if the ſpectator weeps when any thing ſad and mournful is repreſented. The Bacchanalian dance, which is ſo conſtantly performed in Ionia and Pontus, though a ſatirical one, has ſuch an effect on the people there, that at certain ſeaſons they neglect every thing elſe, to ſit whole days viewing the Titans, Corybantes, Satyrs, and ſhepherds: even the nobility and chief perſons there join in the dance, and are ſo far from being aſhamed, that they are more proud of it than of their high birth, honours, and dignities.

‡ *The poet.*] Homer. See Odyſſey, book iv. l. 303. What the Nepenthe of Homer really was, the critics have not yet determined: certain, however, it is, that the deſcription correſponds exactly with our idea of opium, and the uſual effects of it.

The

The perfections of dancing I have already enumerated; it is fit I should now take notice of its faults; those of the body have been just now mentioned: what concerns the mind may be easily discovered: many dancers, from ignorance (and it is impossible all should be wise), commit dreadful solecisms; some move irregularly, and, as we say, out of time and tune, the foot pointing out one thing, and the music another: others dance in tune, but mistake the period of time and the circumstance of action. I remember, for example, when a man was to represent in a dance the birth of Jove, and the cruelty of Saturn in devouring his children, he confounded it with the misfortunes of Thyestes; and another, who was to perform the part of Semele, who is consumed by lightning, ran into the story of Glauce, both betrayed into it by the similitude of the events. But the art itself is not to be condemned or despised for the fault of the artist, but those only are to take the blame who are ignorant and unskilful; and those, on the other hand, to be applauded who do every thing properly, and according to the rules of art. Upon the whole, the dancer should be exact and perfect, taking care that all is beautiful, consonant, and harmonious, superior to criticism, deficient in no part,

part, but excellent in all; acute to difcern, deeply learned, and, above all, poffeffed of humanity and benevolence: then will his praife be complete, when every fpectator fhall in the dancer behold himfelf, and fee, as in a glafs, every thing which he is ufed to think and to do: then will they not be able to contain themfelves for joy, but will break forth into rapture, at finding the image of their own minds thus reflected on them. The Delphic precept of "know thyfelf," is thus fulfilled by means of this noble fpectacle, they go from the theatre inftructed in what they are to follow, and what they are to avoid, and are there taught that which before they were totally ignorant of.

But there is in dancers, as in oratory, a kind of falfe energy, or affectation, which fometimes carries them beyond the proper bounds of imitation: if they are to reprefent any thing great, they make it immenfe; if tender, effeminate; if manly and robuft, ruftic and favage: an inftance of which I remember in a dancer of the firft character, and who in every thing elfe deferved the higheft admiration, but unaccountably fell into this error from an exceffive defire of pleafing, and performing the part of Ajax, fo overacted it, that he feemed not to imitate a madman, but to be really fo: he tore the robe

of

of one of the dancers in * iron ſhoes, took the flute away from another who acted Ulyſſes, and, as he was rejoicing in his victory, broke his head with it, and wounded him in ſuch a manner, that if it had not been for the head-piece, that took off the force of the blow, our poor Ulyſſes had loſt his life by attacking a madman: the common people, who could not diſtinguiſh right from wrong, thought it the fineſt imitation they ever beheld; and the better ſort, who bluſhed for the performer, did not condemn him by their ſilence, but endeavoured to cover his error by their applauſe, though they eaſily perceived that it was the dancer's madneſs, and not that of Ajax: our noble performer, however, not contented with this, did ſomething ſtill more ridiculous; for, leaping into the middle of the theatre, he ſat himſelf down between two perſons of the † firſt rank, who were

* *Iron ſhoes.*] Wooden ſhoes we have ſeen, but the practice of dancing in iron ſhoes is, I believe, confined to antiquity, as I do not remember it has yet been adopted amongſt us; though a dance of ladies in pattens might poſſibly, from the novelty of it, have no bad effect; but this I ſubmit to the managers of the theatres royal.

† *Firſt rank.*] Greek, *δυο ὑπατικων μεσος*, inter conſulares duos, between two perſons of conſular dignity. The people of the firſt faſhion in the ancient theatres ſat cloſe to the ſtage, and not as our's do, at a diſtance, where they can neither ſee nor hear.

not

not a little frightened lest he should have taken either of them for a ram and flogged him: some were surprised at this strange behaviour, others laughed, and many began to think, that from extraordinary attention to his part, the man was actually run mad: they say that when he came to himself, and was conscious of having appeared like a madman, he fell sick with grief: it was plain, indeed, he was greatly affected by it, for, being afterwards desired to perform the same part again, he recommended another, and said upon the stage, ‡ it was enough to play the fool once in his life: but what gave him the most uneasiness, was the success of a rival, who, being appointed to succeed him in Ajax, did it so well as to gain universal applause, keeping within the proper limits of his art, and not spoiling the imitation by madness and excess.

I have laid, my friend, these few observations before you on dancing, that you may no longer be so angry with me for admiring it; andif you will accompany me to the theatre, I am sure you will be * captivated, and soon be

‡ *It was enough.*]
Nec lusisse pudet sed non incidere ludum.
Horace.

* *Captivated.*] Greek, αλωσομενον, the translation here is literal.

fond

fond of it even to madneſs; I ſhall have no reaſon to ſay with † Circe,

> Amazing ſtrength theſe poiſons to ſuſtain.

For ſuſtain them you will: you need not be afraid of having an aſs's head, or a hog's heart, for your underſtanding will be improved, and you will be for putting the cup to your friends, over and over: for what ‡ Homer ſays of Mercury's golden rod, that it

> Cauſes ſleep to fly,
> And in ſoft ſlumber ſeals the wakeful eye,

may be applied to dancing; it pleaſes the eye, makes men watchful, and awakens them to every thing they ought to do.

CRATO.

Lycinus, I am a convert to your opinion, my eyes and ears are open and attentive: therefore, remember, my friend, when you go to the theatre, that I take a place next to you, that you may not come out from thence ſo much wiſer than myſelf.

† *Circe*] See Homer's Odyſſey, book x. l. 326.
‡ *Homer.*] See Pope's Odyſſey, book v. l. 60.

THE

EUNUCH,

A DIALOGUE.

About the Time when this was written, a Number of Eunuchs, imported amongst other eastern Luxuries, had spread themselves over Greece, Rome, and other Parts, assuming various Offices and Employments, who, probably, finding Philosophy much in vogue, took upon them to teach it to the young Nobility: this furnished LUCIAN, *who, we must acknowlege, had a Kind of* Shandean *Propensity to Things of this Nature, with some ludicrous Ideas, which he sports with no small Degree of Pleasantry and Humour in the following Dialogue.*

PAMPHILUS, LYCINUS.

PAMPHILUS.

WHENCE come you, Lycinus, and why so merry? you are always chearful, but this is something more than ordinary, for you seem ready to burst with laughter.

LYCINUS.

I come, my friend, Pamphilus, from the market-place; and I shall make you laugh too, when

when I tell you, I have juſt now been entertained with a diſpute between two philoſophers.

PAMPHILUS.

For philoſophers to diſpute with one another is truly ridiculous indeed, who, of all men, be the cauſe ever ſo great, ſhould, doubtleſs, make up the matter amicably.

LYCINUS.

Very amicably indeed; for they have thrown * cart loads of abuſe on one another, roaring and wrangling as long as they could.

PAMPHILUS.

About their different tenets and opinions, I ſuppoſe.

LYCINUS.

Not ſo, I aſſure you; for their doctrines and opinions are exactly the ſame; it was quite another thing: they have appealed, however, to the judgement of the oldeſt and graveſt men of the city, before whom none, who had any modeſty, would dare to ſay what was improper or indecent.

* *Cart loads.*] Greek, ὅλας ἁμάξιας βλασφημιῶν, tota plauſtra conviviorum; the tranſlation, we ſee, however, from the familiarity of the expreſſion, it may appear forced, or intruded, to adopt it to one of our own language. is almoſt literal.

PAMPHILUS.

Pray tell me the origin of this quarrel, that I may know what made you laugh ſo heartily.

LYCINUS.

A certain ſtipend, you know, is allowed by the emperor to every ſect of philoſophers, Stoics, Platonics, Epicureans, and Peripatetics, to every one the ſame: on the death of any one of theſe, another muſt be choſen in his room, by a majority of votes amongſt the nobility; the reward of this contention is, not what the poets ſing of, a hog, or an ox's hide, but * ten thouſand drachmas a year, for the inſtruction of youth.

PAMPHILUS.

It is ſo; and one of them, I hear, is lately dead, a Peripatetic, I believe.

LYCINUS.

This was the Helen for which they fought; and ſo far there was nothing ridiculous in it, except that thoſe who call themſelves philoſophers, and pretend to deſpiſe riches, ſhould contend about them, as if they were fighting for their country, their religion, and the ſepulchres of their anceſtors.

* *Ten thouſand drachmas.*] Upwards of three hundred pounds. A better ſtipend, I believe, than moſt of our modern tutors receive from the Engliſh nobility.

PAM-

PAMPHILUS.

It is a maxim, you know, with the Peripatetics, not to despise riches too much, but to hold them as the † third best thing in life.

LYCINUS.

You say right; and, agreeably to this doctrine, they went to war about them: now mark what followed; there were several candidates at these funeral games, but the struggle lay particularly between two; and it was doubtful which should succeed, either Diocles, you know whom I mean, the quarrelsome old man, or Bagoas, the reputed eunuch. They had disputed the point before in words, each of them had shewed his learning, and proved his attachment and fidelity to Aristotle and his tenets, and neither had the superiority; at length the contest ended thus: Diocles, without saying any thing about his own pretensions, attacked Bagoas, and began to find fault with his life and conduct; and Bagoas, on the other hand, enquired narrowly into his.

† *The third.*] "Of goods (says Aristotle, the great leader of this sect), some are in the soul, some in the body, and some external: first, in the soul, are ingenuity, art, virtue, wisdom, prudence, pleasure: secondly, in the body, health, soundness of sense, beauty, strength; and thirdly, riches, glory, power, &c."

PAMPHILUS.

There, I think, Lycinus, they were both in the right: the greateſt part of the diſpute ſhould have turned on this point: had I been the judge myſelf I ſhould have dwelt particularly on that, ſhould rather have enquired who was the beſt liver than who was the beſt orator, and decided accordingly.

LYCINUS.

You ſay well, I am entirely of your opinion: at laſt, however, when they had abuſed one another ſufficiently, Diocles inſiſted on it that Bagoas was not fit to teach philoſophy, as being an eunuch; that he could have no title therefore to the reward; that ſuch creatures were not only excluded from things of this kind, but from luſtral vaſes, ſacrifices, and all public aſſemblies; and that it was always counted an * ill-omen'd and abominable ſight if one met any of them when we went out in a morning: he ſaid a great deal likewiſe about their being neither man nor woman, but a kind

* *Ill-omen'd.*] Amongſt the Grecians, who were almoſt as ſuperſtitious as the Engliſh of the laſt century, boars, weaſels, hares, and many other things were conſidered as bad omens, and to meet any of them a certain preſage of ill fortune. Lucian adds to the liſt, and brings in his eunuch as an ominous ſight.

of

of ſtrange and wonderful mixture, and ſomething odious to human nature.

PAMPHILUS.

This is quite a new accuſation, and truly laughable: what ſaid the other? did he hold his tongue, or make any reply?

LYCINUS.

At firſt, through fear and ſhame, which theſe people are very ſubject to, he puffed, ſweated, and ſaid nothing; but at laſt, in a feeble, thin, and womaniſh voice, he ſqueaked out, that it was very unjuſt in Diocles to exclude eunuchs from philoſophy, when even women profeſſed it; and then he brought in * Aſpaſia, Diotima, and Thargelia to ſupport his cauſe; and alſo an † Academic from Gaul, an eunuch like himſelf, who flouriſhed in Greece a little before our time. But Diocles, even admitting that there was ſuch a one, and that he had been ſuffered to do this, would not allow the force of the argument, nor pay any regard to the glory he had acquired from an ignorant multitude: he mentioned at the ſame time, ſeveral

* *Aſpaſia.*] See Menage on Female Philoſophers.

† *An Academic.*] Lucian is here ſuppoſed to allude to one Phavorinus, a famous philoſopher mentioned by Philoſtratus; who, though an eunuch, was tried and convicted as an adulterer. He is likewiſe taken notice of in our author's Demonax.

veral ſevere jokes thrown out particularly by the Stoics and Cynics, upon his bodily imperfection. The whole matter, therefore, with the judges, reſted on this, whether an eunuch was qualified to teach philoſophy, and to preſide over youth? ſome aſſerting, that a philoſopher ſhould have every part of his body whole and complete, and above all, a long beard, that might procure him reſpect and authority amongſt his diſciples, and render him in every reſpect worthy the drachmas allowed by the emperor; that an eunuch was worſe than one who had been totally emaſculated, for they had enjoyed their virility for ſome time, as the former were deprived of it even from their infancy, and could be conſidered only as an ambiguous creature like the crows, which are reckoned neither amongſt the pigeons nor the ravens.

On the other hand, it was ſtrongly urged, that this was properly a contention of minds, and not bodies; it was a matter of ſcience and learning, and Ariſtotle was cited, who admired Hermius the eunuch, king of Aternæ, to ſuch a degree, that he even paid divine honours to him as to a god. Bagoas had the impudence to add, that eunuchs were the beſt preceptors for young men, as they muſt be free from all ſuſpicion, and could not be accuſed of the crime attri-

attributed to Socrates, of corrupting the pupils committed to his care. And when they objected to him his want of beard, he replied wittily, at leaſt as he thought it, "If we muſt judge of philoſophers by the length of their beard, a * goat muſt be preferable to them all."

In the midſt of this buſtle came in a third perſon, whoſe name ſhall not be mentioned; who cried out, "Judges, this † fellow with the ſmooth chin, and woman's voice, who is ſo like a eunuch, if you ſtrip him, will be found as good a man as you could wiſh for; at leaſt, if thoſe ſay true who have accuſed him as an adulterer, and taken him in the fact, when he had recourſe to this artifice, and pretended to be an eunuch; perſuading the judges, from his outward appearance, to acquit him of the crime laid to his charge; and now, for the ſake of the reward, I ſuppoſe, he would willingly retract again. Upon this, there was, as you may imagine, a general laugh. Bagoas was

* *A goat.*] The Greek Epigram on this ſubject is well known. See the Anthologia.

† *This fellow.*] It is remarkable, that this circumſtance ſhould, ſo many years after, form the ground-work of an Engliſh comedy. Wycherley's Country Wife turns entirely upon it, and the character of Horner is but a tranſcript of Lucian's Bagoas. Such a plot, to our honour be it ſpoken, would not go down in the preſent age.

confounded, changed colour, put himself into a thousand postures, and fell into a cold sweat; not caring to acknowlege the adultery, though at the same time, he thought that the suspicion of it might be of service to him in the present affair.

PAMPHILUS.

The circumstance was ridiculous enough, and must have afforded you no small entertainment. But pray, what was done at last, and how did the judges determine it?

LYCINUS.

They were not all of the same opinion; some were for stripping him as they do the slaves, and examining whether, so far as certain parts were concerned, he might be deemed a philosopher: others, to make the affair still more laughable, voted for calling in some ladies, ordering him to speak with them in private; sending along with them some credible witness, to prove whether he was able to philosophize. After all, when every one of the company had split his sides with laughing, they agreed to dismiss the cause to Italy, to be finally determined there.

The other, it seems, is still carrying on the affair, preparing his accusation, and has taken up the business of the adultery, though it must make

make againſt himſelf rather than his adverſary: thus, like a bad lawyer, hurting his own cauſe. Bagoas, in the mean time, attends to other matters, and frequently gives proofs of his manhood, hoping he may ſucceed, if he can but ſhew that he has the abilities of a jack-aſs.

This, after all then, my friend, ſeems to be the beſt criterion of philoſophy, and a demonſtration not to be controverted. I ſhall wiſh, therefore, that my ſon (at preſent but a boy) may be poſſeſſed, not of eloquence or underſtanding, but of certain parts, ſtill more neceſſary to make a complete philoſopher.

ON

ON

ASTROLOGY.

This little Tract of LUCIAN'S *has been handed down to us by the sagacious Critics and Commentators as a serious Defence of Astrology; though a Vein of delicate Irony and Sarcasm apparently runs through the whole, and must convince every intelligent Reader, that his Intention was to turn this absurd and pompous Science into ridicule. It was probably about his time creeping into some Degree of Credit, and our Satirist, therefore, took the first opportunity of laughing at it. Considered in this Light, the Piece has a considerable Share of Merit, and we are only sorry to find it so short. Many of the Learned have, notwithstanding, confidently assured us, that it is not* LUCIAN'S. *It is written in the* Ionic *Dialect, which is remarkable.*

IN the following treatise on heaven and the stars, I shall only consider their influence over the affairs of human life, with regard to prophecy and divination. Neither do I mean to lay down precepts, or rules, how to excel in this art; but only to lament that the learned, who

who ſo ſtrenuouſly apply themſelves to other ſciences, neither practiſe nor pay any reſpect to aſtrology.

The art is not of late invention, but delivered down to us by our ancient kings, the favourites of heaven. But the preſent race of men, from ignorance and idleneſs; either, perhaps, becauſe their opinions on thoſe points are different from thoſe who went before them, or becauſe they have lit on falſe prophets and diviners, find fault with the ſtars, and condemn aſtrology as a lying, frivolous, and empty ſcience; without any truth or profit in it. A very unjuſt and cruel ſentence: for the builder's ignorance is no reflection on architecture; nor is the unſkilfulneſs of the muſician a reproach on muſic. Every art is wiſe in itſelf, though the artiſts may be fools.

The Æthiopians were the firſt who diſtinguiſhed themſelves in this branch of learning: and this we are to attribute partly to their own wiſdom, for in that they were ſuperior to moſt nations; and partly to the happineſs of their ſituation, for the air is always ſerene and tranquil round them; neither do they ſuffer any viciſſitudes of ſeaſons, but remain for ever in the ſame temperate climate. When they perceived, therefore, that the moon appeared in various forms,

forms, they conſidered it as a matter worthy of admiration, and diligent enquiry: by which they diſcovered the cauſe of thoſe changes, and found out that the moon had no light of her own, but borrowed it from the ſun. They diſcovered alſo the motion of thoſe ſtars which we call * planets, (as they are the only ones that move,) with their nature, power, and properties; they gave them names alſo, or rather ſigns, expreſſive of their ſeveral ſituations. Such were the obſervations on the heavens, made by the Æthiopians, who delivered down the imperfect art to their neighbours the Ægyptians, who greatly improved it, and meaſured out time, by days, months, and years; their months being determined by the moon and her changes, and their years by the circuit of the ſun. But they ſoon performed much more than this: dividing the ſpace occupied by the fixed ſtars in which the other were moved about, into † twelve parts, and to theſe, aſſigned the forms and names of different creatures, men, beaſts, birds, and fiſhes. The religious ceremonies, therefore, of the Ægyptians, are of different kinds: they did not draw their divinations from the

* *Planets.*] From the Greek πλανητης, errans, a wanderer.
† *Twelve parts.*] The zodiac, and its twelve ſigns.

the whole twelve, but from particular ſigns; thoſe who looked towards the ram, worſhipped him; they would not eat fiſh who lived under ‡ Piſces; nor did thoſe ſacrifice a goat, who were beneath Capricorn. Some propitiate one divinity, and ſome another. Some worſhip a bull in honour of the cœleſtial Taurus; and Apis is an object of adoration to them, becauſe he paſtures in that region, where an oracle is conſtituted by him.

The Libyans, not long after, took up this ſcience; for there we meet with the oracle of Ammon, and they worſhip Jupiter under the figure of a ram. The Babylonians were alſo acquainted with it, as they report, indeed, before all other nations; but, I am of opinion, this knowlege did not reach them till many ages after. The Greeks were not taught aſtrology either by the Æthiopians or Ægyptians, but by Orpheus, the ſon of Oeager and Calliope;

‡ *Piſces.*] From the ſolemnity of Lucian's countenance at his firſt ſetting out, an old acquaintance (and ſuch I eſteem myſelf, having had a long converſation with him), may eaſily perceive that he is in jeſt; when he tells us, with a grave face, that the people who lived under Piſces would not eat *fiſh*, nor thoſe beneath Capricorn touch a *goat*, &c. is not the ridicule as ſtrong as poſſible, and does it not ſufficiently point out the author? To apply, what was once ſaid of Eraſmus, aut Lucianus eſt, aut Diabolus.

liope; neither did he entirely explain it to them, but wrapped up his knowlege in myſtery and incantation; he made orgies for his lyre, and ſung facied ſongs, the lyre conſiſting of * ſeven ſtrings, ſymbolically expreſſing the motions of the planets; with this Orpheus ſoftened and prevailed over every thing; and in this lyre alone, and not in any other kind of muſic, the Greeks delighted, and even appointed it a place in heaven, ſome ſtars being to this day called Orpheus's Lyre; and if you ſee a picture or ſtatue of him, he is always repreſented as ſitting down, ſinging, and with a lyre in his

* *Seven ſtrings.*] Agreeable to the deſcription given by Virgil,

> —— Threicius longâ cum veſte ſacerdos
> Obloquitur numeris ſeptem diſcrimina vocum,
> Jamque eadem digitis, jam pectire pulſat eburno.

The firſt Mercurian lyre had but four ſtrings, others were afterwards added to it by the ſecond Mercury, or Amphion; but it was Orpheus who completed the ſecond tetrachord, which extended the ſcale to a heptachord, or ſeven ſounds, implied by the

> Septem diſcrimina vocum.

See the ingenious Dr. Burney's excellent Hiſtory of Muſic, vol. i. page 330.

Orpheus, the ſon of Oleager, was the father, or chief founder, of the mythological and allegorical theology amongſt the Greeks, and (as Lucian here plainly intimates), of all their moſt ſacred religious rites and myſteries.

hand,

hand, and round him various creatures, as a man, a bull, a lion, and the reſt: when you meet with theſe, therefore, remember what the meaning of them is, you will know the reaſon when you look into the heavens.

It is reported amongſt the Greeks that Tireſias, the Bœotian, ſo celebrated for his ſkill in divination, told them that ſome of the planets were maſculine, and ſome feminine, and that their influence differed accordingly, whence aroſe the fable of his being both man and woman.

At the time when Atreus and Thyeſtes contended for their father's kingdom, aſtrology, and the knowlege of the heavens, flouriſhed moſt in Greece, and it was determined by the people, that which ſoever of them excelled in that art ſhould ſucceed to the empire: then it was that Thyeſtes pointed out to them that part of heaven which is called Aries, from whence came the fabulous account of his having a golden ram: but Atreus treated on the riſing of the ſun, and endeavoured to prove that his courſe was directly oppoſite to that of the ſtarry firmament, and that what appeared to be the weſt of the world, is the riſing of the ſun: for theſe diſcoveries the Greeks raiſed him to the throne, and his wiſdom was held in the higheſt eſteem

eſteem and veneration: nearly the ſame thing, I am inclined to think, happened to Bellerophon: I can never bring myſelf to believe that he had a * flying horſe, but ſuppoſe he was fond of aſtrology, engaged in the ſtudy of ſublime knowlege, and converſant with the ſtars; that he aſcended into the heavens, not by the aſſiſtance of a horſe, but by the ſtrength of his own mind. A fable of the like nature was told of Phryxus, the ſon of Athamas, who was carried through the air on a golden ram. The ſtory of † Dædalus, the Athenian, is ſtrange and wonderful; my opinion is, that it aroſe from his knowlege of aſtrology, which he was well acquainted with, and which he taught his ſon: but Icarus, being young and raſh, went into abſtruſe diſquiſitions, ſoared too high, and fell down into the unfathomable abyſs: from hence the Greeks deduced their fable of the Icarian Gulph.

* *Flying horſe.*] According to Hyginus, Minerva made Bellerophon a preſent of Pegaſus (the flying horſe here alluded to), to aſſiſt him in his combat with the Chimera. After he had deſtroyed that monſter, having ſo good a beaſt under him, he was for making the beſt of his way up to heaven; but Pegaſus, being unfortunately ſtung by a horſe-fly, threw his rider, who died in the fall.

† *Dædalus.*] This is an excellent burleſque of the ſtory of Dædalus, and plainly ſhews that Lucian's deſign was, by every poſſible application, to turn aſtrology into ridicule.

Paſiphae

Pasiphae was most probably told of the sign Taurus in the heavens by Dædalus, and from thence fell in love with Astrology, on which they founded the report of Dædalus having wedded her to a bull.

In process of time, the learned divided the task between them; some applied themselves to the study of the Moon, others of the Sun, others of Jupiter; describing the motions, course, and influence of each. Endymion probably took care of what concerned the Moon; Phaeton marked out the progress of the sun, but dying, left the work imperfect; from whence the ignorant have invented a strange and incredible tale of Phaeton's being the son of Phœbus: that he came to his father the Sun, and begged to drive the chariot for a day; which was granted him, and rules laid down how he was to guide it; that Phaeton, from youth and inexperience, drove sometimes too near the earth, and sometimes too far from it, and killed mortals with the heat and cold, which were insupportable; that Jupiter being enraged, slew him with a thunderbolt; that his sisters standing round and lamenting his fall, were turned into poplars, and distilled tears of amber. No such things were ever done, nor should we give

credit to the fable: the Sun's child never died; the truth, indeed, is, he never had one.

The Greeks tell a thousand other stories, which I do not entirely believe: how can we suppose, that Æneas was the son of Venus; Minos, of Jupiter; Ascalaphus, of Mars; and Autolychus, of Mercury? all of them, indeed, were beloved of the gods; Venus beheld one, Jupiter another, and Mars another, at their * nativity: for which soever god presided at the

* *Nativity.*] This is the foundation, as it were, and corner-stone of astrology; casting nativities has been practised in almost every age and nation, from the times of Lucian even to this day. Amongst us, this ridiculous science flourished greatly during the reigns of the Stuarts, and even at a later period. Some of our greatest men were weak enough to consult astrologers, and to listen to their predictions. Amongst these a story is told of Dryden which, as it is a pretty extraordinary one, I shall here subjoin for the entertainment of my readers.

" Dryden, with all his understanding, was weak enough to be fond of judicial astrology, and used to calculate the nativity of his children. When his lady was in labour of his son Charles, he, being told it was decent to withdraw, laid his watch on the table, begging one of the ladies, then present, in a most solemn manner, to take exact notice of the very minute the child was born, which she did, and acquainted him with it. About a week after, when his lady was pretty well recovered, Mr. Dryden took occasion to tell her that he had been calculating the child's nativity, and observed, with grief, that he was born in an evil hour, for Jupiter, Venus, and the Sun, were all under the Earth, and

the time of their birth, always adopted them as sons, and formed them after their own divine

and the lord of his ascendant afflicted with a hateful square of Mars and Saturn If he lives to arrive at the eighth year, says he, he will go near to die a violent death on his very birth day, but it he should escape, as I see but small hopes, he will in the twenty-third year be under the very same evil direction, and if he should escape that also, the thirty-third, or thirty-fourth is, I fear—here he was interrupted by the immoderate grief of the lady, who could no longer hear such calamity prophesied to befall her son. The time at last came, and August was the inauspicious month, in which young Dryden was to enter into the eighth year of his age. The court being in progress, and Mr. Dryden at leisure, he was invited to the country-seat of the earl of Berkshire, his brother-in-law, to keep the long vacation with him in Charlton in Wilts; his lady was invited to her uncle Mordaunt's, to pass the remainder of the summer. When they came to divide the children, lady Elizabeth would have him take John, and suffer her to take Charles; but Mr. Dryden was too absolute, and they parted in anger; he took Charles with him, and she was obliged to be content with John. When the fated day came, the anxiety of the lady's spirits occasioned such an effervescence of blood, as threw her into so violent a fever, that her life was despaired of, till a letter came from Mr. Dryden, reproving her for her womanish credulity, and assuring her that her child was well, which recovered her spirits, and in six weeks after she received an ecclaircissement of the whole affair. Mr. Dryden, either through fear of being reckoned superstitious, or thinking it a science beneath his study, was extremely cautious of letting any one know that he was a dealer in astrology; therefore could not excuse his absence, on his son's anniversary, from a general hunting match lord Berkshire had made, to which all the adjacent gentlemen

were

vine similitude, in body and mind. Thus, Minos was a king under Jove; Æneas was beautiful, as born under Venus; and Autolychus a thief, from his father Mercury.

were invited. When he went out, he took care to set the boys a double exercise in the Latin tongue, which he taught his children himself, with a strict charge not to stir out of the room till his return; well knowing the task he had set him would take him up longer time. Charles was performing his duty, in obedience to his father, but as ill fate would have it, the stag made towards the house, and the noise alarming the servants, they hastened out to see the sport. One of them took young Dryden by the hand, and led him out to see it also, when, just as they came to the gate, the stag being at bay with the dogs, made a bold push, and leaped over the court wall, which was very low, and very old; and the dogs following, threw down a part of the wall, ten yards in length, under which Charles Dryden lay buried. He was immediately dug out, and after six weeks languishing in a dangerous way he recovered; so far Dryden's prediction was fulfilled: in the twenty-third year of his age, Charles fell from the top of an old tower, belonging to the Vatican at Rome, occasioned by the swimming of his head, with which he was seized, the heat of the day being excessive. He again recovered, but was ever after in a languishing sickly state. In the thirty third year of his age, being returned to England, he was unhappily drowned at Windsor. He had, with another gentleman, swam twice over the Thames; but returning a third time, it was supposed he was taken with the cramp, because he called out for help, though too late.' Thus the father's calculation proved but too prophetical." Dryden, we see by this, if the tale is to be credited, was the true Vates, and possessed the double character of prophet and poet. See Life of Dryden.

Neither

Neither do I believe that Jupiter bound Saturn, ſent him to Tartarus, or committed any of thoſe baſe actions which men attribute to him; Saturn, we know, is at a great diſtance from us, has a languid motion, and which is ſcarce to be diſcerned by men; he is, therefore, ſaid to ſtand ſtill, as if bound with chains; and the part in heaven where he reſides, from its great depth, is called Tartarus.

There are many things in Homer and Heſiod, entirely conſonant with aſtrology: when they talk of the chain of Jupiter, and the arrows of the Sun, I imagine they mean the days; and the deſcription of Vulcan's ſhield, with the cities, the dancers, and the vineyard, may all be explained by aſtrology. All the ſtory of Mars and Venus, is apparently drawn from thence. Homer's whole work is a conjunction of Mars and Venus; in his verſes, he has deſcribed their ſeveral qualities and perfections: he ſays to Venus,

> Go, let thy own ſoft ſex employ thy care;
> Go, lull the coward, or delude the fair.

And when he is ſpeaking of war,

> To † Mars and Pallas only, that belongs.

The

* *Go, let, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, book v. l. 435.

† *To Mars.*] Greek,

> Ταῦτα δ' Ἄρηϊ θοῷ καὶ Ἀθήνῃ πάντα μελήσει.

See Homer's Iliad, E'. l. 430.

Pope

The ancients observing these things, drew from them their divinations; nor did they think lightly of this art, for neither would they build walls, or cities, go to war, marry, or do any thing, without first consulting the prophets concerning it: their oracles were always well-versed. At Delphi, a virgin possessed the gift of prophecy, a cymbal of the celestial Virgo; the dragon under the tripod, was taken from the Dragon in the heavens; and the oracle of Apollo at Didymus, was, in my opinion, so called, from the sign which goes by the name of Didymi, or the Twins. So sacred was divination held by them.

When Ulysses, desirous of prying into futurity, went down into hell, he did not go, merely

> * To tread the downward melancholy way,

but that he might have the opportunity of conversing with Tiresias. When he came to the place which Circe had described to him, had dug the ditch, and slain the sheep; the dead crouded round about him, and amongst them his mother, all earnestly requesting, that they

Pope has not given, in his translation, the sense of this line, but, as in many other places, a circumvolution of his own instead of it.

To tread, &c.] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xi. l. 1.7.

might

might drink of the blood, which he would not permit them to do; nor would he suffer even the shade of his own mother to quench her thirst, till he had, himself, tasted of Tiresias.

Lycurgus always regulated the commonwealth of Sparta by the motions of the heavenly bodies, and enjoined the Lacedæmonians never to hazard an engagement till the full of the Moon; as knowing that every thing was governed by her, though her power was not so great, either at the increase or decrease.

The Arcadians alone neglected and despised astrology; being mad and foolish enough to assert, that they were much older than the Moon.

Our ancestors, it is evident, were lovers of divination; but the present age deny that there is any foundation for, or dependence on it, esteeming it not true or faithful; and asserting that neither Mars nor Venus in the heavens, pay any regard to us, or concern themselves in human affairs; but, that things fall out, or vary, according to their necessary rotation. Others acknowledge the truth, but not the utility of the art; affirming, that nothing could be changed by divination, which was already decreed by fate.

To these objections I can only answer, that the stars perform their own rotations in the heavens, and at the same time perhaps, together with their own motions, may direct ours. When the horse runs, and men and birds move, the stones are loosened, and the stubble is blown about by the wind; and shall nothing be effected by the motion of the stars? from the smallest fire, some heat comes to us, though the fire burns not on our account, nor seemeth to care whether we are warm or not; and shall we not feel and acknowlege the influence of the stars? It is not, indeed, in the power of astrology, to make things better than they are, or to change them from what they were: it is, nevertheless, profitable to those who make use of it, for, when good events are foretold, it anticipates the pleasure of them; and teaches us to bear evils with the greater patience, as they do not come upon us so unexpectedly, but become softer, and more tolerable, by our fore-knowlege of them.

Such are my sentiments, concerning astrology.

TO

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON,

THE DEMONAX OF THE PRESENT AGE;

THIS PIECE IS INSCRIBED BY

A SINCERE ADMIRER OF HIS TRULY RESPECTABLE CHARACTER,

THE TRANSLATOR.

DEMONAX.

LUCIAN *has here rescued from Oblivion a Character well worthy of being transmitted to Posterity; it is, indeed, something extraordinary, especially as* Demonax *lived to see so great an Age, that no other Writer should have mentioned a Person of such singular Accomplishments. Our Author has shewn, in this little Tract, that he could excel as much in Panegyric as in Satire; the Whole being a serious well-written Encomium, on a Man whom he was intimately acquainted with, and who seems to have been not only a good Philosopher and virtuous Citizen, but a Man of Wit and Genius also. The Collection of Bons-Mots which* LUCIAN *has attributed to his Friend is curious, and gives us an imperfect Idea of that kind of social Pleasantry, and Repartee, which was fashionable in those Times. Some of them are very arch and severe, others laughable, and a few, to say the truth, rather dull and unintelligible.*

THE

THE age we live in cannot be reproached as entirely destitute of men worthy to be recorded, either for extraordinary strength of body, or for the more noble accomplishments of the mind. As instances of both, I shall mention * Sostratus of Bœotia, whom the Greeks called Hercules, for as such they esteemed him, and Demonax, the philosopher; these I have seen and admired, particularly the latter, with whom I was for a long time intimately acquainted. Concerning the former, I have treated in another book, wherein I described his immense size, and incredible strength, his living in the open air on Parnassus, and feeding on what the woods afforded him, his clearing the road of robbers, building bridges, mending impassable ways, and other labours not unworthy of his great † predecessor.

With regard to Demonax, I think it highly necessary to make honourable mention of him, for two reasons; first, because I should wish, as far as in me lies, to deliver down the memory of

* *Sostratus.*] The same man, it is supposed, as is mentioned by Philostratus, who tell us he was eight feet high, &c. Lucian had, it seems, written a long history of him, which, however, is not come down to us. But as he was only remarkable for feats of bodily strength, the loss is not very considerable.

† *Predecessor.*] Hercules.

of him to posterity; and secondly, because it would be a recommendation of philosophy to our young nobility, to set before them not only the examples of antiquity, but to give them a recent model for their imitation in our own times, in the life of the best philosopher, whom I have ever seen or known.

He was born at Cyprus, of parents not mean or obscure, but distinguished by their wealth and dignity; aspiring himself to much greater honours by the search after every thing that was good and beautiful, he applied himself early to the study of philosophy, not from the example of † Agathobulus, ‡ Demetrius, or Epictetus, all whom he knew and was conversant with; nor || Timocrates the Heraclian, so famous for his wisdom and eloquence, but excited by the love of honour and virtue, the passions of his earliest youth, he looked with contempt on all the pleasures of human life, and attached himself to liberty and truth; living a sober and irreproachable life, and setting an example of prudence and wisdom to all

† *Agathobulus.*] He lived, according to Eusebius, Ann. Christi 120

‡ *Demetrius.*] A Cynic philosopher, mentioned by Apollonius Tyaneus, and Phavorinus.

|| *Timocrates.*] This philosopher flourished, according to Philostratus, about the 130th year of Christ.

who

who ſaw and heard him. Nor did he enter upon it, as they ſay, with unwaſhed feet, but was familiar with the poets, and had moſt part of their works by heart; had not lightly ſkimmed over the tenets of the ſeveral ſects of philoſophers, or only touched them, as the common expreſſion is, with the tip of his finger, but knew them all perfectly; keeping his body, at the ſame time, in proper exerciſe, and inured to labour. His ambition was not to be deficient in any thing which any body excelled in; inſomuch, that when he found he was no longer equal to himſelf, he quitted life of his own accord, leaving to the principal perſons in Greece, much to be ſaid concerning him.

He did not, as it were, * cut off his philoſophy from any particular piece, but blended all the ſects and opinions together, and never openly declared which he was moſt attached to. He ſeemed, on the whole, rather partial to Socrates, though, in his habit and manner of living he reſembled Diogenes; not that, with regard to diet, he carried things to extremity,

* *Cut off.*] Greek, ουκ εν αποτεμνομενος, the idea of cutting off a piece of philoſophy, like a bit of cloth, from another man's coat, is extremely droll, and quite in Lucian's beſt manner; ſome critics, notwithſtanding, have told us that Demonax was not written by him.

tremity, that he might be gazed at and admired, but eat and drank like other people, without pride and oſtentation, aſſociated with all, both public and private. His converſation was full of Attic grace, without the mixture of Socratic irony, ſo that thoſe who kept him company never either contemned his advice, or dreaded the ſeverity of his reproofs, but were always agreeably improved, growing more decent and orderly, as well as more chearful, and forming better hopes of an hereafter.

He was never noiſy or quarrelſome, and though he would often chide, was never angry; he was ſevere on the offence, but pardoned the offender, like the good phyſician, who heals the diſtemper, without fretting at the patient: to commit faults, he thought was human, to repent of, and correct them, was divine.' Living in the manner he did, he never wanted any thing for himſelf, but always endeavoured to provide his friends with what was neceſſary: but when they were exalted with the good things of life, he would remind them how frail and tranſitory they were; and when they complained of penury, baniſhment, diſeaſes, or old age, would comfort them, by obſerving with a ſmile, that what afflicted them would ſoon be gone and paſt, that in a ſhort

time

time there would be no more rememberance either of good or evil, but all would enjoy a long and lafting freedom. His conftant employment was to reconcile contending brethren, and make peace between man and wife. When the people mutinied and rebelled, he interpofed feafonably, and prevailed on the greater part of them to fubmit, and lend all reafonable affiftance to their country. Such was his philofophy, gentle, mild, chearful, and benignant; nothing deeply affected him but the diforder or death of a friend, as he efteemed friendfhip the greateft bleffing of life; he was himfelf therefore kind and benevolent to all: to be a † man was a fufficient title to his regard and affection, nor did he withdraw himfelf from any but fuch as were wicked beyond all hopes of amendment. Venus and the Graces, in fhort, attended on every thing he fpake or did, and, as it is faid in the * comedy, "perfuafion dwelt upon his lips."

Not only the principal perfons in Athens, but the whole kingdom beheld him with admiration, and looked up to him as a divinity; though he at firft offended many of them by

† *A man.*] Homo fum, humani nihil a me alienum puto. Ter.

* *Comedy.*] From a fragment of Eupolis.

his

his boldneſs and freedom of ſpeech: nor were there wanting an † Anytus and Melytus, to riſe up againſt and accuſe him; to ſay that he never was ſeen to offer up ſacrifice, nor was initiated into the Eleuſinian myſteries: theſe he confuted like a man; appeared before the aſſembly crowned, and in a white garment, and anſwered them, partly in a meek and gentle manner, and partly with more aſperity than he was wont. With regard to the ſacrifice, "Wonder not, he cried, O Athenians, that I have not ſacrificed to Minerva, when I tell you that ſhe ‡ ſtandeth not in need of my offerings. "And as to the myſteries, he ſaid, the reaſon of his not being initiated was, that * if they were bad, he ſhould not be able to conceal them from the uninitiated, which would deter them from the orgies; and, if they were good, he was afraid that, out of good will and philanthropy, he ſhould be apt to diſcloſe them to

† *Anytus and Melytus.*] The accuſers of Socrates.

‡ *Standeth not.*] A fine ſentiment and agreeable to thoſe of the holy Pſalmiſt.—" Burnt-offerings, and ſacrifice for ſin haſt thou not required.—I will take no bullock out of thine houſe, nor he-goat out of thy folds; thinkeſt thou that I will eat bull's fleſh and drink the blood of goats, &c."

* *If they, &c.*] Theſe would be excellent reaſons for a man's not chuſing to be made a free maſon.

every

every body. Whereupon the Athenians, who had ſtones in their hands ready to deſtroy him, were immediately reconciled to him, and from that time held him in the higheſt eſtimation. Though in the beginning of his diſcourſe he had been very ſevere upon them, "You behold one, ſaid he, before you, crowned like a victim, ſlay me now, therefore, as one, for ye never before ſacrificed to any purpoſe."

I ſhall here ſubjoin a few of his ſmart and excellent § repartees.

* Favorinus being informed by ſome body that Demonax had laughed at his diſcourſes,

§ *Repartees.*] Lucian is, I believe, almoſt the only Greek author now extant who has deſcended into the familiarity of converſation, and tranſmitted to us the good things ſaid by his friends and acquaintance: conſidered in this light, he may be called the Joe Miller of antiquity. What he has given us from Demonax are of various kinds, like Martial's Epigrams.

Sunt bona, ſunt quædam mediocria, ſunt mala plura.

Though many of them are pointed, ſenſible, and to the purpoſe, yet in theſe, as well as in moſt of the bon mots handed down to us, there ſeems to be a ſtiffneſs, and want of that eaſe and politeneſs, which we frequently meet with in modern times. I am inclined, indeed, to believe that converſation is one of the few things in which we excel the ancients; and I have, myſelf, heard more bon mots, when in company with Foote, Garrick, Warton, Goldſmith, Burke, &c. in one day, than would have ſerved Lucian's friend, Demonax, for a twelvemonth.

* *Favorinus.*] See Bayle.

parti-

particularly thoſe that were mixed with fooliſh verſes, and ſaid that they were poor, womaniſh, and unbecoming a philoſopher, came to him and aſked what fellow that was who had dared to ridicule his performances: "A man, replied he, who has ears that are not to be impoſed on:" the Sophiſt ſtill preſſing on him, aſked "How it happened that from a child he was a philoſopher?" to which he anſwered, "Only becauſe from a child I became a man." The ſame Sophiſt aſked him another time, "what ſect of philoſophers he belonged to:" "How do you know, ſaid he, that I am a philoſopher?" and then laughed to himſelf, when the other enquiring what he ſmiled at, "I ſmile, ſays he, to think how you can pretend to judge of a philoſopher by his beard, when you have none of † your own. A Sophiſt of Sidonia uſed to praiſe himſelf violently, and boaſt that he was acquainted with every part of philoſophy (but I will give you his own words), "If Ariſtotle, ſaid he, ſhould ſummon me to the Lyceum, I would follow him thither; if Plato to the Academy, I would meet him there; if Zeno to the Portico, I would attend him; if Pythagoras commands me, I will be ſilent." "Hark you, ſaid Demonax, riſing up in the

† *Your own.*] Becauſe Favorinus was an EUNUCH.

middle of the audience, and calling him by his name, ‡ Pythagoras calls upon you."

A Macedonian youth, mighty handſome, and well-dreſſed, who had a mind to play the fool with him, aſked him a ſophiſtical queſtion, and deſired he would finiſh the ſyllogiſm: "One thing I know, child, ſaid he, that you are § finiſhed yourſelf!" The boy, angry at the jeſt, and threatening him, cried out, "I will ſhew you a man preſently." "I did not know, replied Demonax, you had one there." Another time, Demonax laughing at a common Olympic wreſtler, for wearing an embroidered coat, the fellow ſtruck at him with a ſtone, and made him bleed. every body preſent was enraged at this, as if they had themſelves received the blow, and cried out, he ſhould go immediately to the magiſtrate: "Not to the magiſtrate, my friends, ſaid he, but to the ſurgeon." Hap-

‡ *Pythagoras*] Pythagoras enjoined his diſciples, during their noviciate, a five year's ſilence.

§ *Finiſhed.*] Greek, περαινεσθαι, unum inquit, puer, novi, ſays the Latin tranſlation, σε περαινεσθαι, περαινειν, (ſays the commentator on this paſſage) eſt dialecticum, ſignificatque efficere, vel concludere aliquid ex ſumptis quibuſdam. The Latin tranſlator, we ſee, could not find a word in his tongue which would properly explain the ambiguous Greek one -- But ours, which bears more analogy to the original, is a tolerable ſubſtitute, and expreſſes the meaning pretty exactly.

pening

pening one day, as he was walking, to find a ring, he put up a note in the market-place, signifying, that if any body, who had lost such a ring, would come and describe the weight, the stone, and the impression on it, he might have it again; a handsome young fellow came and demanded it, but not proving any kind of right to it, "My pretty youth, said Demonax to him, take care of your own ring, for you have not lost this." A Roman senator at Athens, brought his son to him, a most beautiful youth, but rather weak and effeminate: "My son salutes you," said the father. "A handsome boy, indeed, replied Demonax, worthy of you, and very like his mother." He used to call a certain Cynic philosopher, who was always dressed in a bear's skin, not Onoratus, which was his real name, but * Arctesilaus. Being asked what was the summit of human happiness, he answered, liberty; and the other replying that infinite numbers were free, "None, said he, but those who neither hope nor fear." "That, said the other, is impossible, for we are all slaves to those two passions:" "But if, said Demonax, you properly consider hu-

* *Arctesilaus.*] A pun upon the Greek word αρκτος, arctos, signifying a bear, and alluding to his being dressed in a bear's skin. The joke is but a poor one.

man affairs, you will find that they are not worthy either of our hopes or fears, feeing that both happinefs and mifery are here of fuch fhort duration."

Peregrinus the philofopher, commonly called Proteus, ufed to reproach him for laughing too much, and being too familiar with people: "Demonax, faid he, you do not act the † dog well:" "No, Peregrinus, replied he, nor you the man." When a certain natural philofopher was difputing about the Antipodes, he took him to a well, and fhewing him his own fhadow in the water, cried, "Are thefe what you call the Antipodes?" Another man boafting one day that he was a great magician, and had a certain charm that could perfuade people to give him any thing he wanted; "There is nothing fo furprifing in that, faid Demonax: I am a magician as well as you, and if you will follow me to the baker's, you fhall fee me, with a little charm and potion that I have about me, perfuade him to give me fome bread;" he then took out a piece of money, which is as good as any incantation whatfoever. When the famous Herod feemed beyond meafure afflicted at the untimely death of his dear fon Pollux, and had ordered his chariot and horfes to be got ready,

† *Dog.*] Meaning the Cynic.

and a ſupper prepared for him; he came to him, and ſaid, "I have got a letter for you from Pollux." Herod giving into the deceit, cried, and what does he want of me?" "He is very angry, replied Demonax, that you do not come to him." The ſame Herod weeping bitterly for the loſs of his ſon, and ſhutting himſelf up in darkneſs; he came to him, and told him "He was a magician, and could raiſe up the ſhade of his ſon, on condition that he produced three men who had never grieved for any thing." Herod beginning to doubt and heſitate, for in truth he could find out no ſuch perſon; "How ridiculous, then, is it in you, ſaid Demonax, to imagine yourſelf the only unhappy man, when you cannot find one who hath not taſted of misfortune!" He uſed to laugh much at thoſe, who, in their converſation affected uncouth and antiquated phraſes; one of theſe being remarkably abſurd, he ſaid to him, "I aſk you a plain queſtion in intelligible terms, and you anſwer me in the language of Agamemnon." One of his companions ſaying to him, "Let us go to the temple of Æſculapius, and pray to him for the health of my ſon;" "Doſt thou ſuppoſe, ſaid Demonax, that Æſculapius is deaf, that he cannot hear us pray juſt as well from hence." One day hearing two ignorant philoſophers in

diſpute, one aſking fooliſh queſtions, and the other returning anſwers nothing to the purpoſe, "* One of theſe, ſays he, ſeems to be milking a he-goat, whilſt the other holds the ſieve under him." Agathocles the Peripatetic, boaſting that he was the firſt and only logician, "If you are the firſt, ſaid he, you cannot be the only one; and if you are the only one, you cannot be the firſt." When Cethegus, a man of conſular dignity, was ſent from Greece into Aſia to repreſent his father, he ſaid and did a number of ridiculous things, and one of his companions obſerved, "that he was a wondrous great fool." "Fool enough, ſaid Demonax, but there is no great wonder in it." When Apollonius the philoſopher went off with ſeveral of his ſcholars to attend on, and inſtruct the emperor, "There goes † Apollonius, ſaid he, with his Argonauts." A perſon aſking him, whether he thought the ſoul was immortal, "Yes, ſaid he,

* *One of theſe,* &c.] The image here is a good one, and puts us in mind of the old proverb, great cry and little wool, as the man ſaid when he ſheared his hog.

† *Apollonius.*] The joke lies entirely in the name, and merely as a pun is not amiſs. Apollonius Rhodius wrote a poem on the Argonautic expedition, to whom Demonax alludes, and as the Argonauts went after the golden fleece, ſo Apollonius the philoſopher, and his ſcholars, followed the emperor for what they could get, ſo that there is a double meaning in the application.

it

it is immortal, but juſt as every thing * elſe is." Concerning Herod, he remarked that Plato was right in ſaying that men had more ſouls than one, otherwiſe Herod could never have acted ſo ridiculouſly as to ſet † Regillas and Pollux up to ſupper with him, as if they were alive; with other fooliſh actions of the ſame kind. He had the courage once, to aſk the Athenians at one of their public aſſemblies, "Why they excluded barbarians from their myſteries, when Eumolpus who inſtituted them, was himſelf a barbarian of Thrace." When he was going to ſea in the winter, one of his friends ſaid to him, "Are you not afraid of being drowned and eat by the fiſh?" "It would be ingratitude in me, replied Demonax, to murmur at being devoured by fiſh, when I have, myſelf devoured ſo many of them." He adviſed a certain rhetorician, who declaimed miſerably, to exerciſe himſelf frequently for improvement;

* *Every thing elſe.*] Demonax, we ſee, with all his philoſophy and virtue was a Materialiſt, and, probably, had no better idea of true religion than probably his friend Lucian.

† *Regillas and Pollux.*] His two ſons who were dead. We have all heard of a parallel abſurdity in a modern lady of faſhion, who had ſo partial an attachment to the famous poet Congreve, as after his death to ſet up an image of him, dreſſed in his uſual manner, which ſhe addreſſed, and uſed to converſe with; a farce which, they ſay, was carried on for ſome time.

"That I do, said he, and always repeat it to myself:" "No wonder you talk so wretchedly, replied Demonax, when you practise before such a foolish audience." Seeing a diviner who prophecied for money, he said to him one day, "I cannot see what right you have to be paid thus for your prophecies, if they can reverse the decree of fate, take what you will, it must be too little; but if all things must happen as it is determined by God, of what use is your divination?" An old Roman who took care to keep his body in exercise by sham fights with a post, said to Demonax, "Don't I fight well?" to which he replied, "Nobly, indeed, against a wooden enemy." Nobody was so clever as he, at solving a difficult point: somebody asked him one day, in a scoffing manner, this question, "Pray, Demonax, if you burn a thousand pounds of wood, how many pounds will there be of smoke?" "Weigh the ashes, says he, and all the rest will be smoke." One Polybius, an illiterate fellow, and who did not understand his own mother-tongue, acquainting Demonax, that the emperor had honoured him with the freedom of Rome; "I wish, said Demonax, instead of a Roman, he had made a Grecian of you." Seeing a fine-dressed man who was very proud of his purple robe, he went up close to him,

him, and laying hold of his garment, cried, "This belonged to a * ſheep before you had it." Going to bathe one day in warm water, he ſeemed afraid of ſtepping into it, and ſomebody reproaching him for a coward, he replied, "I do not do this to ſave my country." "What do you think they are about, ſaid ſomebody, in the ſhades below?" "Stay till I get there, ſays he, and I will write you word." Admetus, a very bad poet, telling him he had wrote his own epitaph, which he had left orders in his will ſhould be graved on his tomb-ſtone, (it was only theſe two lines,)

> Admetus lies beneath this ſtone,
> His better part to heav'n is gone.

It is ſo fine an epitaph, ſaid Demonax, methinks I wiſh it was there already. Somebody obſerving that his calves were a little ſhrunk, as old men's generally are, cried, "What is the meaning of this, Demonax?" he replied with a ſmile, "Cerberus has bit me, that is all." Seeing a Lacedæmonian one day whipping his ſervant moſt unmercifully, he cried out, "Do not put yourſelf thus upon a level with your

* *A ſheep*] Agreeable to Pope's obſervation,

> The fur that warms a monarch warm'd a bear.

The making cloth from ſheep's wool, we ſee, was a very old invention. The application is arch enough.

ſlave." A girl whoſe name was Danae, having a law-ſuit with her brother, "You are in the right, child, ſaid he, to go to law, for you are not Danae the daughter of Acriſius." He was a bitter enemy of all thoſe who profeſſed philoſophy, not for the ſake of truth but from pride and oſtentation; and obſerving a certain Cynic, with his wallet and cloak, and a peſtle inſtead of a ſtaff, who called himſelf the rival of Antiſthenes, Crates, and Diogenes; "Tell no ſuch lies, ſaid he to him, thou art the diſciple of † Hyperides." Seeing ſome bad wreſtlers, who, contrary to the laws preſcribed, were biting one another, "Well, ſaid he, may out wreſtlers be called lions." What he ſaid to a proconſul was ſmart, and at the ſame time very ſevere upon him; he was one of thoſe, it ſeems, who pluck the hairs from off their legs, and every part of the body: a Cynic got up, and accuſed him of effeminacy; upon which, the proconſul being violently enraged, ordered him to be knocked on the head, or ſent into baniſhment: but Demonax interfered and begged him off, telling him, "It was a liberty taken by the Cynics, and therefore ought to be pardoned;" "Well,

† *Hyperides.*] It does not appear who this Hyperides was, the Latin tranſlator ſays, Piſtoris vel piſtillarii; that he was a baker, ſo that the joke lies in the peſtle.

ſays

ſays the proconſul, for your ſake I will forgive him now, but if he does ſo again, what puniſhment is bad enough for him?" "O then, ſaid Demonax, order all his hair to be taken off immediately." Another who was appointed by the emperor to the government of a large province, and the command of the army, aſked him how he ſhould manage always to govern well: "Keep your temper, ſaid he, hear every thing, and ſay nothing." Somebody aſking him whether he eat honey-cakes, "Doſt think, ſays he, bees ever made their combs for fools?" Seeing a ſtatue in the portico with one hand, "At laſt, ſays he, * Cynægirus is honoured by the Athenians with a brazen ſtatue." Seeing Rufinus, the lame philoſopher, hopping about the Lyceum, "There is nothing ſo impudent, ſaid he, as a lame Peripatetic." Epictetus one day adviſing him to marry, and get children, for that it was by no means unbecoming a philoſopher to leave ſomething behind h[illegible] in room of himſelf; "Then, ſaid he, you muſt give me one of † your daughters."

What he ſaid to Herminus the Ariſtotelian, is well-worth recording; obſerving this raſcal

* *Cynægirus.*] See Bayle.

† *Your daughters.*] Epictetus was older than Demonax, and died a bachelor.

doing

doing every thing that was bad, and always talking, at the same time, of Aristotle and his ‡ categories; "In good truth, said he, Herminus, you are worthy of them all." The Athenians having some intention to build an amphitheatre for gladiators in imitation of the Corinthians, he went into the assembly, and cried out, "Before you determine this point, O Athenians, you should destroy the altar of mercy." When he came to Olympia, the Elians would have decreed him a statue of brass: "By no means, said he, that would be a reproach to your ancestors, who never made one either for Socrates or Diogenes." I heard him once tell a lawyer, "he thought laws of very little service to mankind, for the good did not stand in need of, and the bad were never the better for them." He used frequently to repeat this verse of Homer,

> Alike * regretted, in the dust he lies,
> Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.

‡ *Categories.*] Every body knows what the Categories of Aristotle were; but it is fit the English reader should know also that the Greek word κατεγοριος, categorius, signifies also, an accusation. The whole wit, therefore, of this bon mot, if any there be, consists in the pun upon, or double meaning of the word in the original.

* *Alike, &c.*] Gr. Κάτθαν' ὁμῶς ὅ, τ' ἀεργὸς ἀνὴρ, ὅ, τε πολλὰ ἐοργώς. See Hom. Il. I. l. 320.

He

He always admired Therſites as a kind of Cynic philoſopher. Being aſked, which of the philoſophers he liked beſt: "They are all excellent, ſaid he, but Socrates I venerate, admire Diogenes, and love Ariſtippus."

He lived till near a hundred without pain, grief, or diſorder; without being burthenſome, or under obligations to any man; was always ſerviceable to his friends, and never had an enemy. Not only the Athenians, but all Greece ſo loved and honoured him, that when he appeared in public the nobles roſe up in reſpect to him, and there was an univerſal ſilence. Even in extreme old age, he went about from houſe to houſe, ſupped, and lay all night wherever he pleaſed; the maſter always conſidering himſelf as honoured by the preſence of ſome god, or tutelary genius. The ſellers of bread, would beg him, as he paſſed along, to accept ſome from their hands; and happy were they from whom he would receive it. The boys, too, would offer him fruits, and call him their father. On a ſedition that had been raiſed up at Athens, his preſence alone put an end to the tumult; for the moment he appeared in the aſſembly, they were all ſilent: he perceived their ſhame and repentance, and without ſaying any thing to them, withdrew.

When

When he found he was no longer able to help himſelf, he ſpoke to thoſe who were about him in the language of the Cryer at the public games.

> The laurel crown attracts no more,
> The games are done the ſport is o'er;
> Paſt is the buſineſs of the day,
> And we are ſummon'd; hence, away!

He then voluntarily abſtained from all food, and died, preſerving the greateſt eaſe and chearfulneſs to his laſt moments. A little before his death, ſomebody aſking him, "what orders he would give about his funeral:" "Never fear, ſaid he, when I ſtink, they will bury me." "But ſhall ſuch a man, replied his friend, be given to dogs and birds?" "So much the better, ſaid he, for then I ſhall be of ſome ſervice even after death."

The Athenians honoured him with a magnificent funeral, and long lamented him. They even crowned with garlands, and held as ſacred, the ſtone he uſed to reſt upon. Every body attended at his burial, and the philoſophers carried him to the grave on their ſhoulders.

I have put together theſe few circumſtances relating to Demonax, that poſterity may know how truly great and excellent he was.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED BY

THE TRANSLATOR,

TO HIS FRIEND

THE GREAT PORTRAIT-PAINTER OF ENGLAND,

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

THE

PORTRAIT,

A DIALOGUE.

This Portrait *of* LUCIAN'S *is, as the Painters ſay, in his beſt Manner, and finiſhed* CON AMORE: *it contains a charming Deſcription, in the moſt warm and glowing Colours, of*

What never was, or is, or e'er ſhall be,

a perfect Woman; and is ſuppoſed to be a ſtriking Likeneſs of a Miſtreſs, or Wife, (about which the Critics are divided), of the Emperor Verus. The Style, throughout, is finely adapted to the Subject, ſmooth, animated, and poetical.

LYCINUS, POLYSTRATUS.

LYCINUS.

POlyſtratus, the fate of thoſe who beheld the Gorgon reſembles mine, the ſight of a fine woman has almoſt turned me into ſtone; I am petrified with admiration.

POLY-

POLYSTRATUS.

What, the impenetrable Lycinus! aſtoniſhing, indeed, * * *

But who is this petrifying Meduſa, and whence comes ſhe? for I muſt ſee her too: you need not be jealous, as I muſt expect the ſame fate, and ſhall be ſtiffened into ſtone as well as yourſelf.

LYCINUS.

Depend upon it, my friend, if you look upon her, even at a diſtance, ſhe will render you motionleſs as a ſtatue: the wound, indeed, will be leſs dangerous if you only ſee her, but if ſhe fixes her eyes on you at the ſame time, I know not how you can ever get away; ſhe will hold you faſt, and make you follow her about as the needle does the * loadſtone.

POLYSTRATUS.

Say no more about her wonderful beauty, but tell me who ſhe is.

LYCINUS.

You think me extravagant, but when you ſee her, you will ſay my praiſe was weak in compariſon with what ſhe deſerves. Who ſhe is I know not; but the number of attendants,

* *Loadſtone.*] The virtues and properties of the magnet were known to the ancients: the great uſe and advantage of it was reſerved to ſtand at the head of modern diſcoveries.

her

her ſplendid appearance, eunuchs, maids, every thing, in ſhort, about her ſeemed beyond what any private fortune could afford.

POLYSTRATUS.

Did not you hear her name?

LYCINUS.

No: all I could diſcover was that ſhe came from Ionia, which I gathered from a perſon who, as ſhe paſſed by, obſerved to his neighbour, "ſuch are your Smyrna beauties;" nor can we wonder that the fineſt city in Ionia ſhould produce the fineſt women: the man, I imagine, came from thence himſelf, as he ſeemed to be not a little proud of her.

POLYSTRATUS.

You acted like a ſtone indeed, never to follow her, nor aſk the Smyrna man who ſhe was: but, come, deſcribe her form to me as well as you can, and, perhaps, I may recollect her.

LYCINUS.

You know not what you requeſt of me: it is not in the power of language, at leaſt of mine, to give you an idea of her: ſcarce would Apelles, Zeuxis, Parrhaſius, Phidias, or Alcamenes be equal to the taſk: art is too weak to repreſent her.

POLYSTRATUS.

At leaſt tell me what her features were; there

is no danger, be they what they will, in draw-ing her picture for a friend.

LYCIN[illegible]

I think it would be safer to c[illegible] the assist-ance of those eminent artists, to [illegible] to paint her for you.

POLYSTRATUS.

What do you mean? How are those, w[illegible] have been dead so many years, to appear before you?

LYCINUS.

O very easily; only answer me one question.

POLYSTRATUS.

Ask it.

LYCINUS.

Have you ever been at Cnidus?

POLYSTRATUS.

Most certainly.

LYCINUS.

Then you must have seen the famous Venus there.

POLYSTRATUS.

I have: the finest work of Praxiteles.

LYCINUS.

You have heard the story too, I suppose, which they tell of a man's falling in love with a statue, and hiding himself in the temple that he

he might enjoy her: you have ſeen too, I imagine, the * garden Venus of Alcamenes?

POLYSTRATUS.

I ſhould be incurious, indeed, to let the nobleſt of his performances eſcape me.

LYCINUS.

I need not aſk you, who have been ſo often in the Acropolis, whether you have not alſo contemplated the Soſandra of Calamides.

POLYSTRATUS.

Many a time.

LYCINUS.

And which of Phidias's works do you moſt admire?

POLYSTRATUS.

The † Lemnian Minerva, which he put his name to; and the Amazon, leaning on her ſpear.

LYCINUS.

Very well: now we have artiſts enough: from all theſe I propoſe to make one picture, ſelecting what is moſt excellent in each of them.

* *Garden Venus.*] It is remarkable that this little piece of Lucian's takes notice of ſeveral famous works of ancient ſculpture and painting, never mentioned by any other author, and gives us a high idea of their extraordinary merit.

† *Lemnian.*] A famous ſtatue of Minerva, by Phidias, and ſo called from the inhabitants of Lemnos, who dedicated it to her. See Pauſan. Attic.

POLYSTRATUS.

And how is this to be done?

LYCINUS.

With the greateſt eaſe: let us only transfer the ideas to language, whoſe buſineſs it ſhall be to mix together the ſeveral parts, adorn, and form them into one complete whole.

POLYSTRATUS.

Well, take and try: for my part, I cannot conceive how you can make uſe of them in ſuch a manner, as from ſo many different parts, not to form one ill compacted and ridiculous work.

LYCINUS.

You ſhall ſee: and firſt, from the Cnidian Venus I ſhall take the head alone; the body, being naked, we have no occaſion for: the forehead, hair, and perfect ſhape of the eye-brows, exactly as Praxiteles has made them: together with that * ſwimming ſoftneſs, and vivacity of the eyes, which he has ſo finely repreſented: the cheeks, and look of the † full face, with

* *Swimming.*] The Greek expreſſion is inimitably elegant,

Οφθαλμων το ὑγρον αμα τω φαιδρω,

Oculorum mobilem hilaremque gratiam,

Agreeable to Anacreon's

Το δε βλεμμα ——

Ἁμα γλαυκον ὡς Αθηνης

Ἁμα δ' ὑγρον ὡς Κυθηρης. Ode xxviii.

† *Full face.*] Greek, τȣ παντος προσωπȣ περιγραφην.

the

the extremities of the hands, the fine-proportioned wrist, the delicate fingers growing thin at the tips, from Alcamenes. Phidias, and his Lemnian, will supply us with the general turn of the countenance, and size of the nose; the mouth and neck we will take from his Amazon. Calamides shall furnish us with the modesty of his Sosandra, the sweet half-smile on her countenance, the tucked up, and becoming robe; her head, however, shall be undressed: the age may be about that of the Cnidian Venus, according to Praxiteles. What think you, my friend, will not the picture be charming, if it be well finished?

POLYSTRATUS.

Are you sure, my friend, you have omitted nothing in the composition of your beauty?

LYCINUS.

Not that I know of, unless, perhaps, you think it cannot be complete without the proper colouring; there, indeed, we must be deficient; for how shall we procure it? Shall we call in all those painters who are famous for blending their colours with taste and judgment, Polygnotus, Euphranor, Ætion, and Apelles? let these divide the task. Euphranor shall lend us his Juno's hair, Polygnotus the handsome eye-brow, and rosy cheeks of his Delphian

Caſſandra: he too ſhall furniſh us with a robe of the fineſt work, moſt of it flowing in looſe folds, and only ſuccinct where it ought to be ſo. The reſt of the body we will take from the * Pacata of Apelles, with a ſkin not too pale and fair, but ſhewing the † blood within. ‡ Ætion ſhall give us the lips of his Roxana: we will borrow from Homer too, that beſt of painters, even in the preſence of Euphranor and Apelles, the thighs of Menelaus, which he compares to § ivory ſtained with purple, will ſuit her alſo; he ſhall give her the eyes:

* *Pacata.*] Greek, Παχατην, probably miſtaken by the tranſcribers for Panchaſte, mentioned by Ælian, and who, as Pliny tells us, was the ſame as Campaſpe, the celebrated beauty, and miſtreſs of Alexander the Great, whom Apelles fell in love with as he was drawing her picture.

† *The blood.*] See Shakſpeare.

‡ *Ætion.*] See the deſcription of this famous picture in Lucian's Ætion.

§ *Ivory.*]

As when ſome ſtately trappings are decreed,
To grace a monarch on his bounding ſteed,
A nymph in Caria, or Mæonia bred,
Stains the pure iv'ry, with a lively red.
With equal luſtre various colours vie,
The ſhining whiteneſs of the Tyrian dye;
So, great Atrides, ſhow'd thy ſacred blood,
And, down thy ſnowy thigh, diſtill'd the ſtreaming blood.

Pope's Homer's Iliad, book iv. l. 170.

The

the || Theban poet too ſhall aſſiſt, and lend us his even brows; and Mæonides ſhall make her ‡ white-arm'd, and roſy-finger'd, far more like golden Venus than his Briſeis.

Thus far the ſtatuary, the painter, and the poet may be of ſervice to us; but for that grace which is diffuſed through every part, or rather all the Graces and all the Loves united, that dance around her; who ſhall imitate, or who ſhall deſcribe them?

POLYSTRATUS.

Lycinus, thou ſpeakeſt of ſomething more than human, ſent down from Jove, the progeny of heaven. But, tell me, how was ſhe employed?

LYCINUS.

She held in her hand a book doubled in two, part of which ſhe ſeemed to have gone through, and was reading the other; ſpeaking at the ſame time to one of her attendants, but ſo low, that I could not diſtinguiſh what ſhe ſaid. When ſhe ſmiled, ſhe ſhewed a ſet of teeth ſo white, ſo even, ſo well put together, it is impoſſible to deſcribe them to you: if you have ſeen a beautiful necklace, of the moſt brilliant

|| *The Theban poet.*] Pindar, who calls Evadna, ἰοβλέφαρον. See Olymp. vi.

‡ *White-arm'd, &c.*] Epithets frequently uſed by Homer, and applied to Juno, Venus, &c.

pearls, all of the ſame ſize and ſplendour, you may have ſome idea of them; adorned as they were by her ruby lips, and ſhining through them; like Homer's * boſom of ivory, not one broader than another, ſticking out, or ſeparated as others have them, but all of one ſize and colour, and entirely even: upon the whole, ſhe was a moſt aſtoniſhing ſight, and infinitely beyond our conceptions of mortal beauty.

POLYSTRATUS.

Stop a moment: for, by what you have ſaid, I am ſure I know who ſhe is; you told me what country ſhe was of, and that ſhe had eunuchs and ſoldiers attending her; it muſt be the celebrated beauty who lives with the emperor.

LYCINUS.

What is her name?

POLYSTRATUS.

That too is ſoft and lovely like herſelf, the ſame as that of † Abradatas's wife: you muſt have heard of the modeſt charming woman whom Xenophon ſpeaks ſo highly of.

* *Boſom.*] And the pure iv'ry o'er her boſom ſpreads. See Homer's deſcription of Eurynome, in the eighteenth book of the Odyſſey.

† *Abradatas's wife.*] Panthea. See the whole ſtory in the Cyropædia of Xenophon, one of the beſt written and moſt affecting tales to be met with amongſt the writers of antiquity.

LYCINUS.

I remember her well; and as often as I read that beautiful paſſage, methinks I hear her ſpeak, ſee her arming her huſband, and preparing him for the battle.

POLYSTRATUS.

You, my friend, have only ſeen her once, glancing, like lightning by you, and ſpeak only, therefore, of that which ſtruck you then, her external form; but you ſaw nothing of her mind, nor know how far that exceeds it in every beauty. I am her countryman, am well acquainted with, and have often converſed with her. You very well know, I prefer good-nature, benevolence, magnanimity, learning, and wiſdom, to beauty; theſe, doubtleſs, are far ſuperior, and not to eſteem them ſo, were as abſurd as to prefer the garment to the body which is clothed in it. Where the virtues of the mind and body are united in one perſon, there, and there only, is true beauty. I could point out numbers whoſe form is excellent, but who diſgrace it by their manners; whoſe beauty fades and dies away, the body confeſſing, as it were, by its indecent actions, that it is ruled by the worſt of miſtreſſes, an evil ſoul. Such women put me in mind of Ægyptian idolatry; the temple is large and beautiful, adorned with precious

precious ſtones, gold, and pictures; whilſt the god within, is, perhaps, an ape, an ibis, a goat, or a cat: of theſe there are but too many amongſt us. But beauty alone is not ſufficient, unleſs it is properly adorned; * not by purple robes, by necklaces, or toys; but by modeſty, truth, benevolence, philanthropy, and the reſt of thoſe virtues which crown the complete woman.

LYCINUS.

You, therefore, Polyſtratus, muſt give me deſcription for deſcription, meaſure for meaſure, as they ſay, or rather ſomething over (for you are very well able): let me have the portrait of her mind, that I may no longer admire only one half of her.

POLYSTRATUS.

It is no ſmall trial of ſkill which you have exacted of me; it is much eaſier, let me tell you, to praiſe that which every body has before their eyes, than to deſcribe that which cannot be ſeen by any; for my portrait, I muſt call

* *Not by purple, &c.*] "Whoſe adorning (ſays a better moraliſt than Lucian), let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet ſpirit, which is in the ſight of God of great price."

in

in the aid not of painters and ſtatuaries only, but of philoſophers alſo, that I may finiſh the figure by their rules, and according to the complete model of antiquity.

To the buſineſs then. And firſt, She is eloquent, and witty: with much more reaſon might Homer have ſaid of her than of the Pylian ſage,

* Words, ſweet as honey, from his lips diſtill'd.

The tone of her voice is inexpreſſibly ſoft and harmonious, not ſtrong or maſculine, nor thick and broken; but like that of youths juſt before the age of manhood, ſweet and pleaſant, ſtealing gently on the ear, ſo that even when it ceaſes, the words ſtill dwell upon the ſenſe, like echo lengthens out the ſound, and leaves a pleaſing remembrance on the mind, full of grace and perſuaſion; when ſhe ſings or plays, ſwans, graſhoppers, and halcyons, muſt be ſilent; for, compared with her, they are rough and inharmonious; and the † daughter of Pandion, with all her power of voice, would appear ignorant and unmuſical. Orpheus and Amphion, who ſo charmed their audience that even things inanimate were attracted by their ſongs, if they heard her, would leave their lyres, and

* *Words, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. i. l. 332.

† *Daughter, &c.*] Who was turned into a nightingale.

liſten

liſten in ſilent attention to her. So well does ſhe know how to preſerve true harmony, ſo to accompany her inſtrument, as never to be out of time or tune, to ſwell and ſink in ſuch a manner, as that the voice and lyre ſhall ſet off each other, with that eaſy touch of the finger, and motion of the limbs, which ſo diſtinguiſhed the great ‡ muſician of Thrace, and || him who touched the lyre as he fed his cattle on Cithæron. Truſt me, Lycinus, if ever you hear her ſing, you will not, like thoſe who beheld the Gorgon, be turned into ſtone; but will experience the fate of them who were allured by the Syrens; you will ſtand amazed and confounded, regardleſs of your country, your family, and your friends. Stop up your ears ever ſo cloſe, her voice will penetrate through all; for ſuch is the ſong of Terpſichore, of Melpomene, and Calliope, with a thouſand enchantments of every kind to adorn and recommend it. Think, in a word, what the harmony muſt be which paſſes through ſuch teeth, and is uttered by ſuch lips as her's. You have ſeen part of what I tell you, imagine to yourſelf that you hear the reſt.

‡ *Muſician.*] Orpheus.

|| *Him who, &c.*] Amphion.

That

That ſhe ſhould ſpeak correctly and in pure Ionic, that her converſation is full of wit and Attic grace, is by no means to be wondered at; ſhe had it from her country and her anceſtors: nor is it ſurpriſing that ſhe ſhould be fond of poetry, who is a native of that * place which gave birth to Homer. Thus much for her voice, both with regard to ſpeaking and ſinging. I ſhall now proceed to her other perfections; and here, I do not intend, like you, to mingle all the beauties together, to make one complete model, but to deſcribe at large every virtue of her mind, and refer them ſingly and ſeparately to this great original.

LYCINUS.

You invite me, Polyſtratus, to a noble feaſt indeed, and ſeem reſolved to give me, as I deſired, full meaſure; pour away, therefore as faſt as you pleaſe, you cannot do me a greater favour.

POLYSTRATUS.

As knowlege then, particularly that which ariſes from ſtudy and contemplation, is, doubtleſs, of all human perfections the moſt deſirable, let us take it in all its various forms, that our model may be as complete as your's. Let

* *Place.*] Smyrna.

her

her, therefore, have all the gifts of Helicon, not as Clio, Polyhymnia, or Calliope, and the rest; each possessing one, but endowed with them all, together with those of Mercury and Apollo. Adorned with whatever poets have feigned, historians recorded, or philosophers taught; these she must be perfect mistress of; not moistened only by this dye, but totally tinged and saturated with it. Of this, indeed, I can produce no living example, nor recollect one, even in the stores of antiquity. Such, however, let our portrait remain; you will think it, perhaps, no poor or contemptible one.

LYCINUS.

It is, indeed, most excellent, and comprehends every point of perfection.

POLYSTRATUS.

Let us now produce the portrait of wisdom and prudence: and here, I shall want many examples, particularly from the ancients: amongst whom, I shall select Socrates and his friend Æschines, the most skilful of all artists, who painted with peculiar energy and grace. As the best model of prudence, we will take Aspasia of Miletus, who lived with the famous Pericles, and was so renowned for her knowlege and acuteness in all civil affairs; for quickness of parts, penetration, and sagacity. These we

will

will all transfer to our own portrait, though one is but a ſmall picture, the other a Coloſſus in compariſon with her.

LYCINUS.

How is that?

POLYSTRATUS.

I mean that pictures may be very like, though not of the ſame ſize; as the republic of Athens may reſemble the preſent ſtate of Rome, though the latter is ſo much ſuperior, becauſe upon a larger ſcale.

Our third portrait ſhall be taken from * Theano, the Leſbian poeteſs, and Diotima. Theano ſhall lend her magnanimity, Sappho her elegance of manners, and † Diotima, not only what Socrates has ſo commended in her, but her wiſdom and prudence alſo. Such is our ſecond portrait.

LYCINUS.

And it is truly admirable: let us now have a picture of humanity and benevolence, that may repreſent her ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, and charity to the poor.

* *Theano.*] The wife, or, as ſome tell us, the daughter of Pythagoras. See a full and true account of this lady in Menage's Catalogue of Female Philoſophers.

† *Diotima.*] See Plato's Sympoſium.

POLY-

POLYSTRATUS.

For this we ſhall find a model in the wife of Antenor, Arete, and her daughter Nauſicae: and for her chaſtity and affection, we will take Penelope, whom Homer celebrates for thoſe virtues, or her name-ſake, Panthea, before mentioned.

LYCINUS.

You have now, I think, Polyſtratus, beautified her all over, and we want no more portraits; for you have gone through her whole mind, and ſufficiently praiſed every part of it.

POLYSTRATUS.

Not ſo, Lycinus; for the greateſt of her virtues is ſtill behind: her humble and modeſt behaviour in that exalted ſtation: never elated by her good fortune, nor relying too much on human proſperity, ſhe is not inſolent or ridiculous, but keeps herſelf ſtill on the level; is affable to all, treats all as her equals, without pomp, or affectation; a conduct ſo much the more agreeable, as it comes from one of her rank and condition: thoſe who thus uſe their riches, not for pride and oſtentation, but for the purpoſes of charity and benevolence, are worthy of the gifts which fortune beſtows on them: they alone can eſcape envy, for none grudge riches to thoſe who enjoy them with tem-

temperance and moderation: ſuch as do not, like Homer's ‡ Ate, ſtalk over the heads of men, and trample on every thing beneath them, which often happens to low and groveling ſouls, unuſed to riches and proſperity: when Fortune lifts up ſuch men, and ſeats them in her high and winged chariot, they will not look down below, but ſoar into the clouds, melt their wings like Icarus, and ſoon fall into the waves, and become the ſcorn and deriſion of all: but thoſe who, like Dædalus, remember what their wings are faſtened with, aſpire not too high, content to be borne juſt above the waves, and dip their pinions in them, theſe fly with eaſe and ſafety; and thus it is ſhe alſo gains univerſal admiration: for all wiſh thoſe * wings may ever remain unhurt, which ſcatter bleſſings on every ſide of them.

LYCINUS.

Long may ſhe do ſo, Polyſtratus! for ſhe is not only beautiful as Helen in her external

‡ *Ate.*] Injuſtice ſwift, erect, and unconfin'd,
Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples on mankind.
See Pope's Hom. Il. b. ix. l. 628.

* *Wings*] This is to the laſt degree elegant: the whole deſcription is, indeed, inimitable. It is, perhaps, impoſſible for an Engliſh reader at the preſent juncture, to read the latter part of it, without applying it to the beſt of women, our own amiable and beneficent queen Charlotte.

 form,

form, but boasts a mind also still more beautiful and lovely. Happy, therefore, is our good and beloved emperor, as in every thing else, so above all to have such a woman born in his dominions, and thrice happy to be beloved by her: nor less happy is that fair one, to whom we may apply those lines of Homer,

> † She who, like golden Venus, charms the heart,
> And vies with Pallas in the works of art.

For no woman can be compared to her, who, as the same poet says, is,

> ‡ —— Unmatch'd in manners as in face,
> Skill'd in each art, and crown'd with ev'ry grace.

POLYSTRATUS.

True, Lycinus. Let us, therefore, join our portraits together, your's of the body with mine of the mind, and form of them one complete picture to be given to the present age, and delivered down to posterity: it may, perhaps, be more durable than those of Apelles, Parrhasius, and Polygnotus, as it is not made of wood, or wax, or paint, but the work of the Muses, and exhibits a perfect resemblance of her, both in body and mind.

† *She who, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. ix. l. 512.

‡ *Unmatch'd.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. i. l. 141.

DEFENCE

OF THE

PORTRAIT,

A DIALOGUE.

The Empreſs, whom LUCIAN *had ſo highly complimented in the* Portrait, *not liking, or, perhaps, like other fair Ladies, rather pretending not to like, ſuch extraordinary Praiſes, having ſignified to his Friend her Diſapprobation, the Author enters here into a ſerious Defence of his Encomium, and ſupports it with ſome Reaſoning, and a great deal of Politeneſs. It is, indeed, full of as courtly and delicate Flattery as could have fallen from the Lips of a French Marquis, though, probably, with a much larger Portion of Sincerity.*

LYCINUS, POLYSTRATUS.

POLYSTRATUS.

I AM obliged to Lycinus, ſaid the Lady, for his commendations, as it ſhewed his affection and reſpect for me; no man could be ſo laviſh of his praiſes without ſome real regard: but I would have him know I hate flatterers, whom I look upon but as ſo many baſe impoſtors, mean and illiberal. When I am praiſed beyond meaſure, and much more than I deſerve,

 I always

I always blufh, and, if poffible, would ftop my ears againft that which appears more like ridicule than applaufe. Panegyric is only to be borne fo long as we are confcious of poffeffing thofe qualities for which we are extolled; all beyond this belongs not to us, and is downright flattery: and yet many I know, who love to be praifed for what they have not: there are old men who would be celebrated for their ftrength and prowefs; crooked and deformed, who wifh to be called beautiful as Nireus or Phaon: they think, perhaps, that compliment will change their forms, and flatter themfelves, like * Pelias, that they fhall grow young again. Flattery would be valuable, indeed, if it could produce fuch effects; but it will prove the direct contrary: for the fame thing muft happen to fuch, as would to an ugly man putting on a handfome mafk, and boafting of his beauty, though it might fo eafily be taken off by any

* *Pelias.*] Medea, the famous enchantrefs, we are told, put old Æron, Jafon's father, into a kettle of medicated herbs, and boiled him till he became young again: fuch extraordinary fuccefs, in a project fo univerfally defirable, put the daughter of Pelias, tyrant of Iolchos, on requefting the fame favour of her for their father: fhe accordingly dipped him alfo in her cauldron, where fhe perfidioufly left him to be confumed by the fire, and never brought him to life again. See the ftory told at full length by Ovid.

body,

body, and he of courſe only become the more ridiculous, when his own face appeared from under the vizard, and detected him: as if a little fellow ſhould put on a cothurnus, and then pretend to meaſure with a man taller by three foot than himſelf ſtanding on the plain ground. She then told me a ſtory of a woman of the firſt rank, and who was, withal, handſome and agreeable, but ſhort, and much below the common ſtature, who was extolled by a poet in his verſes for her height, as well as her other accompliſhments, and compared, for her ſize and ſtraitneſs, to a poplar: the woman was highly pleaſed with the compliment, and ſtretched her arms out, as if ſhe grew taller at every verſe, and the poet obſerving how much ſhe was delighted, repeated them over and over, till one of the company whiſpered in his ear: "Have done ſoon, my friend, or you will make the woman * get up, and ſpoil all."

Similar to this, though infinitely more ridiculous, is what they relate of Stratonice, the wiſe of Seleucus, who offered a talent of gold for the beſt poem to be written on her hair,

* *Get up.*] A ſhort perſon, whilſt ſitting, may be imagined tall, but ſtanding upright muſt always diſcover the real ſize and height.

though ſhe had not one upon her head; every body well knowing ſhe was bald, and that it was occaſioned by a long illneſs; ſhe ſate, nevertheleſs, to hear a ſet of execrable poets praiſing her hyacinthin locks, making them up into curls, and comparing them to leaves of parſley, though, in fact, there was not one belonging to her.

Panthea, therefore, laughed at all thoſe who yielded themſelves up to adulation, and obſerved, that praiſes were like pictures, which pleaſed only becauſe they flattered and deceived: many, ſaid ſhe, only admit thoſe painters who can draw a handſome likeneſs of them; there are even ſome who will bid the artiſt take off part of a noſe, make the eyes blacker, or add any other beauty, which they would be thought poſſeſſed of: forgetful that they are all the while crowning with applauſe ſuch pictures as do not in the leaſt reſemble themſelves.

Such were her obſervations on your book, which, however, in many parts ſhe much admired, though ſhe could not bear your comparing her to Juno and Venus. They, ſays ſhe, are far beyond me; beyond, indeed, any thing human: nor do I deſire to be put on a level with Penelope, Arete, and Theano, any more than with the firſt of the goddeſſes. I am

a reli-

a religious worſhipper of the gods, and fearful of offending them, and were I to admit ſuch flattery, ſhould dread the fate of * Caſſiopeia, though ſhe only compared herſelf to the Nereids, and adored Juno and Venus. This part, therefore, ſhe deſired you would alter; ſhe would, otherwiſe, call thoſe goddeſſes to witneſs, it was not written by her deſire, or with her approbation, but was entirely diſagreeable to her, as void of piety and religion. She ſhould look upon it as impious, to ſuffer herſelf to be compared to the Cnidian or Garden Venus; and begged you would recollect what you ſaid yourſelf, towards the end of your book, when you praiſed her modeſty and humble behaviour, that never ſoared above human nature, but confined its flight within the limits of mortality; and yet you lift her up to heaven, and compare her to the inhabitants of it. She would rather wiſh you thought her capable of imitating Alexander, who, when the ſculptor

* *Caſſiopeia.*] Wiſe of Cepheus, king of Æthiopia, and mother of Andromeda. She boaſted that ſhe was handſomer than Juno, which the goddeſs, as we may naturally ſuppoſe, was highly incenſed at, and took the firſt opportunity to make an end of her. She met, however, afterwards with a noble recompence for her ſufferings on earth, being placed, with all her family, in heaven, where ſhe ſtill ſhines as a conſtellation.

 promiſed

promiſed to make mount Athos into a ſtatue of him, with two cities in his hand, would not encourage ſuch a ridiculous ſcheme, but adviſed the man to let it remain as it was, and not attempt to faſhion a mountain of ſuch an immenſe ſize, into the ſhape and reſemblance of a diminutive mortal. She praiſed, at the ſame time, the conqueror's greatneſs of mind, which, ſhe ſaid, would raiſe a nobler ſtatue to him than Athos itſelf in the opinion of poſterity, as it was doubtleſs a proof of the higheſt magnanimity to deſpiſe and reject ſo great an honour.

For herſelf, ſhe ſaid, ſhe much admired the ingenuity and perfection of your portraits, but could by no means admit of their likeneſs to her, as neither ſhe, nor any other woman, could ever arrive at ſuch perfection. She begs leave, therefore, to return the intended honour back upon your hands, and with all humility adores your archetypes; begs you would praiſe thoſe virtues only, which are within the reach of humanity, and that you would not make the ſhoe too big for the foot, leſt it ſhould throw her down, when ſhe walks in it.

I have heard, ſaid ſhe, (whether it be true or not, you men know beſt,) that the victors at the Olympic games are not permitted to have

have ſtatues of them made bigger than themſelves; that the judges always take care of this, and are even more nice in the examination of them than of the candidates. Take care, therefore, that your meaſure alſo is exact, or the judges will reject your portraits.

Such is her opinion of your performance: I would adviſe you, therefore, Lycinus, to reviſe and correct it, that you may not be accuſed of impiety. She appeared, indeed, herſelf, highly diſpleaſed at ſome parts, and ſeemed to ſhudder at them, deprecating the wrath of the goddeſſes, to render them propitious to her, and incline them to pardon a weak woman. To ſay the truth, I am, myſelf, a little of her opinion: when I heard you, indeed, firſt repeat it, I found no fault; but after what ſhe ſaid, began, I own, to think as ſhe did. It is the ſame thing with regard to opinions, as with objects of ſight; when the thing is cloſe to us, and juſt before our eyes, we cannot obſerve it diſtinctly; but if we draw back a little, and view it at a proper diſtance, it is all clear and plain, and we ſee immediately what is right, and what is wrong in it.

To compare a mere mortal with Juno and Venus, what is it in effect but to depreciate the goddeſſes?

goddesses? for, in this case, the lesser is not made so much greater by the comparison, as the greater is diminished and degraded by it; for, if two men walk together, one very tall, and the other extremely short, if you would make them appear of equal height, you cannot do it by setting the little one on his tip-toes, but by the tall man's stooping down to him; and, in like manner, the divine nature must be diminished and made lower by your comparison. If, indeed, for want of terrestrial objects, you are obliged to have recourse to celestial ones, the fault will be more venial; but when you had so many mortal women before you, to compare her to Venus and Juno was totally unnecessary. Take off, therefore, my good friend, what is more than sufficient, and what is obnoxious: this whole piece, indeed, is foreign to your nature and disposition; for you are seldom inclined to panegyric, though at present so wonderfully altered, that from a niggard in praise, you on a sudden are grown prodigal of it; but never be ashamed of mending. Phidias did so, when he made his Jove; for when he first produced his work, he stood behind the door and listened to those who either praised or condemned it. One found fault with the nose because it was too broad, another with

the

the face for being too long, and a third with ſomething elſe. When they were all gone, he ſhut himſelf up again, and corrected his figure according to the ſeveral obſervations on it; the opinion of numbers, he thought, was by no means to be deſpiſed, and that many muſt of neceſſity judge better than one, even though he were a Phidias.

This I have faithfully delivered from her, and beg you will take the ſame advice from your old friend and companion.

L Y C I N U S.

I proteſt, Polyſtratus, I did not know you were ſo great an orator; you have made ſo long a ſpeech, and brought ſo heavy a charge againſt my poor book, that I ſhall never be able to anſwer it. But, let me tell you, it is contrary to the uſual form of proceeding, to paſs ſentence on a man before the cauſe is tried, or his advocate appears for him. "It is very eaſy, as the proverb ſays, to win the race when you run by yourſelf;" and it is no wonder I ſhould be caſt, when I had not the liberty to defend myſelf; but what was worſt of all, you were, yourſelves, both accuſers and judges. What am I to do then? muſt I ſubmit to your decrees,

decrees, or, like the poet of * Himera, ſing a palinodia; or will you permit me to have a re-hearing?

POLYSTRATUS.

By all means, if you have any thing proper to urge in your own behalf; nor will you plead before enemies as you ſeem to think us, but amongſt your beſt friends; for myſelf, I am a party concerned, and ſhall be ready to aſſiſt you.

LYCINUS.

I am only ſorry that ſhe is not preſent, for now I muſt tranſmit my defence by another hand; however, if you will be as faithful a meſſenger from me to her, as you were from her to me, I will e'en caſt the dye.

POLYSTRATUS.

Never fear that, Lycinus, I will repeat your ſpeech like a good actor, you may depend on it; but be brief, I deſire, that I may be able to remember it.

* *Of Himera*] Steſichorus, the famous Sicilian lyric poet, who, having in one of his odes taken ſome liberties with the character of that immaculate lady, the celebrated Helen, was puniſhed for it by her brothers with blindneſs. He made his peace, however, with their godſhips, by recanting, in a palinodia, and, in conſequence of it, was reſtored to his ſight.

LY-

L Y C I N U S.

So heavy an accuſation will require a long defence, but for your ſake I ſhall contract it; tell her, therefore, this from me ——

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

You had better ſpeak as if ſhe was now before you, and then when I go to her, I will imitate you.

L Y C I N U S.

We will ſuppoſe her, here then if you pleaſe, and that ſhe has juſt ſpoke what you told me ſhe did, and now I am going to anſwer her; yet I muſt fairly acknowlege to you, the affair becomes dreadfully ſerious: I know not why, but as you ſee, I abſolutely ſweat, and am frightened out of my wits. I think I ſee her before me, and am terrified: I muſt begin, however, for now ſhe is come, there is no retiring.

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

But ſee! her countenance is full of benignity, ſhe ſmiles propitious on you; therefore, be confident, and proceed.

L Y C I N U S.

Moſt noble and illuſtrious lady, laviſh as I have been of your praiſes, for ſo you ſay I am; nothing which I ever extolled you for, is equal to your piety to the gods, which incited you

to

to find fault with your poor admirer: this is infinitely superior to all I ever said of you; you will pardon, if through ignorance alone, amongst my portraits, I omitted it; for this, above all others, I should have represented. Here, therefore, at least, you must acknowlege, I went not too far, but fell short of what you deserved; I left out that, indeed, which contributes more than all to purity of manners, and a perfect mind; inasmuch, as those who most truly worship God, always behave best towards man. If, therefore, I correct my picture, it must be, not by taking any thing away from it, but by adding this as the crown of all. There is one thing, moreover, which I am infinitely obliged to you for, and that is, when I praised your moderation and humility, and said that your good fortune and prosperity had never made you proud or insolent, you condemn me for it, and by that very censure confirm the truth of it; for, surely, not greedily to swallow such praise, but to be confounded at, and say you did not merit, is but to shew yourself still more deserving of it. One may apply to you the answer of Diogenes, who, being asked how glory might be acquired, replied, "By contemning it:" and, if I were asked myself, who

who was moſt worthy of praiſe, I ſhould anſwer, "Thoſe who wiſh not to be praiſed at all."

But this, you will ſay, is foreign to the purpoſe, and has nothing to do with the cauſe in hand: I ſtand accuſed of comparing you, in the picture which I drew of your perſon, to the Cnidian and Garden Venus, and likewiſe to Juno and Minerva. It is an old obſervation, that painters and poets are not to be called to account for what they ſay; much leſs, conſequently, ſuch as write in humble proſe, like myſelf: praiſe is free, nor is there any law to limit the ſize and extent of it: all it is bound to is, to prove the object praiſed worthy of admiration, and of imitation alſo. But I ſhall not dwell on this argument, leſt you ſhould ſay, it is becauſe I have no other to produce: all I ſhall now contend for is, that in panegyric we have a right to make uſe of images and ſimilitudes, and the principal merit is to draw a fit compariſon. We muſt not compare one thing with another that is equal to it, or that is inferior, but with what is more excellent: if you ſpeak of a dog, and ſay he is better than a ſow or a cat, what extraordinary praiſe is it? or, if you compared him to a wolf, would

would it be any great encomium? What then would be the proper ſimilitude? Doubtleſs, to ſay, he was equal in ſize and ſtrength to a lion. When the * poet ſpeaks of Orion's dog, he calls him the lion-tamer: this is the higheſt praiſe he could beſtow on him. If a man were to make an encomium on † Milo the Crotonian, Glaucus of Caryſtus, or Polydamas, and ſhould ſay, that each of them was ſtronger than a woman, would not you think him in jeſt? nor would it be ſufficient to ſay, that either of theſe would be ſuperior to any one man. But how has the noble poet deſcribed Glaucus,

> Doth he not put forth
> The ſtrength of Pollux, or the iron ſon
> Of great Alcmena ——

You ſee how he compares him to the gods, nay, even makes him ſuperior to them; and yet neither did Glaucus reſent his being likened to the gods, nor did the gods puniſh Glaucus or the poet; both, on the contrary, were held in the higheſt eſteem and veneration by the Greeks; Glaucus for his wonderful ſtrength, and Homer for the celebration of him. Won-

* *The poet.*] The paſſage here quoted is probably from Pindar, but is not to be met with in any of his works now extant.

† *Milo.*] The famous wreſtler.

der

der not, therefore, if, when I wanted a comparison to illustrate my subject, I made use of the noblest I could procure. You say, you hate flatterers, and I commend you for it; but I would have you distinguish between praise and adulation; the flatterer, who consults his own interest without any regard to truth, loads every thing with praise, says what he pleases, makes no scruple of asserting that Thersites was handsomer than Achilles, and that of all the warriors who fought at Troy, Nestor was the youngest; he will swear that the * son of Crœsus could hear better than † Melampodes, and that ‡ Phineus had sharper eyes than || Lynceus, if he could get any thing by it: whilst the true encomiast, never says the thing that is not, but where good qualities are planted by nature, he improves, increases, and sets them off to the

* *Son of Crœsus.*] Who was deaf and dumb.

† *Melampodes.*] Or, as he is called by other authors, Melampus, was an eminent physician, of whom many wonderful stories are told, and amongst the rest, that he could distinguish sounds so well, as even to understand the language of birds. See Plin. x. 49.

‡ *Phineus.*] The son of Agenor, he married Cleopatra, the daughter of Boreas, but afterwards repudiated her, and commanded the eyes of two children which he had by her to be put out. Boreas, in revenge, punished him with blindness.

|| *Lynceus.*] The most sharp sighted of mortals.

best advantage. If he would praise a horse, I mean a swift courser, he ventures to say,

> † He lightly skimming, when he sweeps the plain,
> Nor plys the grass, nor bends the tender grain.

Nor would he scruple, perhaps, to call the fleetest of them ‡ storm-footed. If he was to commend a beautiful and well-built house, he might cry out,

> || Such, and not nobler, in the realms above,
> My wonder dictates, is the dome of Jove.

A flatterer would say just the same of a swine-herd's cottage, if he thought the master would pay him for it. Like Cynæthus, the flatterer of * Demetrius, who, when he had worn out very mode of adulation, at last complimented him on his cough, and vowed that he hawked and spit most harmoniously. The difference between them, therefore, is, that the flatterer hesitates not to tell the most direct falsehoods, if he can please his patron; the encomiast only raises and illustrates what is true; add to this,

† *He lightly, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. xx. l. 269.

‡ *Storm-footed.*] Gr. αελλοποδων, an epithet made use of by Homer, in the Hymn to Venus, generally attributed to him.

|| *Such, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Odyssey, b. iv. l. 89.

* *Demetrius.*] Demetrius Poliorcetes, of whom Lucian speaks in another place.

that

that the one makes use of all the hyperboles he can meet with, whilst the other is moderate even in them, and keeps within proper limits. These, out of many that might be mentioned, are the specific differences of praise and adulation, which I must beg you to remark, that you may not suspect all of flattery, but distinguish between them, and give to each its proper measure.

Let me then be judged by this rule; apply it to what I have written concerning you, and say to which class I belong. Had I compared an ugly and deformed wretch to the Cnidian Venus, I had been, indeed, an impostor, a worse flatterer than Cinæthus, but when I spoke of one who, as every body knew, deserved all that could be said of her, surely it could not be censured as deviating from the truth.

But, perhaps, you will say (you have, indeed, already said), that I might have praised your beauty, but that I ought not thus invidiously to compare a mortal to a goddess: but, for I must tell you the real truth, I did not compare a mortal to a goddess, but only to the work of an eminent artist in brass, stone, or ivory. There could be no impiety in saying that resembled a mortal which was made by one; unless you will say the picture by Phi-

dias was the true Minerva, or the ſtatue made at Cnidus but a few years ſince, by Praxiteles, was the celeſtial Venus: take heed, noble lady, you think not thus of the immortals, whoſe true image is far beyond the reach of human imitation.

But if I had even ſaid, you were like the goddeſſes themſelves, I am not the firſt who ſtruck out this path; many of our beſt poets have done it before me, and particularly Homer, your own fellow-citizen, whom I here call upon to plead for me, for he muſt fall under the ſame condemnation: let me aſk him, or rather let me aſk you for him (for you remember, and happily for you, all his charming verſes), does he not tell us, when ſpeaking of the captive Briſeis, that ſhe, who reſembled golden Venus, wept over Patroclus, and a little after, as if not ſatisfied with comparing her to Venus only, he ſays,

* Prone on the body fell—the HEAVENLY fair.

And do you abhor him for this, do you throw by his book, or do you allow him the liberty of praiſe? if you refuſe, poſterity hath already beſtowed it on him; I know none who accuſe

* *Prone, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, book xix. Pope here calls her the HEAVENLY fair, which is a bad tranſlation of Homer's Ικελη Θεησι.

him

him of impiety, nor is there a man to be found who will dare to beat his ſtatue, or to mark theſe verſes as † ſpurious, and not belonging to him. Shall Homer then, liken a weeping Barbarian to golden Venus, and I, becauſe you will not be praiſed for beauty, muſt not compare even to the ſtatue of a goddeſs the moſt lovely of women, whoſe chearful countenance is ever covered with ſmiles? for in ſmiles, at leaſt, we reſemble the immortals. Obſerve, in his Agamemnon, how ſparing he is of his divinities, giving him a proportion of each, his eyes and head are like Jove, his belt like Mars, and his breaſt like Neptune; dividing the man into parts, to ſuit his repreſentation of the deities: in another place he compares him to Mars, the man-ſlayer. Phryges, he tells us, had the form of a god; and often calls Achilles the godlike ſon of Peleus. But I muſt return to examples of women; you remember where he ſays,

> Like Dian ſhe, or golden Venus ——

And again,

> As Dian wand'ring o'er the mountains ſtrays.

He not only likens men themſelves to gods, but even talks of Euphorbus's hair, and that

† *Spurious.*] Greek, τη νοθα, the Engliſh, it is obſervable, anſwers exactly to the original.

 ſtained

ſtained with blood, as reſembling the Graces. There is not, in ſhort, any ſpecies of poetry that is not adorned with divine images: blot them all out, therefore, or indulge me in the ſame liberty. So far, indeed, are ſimilitudes of this kind from being liable to cenſure, that Homer frequently praiſes his deities by images drawn from inferior nature: compares Juno's eyes to thoſe of an ox, another poet tells us, Venus had eye-brows like violets, and who, that knows ever ſo little of the blind bard, does not remember his roſy-finger'd goddeſs?

To be likened to the gods in ſhape and form is ſurely venial: how much bolder are thoſe who aſſume their names, like Dionyſius, Hæpheſtion, Zeno, Poſidonius, and Hermæus! The wife of Evagoras, king of Cyprus, called herſelf Latona; and yet the goddeſs reſented it not, though ſhe might have turned her, like Niobe, into ſtone. I need not mention the Ægyptians, who, though the moſt ſuperſtitious of all people, make uſe of the divine names perpetually: every thing with them comes from heaven.

You need not, therefore, be ſo fearful of praiſe; if there be any thing impious or profane in what I wrote, it is not your fault, unleſs you think it one, even to have read it: the

gods

gods will punish me for it, when they have first revenged themselves on Homer, and the rest of the poets; but they have not yet shewn their resentment against the * first of philosophers, who has said that, man is the image of god.

I had a great deal more to say, but must leave off for the sake of this Polystratus, who will otherwise not be able to remember it.

POLYSTRATUS.

I do not know, indeed, Lycinus, whether I can or not, for you have been very long, and much beyond your glass already; but I will endeavour, as well as I can, to recollect what you have said, and shall go to her immediately, first taking care to stop my ears, that nothing may get in and disturb the order of things; for then, perhaps, I shall be † hissed for my pains.

LYCINUS.

I have given you your part, Polystratus; it is your business to act it well. I must be gone; when the judges have passed sentence, I shall come back, to know the fate of my performance.

* *First of philosophers.*] Plato.

† *Hissed.*] Alluding to the image he had before made use of, when he said, that, like a good actor, he would play the part of Lucian before the empress as well as he could, and hoped to represent him faithfully.

TOXARIS,

A DIALOGUE ON FRIENDSHIP.

This Dialogue is very entertaining. The Stories are well told and extremely interesting: at the same Time that a striking Contrast between the Grecian *and* Scythian *Manners presents a Degree of Light and Shade which greatly embellishes the Picture.*

MNESIPPUS, TOXARIS.

MNESIPPUS.

IS it so, indeed, Toxaris? do you Scythians sacrifice to Pylades and Orestes, and believe them to be gods?

TOXARIS.

We sacrifice to them, Mnesippus, not as gods, but as good men.

MNESIPPUS.

Have you a law, then, which obliges you to sacrifice to good men after their deaths, as if they were divinities?

TOXARIS.

We have; and not only that, but to honour them also with public festivals and solemnities.

MNESIPPUS.

And for what purpose? that the dead may be propitious to you?

TOX.

TOXARIS.

There would be no harm, perhaps, in that; but * we do it principally for the ſake of the living, paying due honours to the memory of our departed heroes, in hopes of perſuading others to follow their example.

MNESIPPUS.

There you are certainly in the right: but how came you to fix on Pylades and Oreſtes as worthy of divine honours, who were ſtrangers, and, what is worſe, enemies to you? who, when your anceſtors, the Scythians of that time, had ſeized on, and were going to ſacrifice them to Diana, bribed the keepers, broke through the guard, killed your king, ſtole away the prieſteſs, and took the goddeſs herſelf along with them, and, ſetting all your laws at defiance, eſcaped from you. If for this, indeed, you honour them, it cannot fail but you will find enough to imitate their conduct. Look back on what is paſſed, and judge whether it would be to your advantage to call in any more ſuch gueſts as Pylades and Oreſtes. If the reſt of your divinities ſhould be carried off in the ſame manner, you will ſoon be left without any gods at all, and you muſt make them of thoſe very

* *We do it, &c.*] This is the papiſt's plea for his worſhip of ſaints and martyrs.

very men who came to deprive you of your deities. Formerly you would not own them for divinities, but now you ſacrifice to them, and offer up victims to thoſe who were very near being victims themſelves. This appears to me, I own, truly ridiculous, and beyond all example.

TOXARIS.

What they did at that time I think great and noble, for ſo, in my opinion, it was. To attempt ſuch an undertaking, to ſail ſo far from their own country, through ſeas unknown and untried by any Grecians except thoſe who went to Colchis, not terrified by the reports of its being an inhoſpitable climate, inhabited by ſavage nations: to behave ſo bravely when taken, and, not content with eſcaping from us, to revenge the injuries they had received on our tyrant, and bear away the goddeſs with them, ſurely theſe were deeds truly admirable, and worthy of divine honours. But know, my friend, it is not for this alone we look upon Pylades and Oreſtes as our greateſt heroes.

MNESIPPUS.

Let me know, then, what they ever did beſides which was ſo wonderful and god-like: for, as to their ſkill in navigation, I can ſhew you ſome merchants, who are much more divine

voyagers

voyagers than either of them; particularly amongſt the Phœnicians, who will not only ſail to Pontus, Mæotis, and Boſphorus, but through the Greek and Barbarian ſea; who run over the whole coaſt every year, and return home at the latter end of it; theſe you may juſt as well make gods of, though three parts of them are no better than victuallers and fiſhmongers.

TOXARIS.

Mark, now, my friend, how much better judges of good men we Barbarians are than you. Neither at Argos or Mycenæ is there any monument to Pylades or Oreſtes, whilſt we have erected a temple, offer ſacrifice, and pay every honour to them both, as friends and companions. Nor becauſe they were ſtrangers did Scythia eſteem them leſs worthy of her notice: we never aſk of what country a good man is, nor, if they have done noble actions, whether they are our friends; but when they are praiſe-worthy, conſider them as our own. But that which above all excited our applauſe and admiration of theſe men was, that they ſeemed to be the beſt friends that ever lived; the great legiſlators, appointed, as it were, by heaven, to teach mankind how friends ſhould act in all ranks and circumſtances of life: and therefore intitled to the praiſe and worſhip of every noble Scythian.

Scythian. What they did for each other, and what they suffered, our anceſtors ordered to be engraved on a pillar of braſs, in the Oreſteum, and made a law that this ſhould be the firſt ſtudy of their children. Sooner would one of them forget the name of his father than the acts of Pylades and Oreſtes. On the walls of the temple is painted, by ancient artiſts, the whole hiſtory, as engraved on the pillar. There you ſee Oreſtes ſailing with his friend, his ſhip ſplit on the rock, himſelf taken, and Iphigenia preparing to ſacrifice him : in another part he is repreſented freed from his chains, ſlaying Thoas, and ſeveral other Scythians : their ſetting ſail with Iphigenia and the goddeſs ; the Scythians attempting to board the ſhip, and hanging on the rudder, ſome wounded, and repulſed, others frightened, and ſwimming back to ſhore. On the oppoſite ſide of the wall is pourtrayed the mutual affection of the two friends in their battle with the Scythians : the painter has drawn one of them driving away the enemies who attacked the other, without regarding thoſe who fell on himſelf, as if careleſs of his own life, if he could but preſerve that of his friend, covering him on every ſide, and receiving the ſtrokes that were aimed at him. That ſtrong attachment, that mutual partici-

pation

pation of dangers and afflictions, that truth, honour, fidelity, love, and kindneſs, which they ſhewed for each other, we regarded as ſomething more than human, as proofs of a mind far ſuperior to the generality of mankind, who, when the * wind ſets fair, and the voyage is proſperous, reſent it highly if they are not admitted to a ſhare in the happineſs of their friends, and yet, if it turns about, retire, and leave them alone, expoſed to all the dangers of the ſtorm. The Scythian eſteems nothing ſo much as true friendſhip: there is not any thing which gives him more pleaſure and ſatisfaction than to partake with his friend of every ſorrow and calamity, nor doth he hold any thing more ſhameful and ignominious than to deſert and betray him; for this we honour Pylades and Oreſtes, becauſe they excelled in that virtue which we moſt admire: for this reaſon, we call

* *When the wind, &c.*] There is a ſtriking elegance and propriety in this image. Prior has finely improved upon it in his beautiful poem of Henry and Emma, where he makes his heroine ſay to her lover,

> Did I but purpoſe to embark with thee
> On the ſmooth ſurface of a ſummer's ſea,
> While gentle zephyrs play in proſp'rous gales,
> And fortune's favour fills the ſwelling ſails,
> But would forſake the ſhip, and make the ſhore,
> When the winds whiſtle, and the tempeſts roar?

them

them the Coraci, which, in our language, signifies, the gods of friendſhip.

MNESIPPUS.

I find, Toxaris, you Scythians are not only famous for the ſwiftneſs of your arrows, and ſkill in war, but for your eloquence alſo. Formerly, I own, I did not think ſo of you; but muſt now confeſs you ſeem to have a proper ſenſe of juſtice, by the honours which you pay to Pylades and Oreſtes: nor did I know, my friend, that you were, yourſelf, ſo excellent a painter; your pictures in the Oreſteum, the battle, and the wounds which the noble friends received for each other, are finely drawn. I little thought that friendſhip was held in ſuch high eſteem amongſt the Scythians, whom I always looked on as a ſavage and inhoſpitable people, paſſionate, quarrelſome, and contentious, ſtrangers to friendſhip, even amongſt their neareſt kindred and relations; which, I was inclined to believe, as well from many other things that I have heard concerning them, as from their cuſtom of devouring their own parents after death.

TOXARIS.

With regard to our treatment of, and veneration for our parents, I ſhall not at preſent enter into diſpute with you; but that the Scythians

thians are much more faithful to their friends, and have a better idea of friendſhip than the Greeks, is paſt a doubt. By your own gods, I intreat you, therefore, do not be offended, if I tell you what I have remarked, during the long time that I have lived amongſt you: my opinion is, that you talk better about friendſhip than any other people, but are ſo far from practiſing what you preach, that you entirely content yourſelf with only praiſing, and ſhewing what a fine thing it is: when there is the leaſt occaſion to exerciſe this virtue, you bely your own words, and fall off from your promiſes. When your tragedians bring on the ſtage ſcenes of exalted friendſhip, you applaud them moſt furiouſly, and ſometimes even ſhed tears at the repreſentation, though, at the ſame time, ye will none of you do any thing to ſerve your own friends: if they come to want or miſery, your tragic ſcenes all fly off as ſo many dreams, and leave you, like thoſe mute perſonages in the drama, who gape with immenſe wide mouths, and ſay nothing. We, on the other hand, by as much as we fall ſhort of you in words, by ſo much do we excel you in our actions, at leaſt with regard to this ſubject.

Let us then make this agreement; we will permit, on both ſides, the friends of former

ages

ages to remain in peace; for there, I think, you would have the better of me, as your poets bear witneſs, who, in moſt harmonious metre, have ſung the praiſes of Achilles and Patrocles, Theſeus and Pirithous, with others of equal renown; and let each of us produce ſome few examples in our own times, I from Scythia, and you from Greece; and whichever ſhall bring inſtances of the moſt noble and diſinte-reſted friendſhip, ſhall be declared victor in this honourable conteſt. For my own part, rather would I be conquered in ſingle fight, and have my right hand cut off, (which is the puniſh-ment inflicted amongſt us,) than be overcome, eſpecially a Scythian by a Greek, in this parti-cular.

MNESIPPUS.

It is no eaſy taſk, let me tell you, Toxaris, to engage hand in hand with ſuch a warrior as you are, one who ſo well knows how to aim the * arrows of his wit and eloquence. Chal-lenged, however, unexpectedly as I am, I will not tamely give up the cauſe of Greece; ſhameful and ignominious, indeed, would it be,

* *The arrows.*] In alluſion to the manner of fighting ge-nerally made uſe of by the Scythians with bows and arrows, in which they were remarkably ſkilful.

when

when † they two alone could conquer ſo many Scythians, as fame and your ancient pictures record, which you have juſt now ſo tragically ſet forth ; if, after this, ſo many cities, and nations, all Greece ſhould yield the palm, and be overcome by you alone : were this to happen, I ſhould deſerve not to loſe my right hand, as you ſay, but to have my tongue cut out. But how is it to be ? muſt each of us produce juſt ſo many friendly actions, or, is he who can bring the moſt, to be declared conqueror ?

TOXARIS.

By no means : we are not to conſider the quantity of examples, but the quality of them. If your arrows are ſharper, and more penetrating than mine, though only equal in number, they will make the deeper wounds, and I ſhall yiel'd the ſooner to them.

MNESIPPUS.

You are right : let us, therefore, fix how many they ſhall be, five, I think, from each of us, will be ſufficient.

TOXARIS.

I think ſo too : do you begin then, but, firſt, you muſt ſwear that what you relate is true,

† *They two.*] Pylades and Oreſtes, as repreſented by Toxaris in the picture.

 other-

otherwiſe it would be very eaſy to invent ſtories of this kind, and very difficult to prove the falſehood of them; whereas, if you ſwear, to doubt would be impiety.

MNESIPPUS.

Let us ſwear then if you think it neceſſary: let me ſee, by which of our gods now — what ſay you to Jupiter * Philius?

TOXARIS.

With all my heart, and I will call upon one of our gods, that will beſt anſwer to your's.

MNESIPPUS.

Bear witneſs then, O Jupiter Philius, that what I am about to ſay, either of my own knowlege, or which I have gathered from the certain information of others, is ſtrictly true; that I will make no fabulous, or † theatrical addition to it. Firſt, therefore, I ſhall relate

* *Philius*] The friendly. Jupiter was called ξενιος and φιλιος, as the great protector of friends and gueſts. Cleodemus, in Plutarch, calls the table, the altar of the gods of friendſhip and hoſpitality.

† *Theatrical.*] Alluding to the liberties generally taken by the ancient dramatic writers, of repreſenting facts in any manner that beſt ſuited their purpoſe, without a ſtrict regard to hiſtorical truth; a freedom which the ſupercilious critics of modern times are always exclaiming againſt, with a degree of aſperity, which the crime, (if ſuch it be,) by no means deſerves.

the

the friendſhip of Dinias and Agathocles, ſo much celebrated amongſt the Ionians. This Agathocles, who has not been long dead, was of Samos, not diſtinguiſhed from his country-men for birth or fortune, but by the ſincerity of his friendſhip for Dinias of Epheſus, the ſon of Lycion, with whom he was acquainted from his infancy. Dinias was immenſely rich, and, as is uſual with ſuch as come ſuddenly into great fortunes, was viſited by a number of people, who came to eat, drink, and be merry with him; but who, at the ſame time, little me-rited the title of real friends. Amongſt theſe, Agathocles, though he delighted not much in ſuch company, was admitted: Dinias paying little more regard to him than to the flatterers who ſurrounded him, he was at laſt even affront-ed at the freedom which he took to reprove him, by reminding him of the dignity of his anceſtors, and adviſing him to be careful of that eſtate which his father had acquired by his induſtry, and bequeathed to him. For this rea-ſon Dinias no longer invited Agathocles to his feaſts and entertainments, but drank with the reſt of the company, and ſhunned him as much as poſſible. At length, this unfortunate young man was, by the ſycophants about him, drawn

into an affair with one Chariclea, the wife of Demonax, a man of the first quality in Ephesus, who, they made him believe, was violently in love with him. They took care she should send him letters, garlands half-faded, apples bit by her own sweet lips, and other such tokens of love, with which artful women allure young men. These things, they well knew, go a great way towards drawing in the unwary, especially such as fancy themselves handsome, and easily fall into the snare. This Chariclea was a most agreeable woman, but the true lady of pleasure, and always ready for any man who shewed the least inclination to her; whoever looked at her, she would answer with a nod, and there was no fear of Chariclea's refusal. She had, moreover, beyond any other harlot of her time, the art of attracting and engaging her admirers, of subduing the indifferent, and fixing the fond lover, of increasing his passion by flattery, by resentment, by coyness, by feigning an inclination for others; she was, in short, completely skilled in every trick and device that could seduce and secure admirers.

This Chariclea, the flatterers of Dinias, who acted the under parts in the play, endeavoured, by all the means in their power to make him

in

in love with; whilſt ſhe, who had already ruined many a wealthy family, and with pretended paſſion had inveigled hundreds, when ſhe perceived that ſhe had laid hold on this weak and unexperienced young man, would not let him eſcape out of her * talons, but held him faſt, till ſhe got the entire poſſeſſion of him, deſtroyed herſelf, and involved him in a thouſand calamities. She firſt ſent him private letters, and diſpatched her maid to him, who was to watch all his motions, to weep, and tell him how deeply her miſtreſs was enamoured with him; till the happy youth was thoroughly perſuaded he was the moſt beautiful of men, and the admiration of every wife in Epheſus. At length, overcome by her ſolicitations, he met, and had frequent intercourſe with her. From that time, one may naturally ſuppoſe, he was eaſily and totally ſubdued by a beautiful and lovely woman, who well knew how to charm him by her converſation, and who, in the midſt of it, would frequently burſt into tears, and fetch deep ſighs, run out to meet him with ardour, and embrace him tenderly at his departure from her; who always took care to wear every

* *Talons.*] Greek, εκ των ονυχων, the tranſlation is literal.

thing that was agreeable to him, who ſung and played admirably; for all thoſe arts did ſhe practiſe againſt the unhappy Dinias; when, at length, ſhe perceived he was † ſteeped in love, ſhe had recourſe to an artifice, which ſhe knew would be a finiſhing ſtroke; ſhe pretended to be with child by him; ſhe would come no more to him now, ſhe ſaid, for ſhe was confined by her huſband, who had heard of her intrigue with him. This was more than he could bear; not to ſee her was abſolutely intolerable; he wept, and raved before the ſycophants, called on the name of Chariclea, and embraced her ſtatue, which had been made for him of white marble, and cried out in agonies, then threw himſelf down on the ground, and was almoſt diſtracted: inſtead of apples and garlands, he ſent her whole fields and houſes, ſervants, fine cloaths, and as much gold as ſhe could deſire; in ſhort, in a very little ſpace of time, the richeſt and nobleſt houſe in all Ionia was emptied, and its treaſures entirely conſumed. When Dinias was at length ſucked dry, and totally exhauſted, ſhe got another lover, a Cretan youth, of a good fortune, whom ſhe pretended to be fond of, and who thought himſelf equally be-

† *Steeped.*] Greek, διαβροχον και ταχερον τω ερωτι, maceratum et mollitum ab amore.

loved

loved by her. Dinias now deserted, not only by Chariclea, but by all his flatterers, who with her had gone over to the new lover, came to Agathocles, who already knew in how bad a situation he was, and after confessing, not without shame, his own folly, related to him every thing that had happened, his passion, his poverty, the pride and insolence of the woman, her reception of the Cretan rival, assuring him after all that he could not live without Chariclea. Agathocles thought it was then an unseasonable time to reproach him for his past behaviour, in rejecting such a friend for sycophants and flatterers, but went immediately, sold his paternal estate at Samos, which was all that he had, for two talents, and brought them to him. After the receipt of this, Dinias was again fit to be seen by Chariclea, again he appeared beautiful to her, letters again came to him, and the maid was sent to reproach him for his tedious absence, the flatterers too once more came about him, finding that he was once more fit to be fed upon: he appointed a time to meet her, and came to her house accordingly, where he was no sooner entered than Demonax, the husband of Chariclea, whether he had by chance discovered the affair, or it had been so concerted between them (for the story

is differently told), on a ſudden ſprang out of ſome private place, ordered the doors to be ſhut, and Dinias to be ſeized on; drawing his ſword on the adventurer, and threatening to beat him, or throw him into the fire. Dinias, perceiving what a wretched ſituation he was in, ſnatched up a bar that lay by him, and ſtriking Demonax on the temples, ſlew him, then turning to Chariclea, firſt with the bar, and afterwards with the ſword of Demonax, repeating his blows, made an end of her: the ſervants, who ſeemed ſtruck dumb with an event ſo unexpected, endeavoured to lay hold on him, but, he purſuing them ſword in hand, they retired. Dinias got off as privately as he could, and ſtayed with Agathocles till morning, deliberating on what it was beſt to do on this occaſion; the magiſtrates having intelligence (for the thing was now become public), came early, ſeized upon Dinias, who did nor deny the fact, and carried him before the governor of Aſia, who ſent him to the emperor: a little while after he was tranſported to * Gyarus, one of the Cyclades, being condemned by the emperor to perpetual baniſhment. Agathocles alone, of all his friends, accompanied him into Italy, at-

* Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris, vel carcere dignum.

Juv.

tended

tended him to the tribunal, and aſſiſted him in every thing: neither, when he went into baniſhment, did this faithful friend deſert him, but, condemning himſelf to voluntary exile, remained with him in Gyarus, and when he became ſo poor as to want common neceſſaries, hired himſelf to one of thoſe who dive for the † purple-fiſh, and with the wages he received ſupported Dinias, took care of him during a long illneſs, and even after his death would not return to his own country, but ſtayed in the iſland, as if to guard the remains of his departed friend. This is a very recent example, as I believe it is ſcarce five years ago ſince Agathocles died there.

TOXARIS.

I wiſh, Mneſippus, you had told this ſtory without ſwearing to it, as I might then have called the truth of it in queſtion: this Agathocles was really quite a Scythian friend I am afraid you will be puzzled to find ſuch another.

MNESIPPUS.

By no means: for I am now going to tell you a fact no leſs extraordinary, as related to me by Simylus, a pilot of Megara, who will

† *Purple-fiſh.*] The murex, from which they extracted the purple dye, and which always lay at bottom near the ſhore.

ſwear

ſwear he was an eye-witneſs of it. This man, ſays he, was ſailing once from Italy to Athens, about the ſetting of the Pleiades, with ſeveral paſſengers on board the ſhip, amongſt whom was Euthydicus, and his friend Damon of Chalcis, the former a ſtout, robuſt man, the latter weak and pale, being juſt recovered from a violent illneſs: they had a proſperous voyage as far as Sicily, but juſt as they were got into the Ionian ſea, were overtaken by a moſt dreadful ſtorm. We will not dwell upon the whirlwinds, ſhowers of hail, high waves, and other conſequences of the tempeſt; ſuffice it here to obſerve, that when they came near to Zacynthus, with their ſail-yards all torn, and their ropes hauled out to ſtop the force of the current, Damon, who was ſick with the toſſing of the veſſel, had laid himſelf down with his body hanging over the ſea, and the ſhip leaning that way, a wave waſhed him headlong into the ocean, and, which was worſe, with all his clothes on, ſo that he could not well ſwim; he kept himſelf up with ſome difficulty, for a time, and cried out that he ſhould be drowned. Euthydicus, who was naked in bed, heard his cries, jumped out, and threw himſelf immediately into the ſea, took him up in his arms as he was juſt ſinking, and ſwam with him towards

wards the ſhip. The reſt of the paſſengers would willingly have aſſiſted the unhappy ſufferers; but the wind was ſo high, that they were not able; all they could do was to throw out ſome pieces of cork, a few oars, and a large ſhip ladder. And now, I beſeech you, conſider for a moment, whether you can conceive a nobler inſtance of friendſhip, than for a man thus, in the middle of the night, to throw himſelf into a tempeſtuous ſea, at the hazard of his life; place before your eyes the deſperate ſituation of them both, the dreadful roar of the waves, the darkneſs of the night, the foam daſhing upon them, one almoſt drowned, with his head ſcarce above water, ſtretching out his hand to implore aſſiſtance, the other leaping boldly in, and ſwimming towards him, afraid that Damon ſhould periſh before him: think of this, and acknowlege with me, that Euthydicus was no idle or unprofitable friend.

TOXARIS.

Did they periſh, Mneſippus, or were they, beyond expectation, preſerved? I am in dreadful apprehenſions for them.

MNESIPPUS.

You have no occaſion: for they were both ſaved, and are now philoſophers at Athens. Simylus only relates what he ſaw that night, that

that one fell overboard, the other leaped in after him, and that they ſwam ſome time: it was dark and he could ſee no more, Euthydicus himſelf tells the reſt, and informs us that they firſt got on ſome pieces of cork, which kept them up with difficulty for a few hours, and that in the morning they ſpied the ladder, which they got upon, and came ſafely to Zacynthus.

After theſe two inſtances, which are no bad ones, I ſhall now produce a third, not leſs remarkable.

Eudamidas, of Corinth, who was himſelf very poor, had two rich friends, Aretæus, a Corinthian, and Charixenus, a Sicyonian: when he died he left a will, which to many may perhaps appear ridiculous; though to a good man, like yourſelf, who knows the merit of friendſhip, and is now contending for the nobleſt example of it, it cannot poſſibly appear ſo: in this will was the following article, "I leave to Aretæus the care of nouriſhing and providing for my mother in her old age, and to Charixenus the portioning out of my daughter, which he will do to the beſt of his abilities:" for he had at that time a mother who was very old, and a daughter marriageable: "If either of theſe, it went on, ſhould happen to die, the other

other is to perform the part of the perſon ſo dying, as well as his own." The will being opened, in the preſence of ſome who were acquainted with the poverty of Eudamidas, but not with the ſincerity of his friends, they turned it into ridicule; how happy, ſaid they, laughing, will Aretæus and Charixenus be, and what a noble legacy will they receive, when they are to pay for Eudamidas, and whilſt living themſelves, have a dead man to inherit their eſtates! The heirs, notwithſtanding, to whom it was bequeathed, as ſoon as they heard the contents of the will, reſolved to execute it according to his deſire: Charixenus, however, died himſelf within five days after; but Aretæus, the beſt heir, perhaps, that ever lived, moſt nobly performed the part of both, for he took care of the mother, and not long ago gave the daughter a portion, and out of five talents, which were all he was worth, gave two to the daughter of his friend, and two to his own; and they were both married the ſame day.

What think you, Toxaris, of this Aretæus; was it not a noble inſtance of affection, to pay ſuch a regard to the will of his friend; will you allow this to be one of the five?

TOXARIS.

He is, indeed, an excellent example; but I admire Eudamidas ſtill more, for the confidence which he placed in his friends: it is a proof that he would himſelf have acted in the ſame manner for them, even though they had not mentioned it in their will.

MNESIPPUS.

I believe ſo: but proceed we now to my fourth inſtance, Zenothemis of Maſſilia, the ſon of Charmoleus. He was ſhewn to me in Italy, when I was on a public embaſſy there; a tall, handſome young man, and, as they informed me, very rich; in the chariot by him ſat a woman, extremely ugly, and deformed, her right ſide ſhrunk up and withered, with only one eye, in ſhort, a perfect * fright: on expreſſing my ſurprize, that a youth ſo beautiful ſhould have ſuch a woman with him, the man who ſhewed them to me, and who was himſelf a Maſſilian, explained the affair to me, which he was perfectly acquainted with: Zenothemis, ſaid he, was the intimate friend of Menecrates, father to that ugly woman; they were both, indeed, of equal rank and fortune; it happened, however, that, on a certain occaſion, Menecrates

* *Perfect fright.*] Greek, μορμολυκειον, terriculamentum.

was

was at once deprived of all his riches, and ſtripped of his honours and dignities by the † ſix hundred ſenators, for giving ſentence contrary to law; for ſo we puniſh offenders of this kind in Maſſylia: the unhappy man was deeply affected at being thus reduced from affluence to penury, from honour and reputation to infamy and diſgrace; but what gave him the greateſt uneaſineſs was this daughter, now marriageable, being about two and twenty, whom before this, rich as her father then was, nobody, even of the loweſt rank or condition, choſe to marry, ſo ‡ unhappy was her form and appearance; beſides, that ſhe was ſubject to falling fits, at the increaſe of the moon.

As he was one day lamenting theſe misfortunes to his friend Menecrates, ſaid Zenothemis to him, "Be comforted, you ſhall never want, and your daughter ſhall marry a man of family equal to her own." Saying this, he took Menecrates by the hand, carried him home with him, and gave him an equal ſhare of his fortune, which was very conſiderable; ordered a

† *Six hundred.*] Venenum datur ei qui cauſas ſexcentis (id enim ſenatus ejus nomen eſt) exhibuit. See Valer. Max. lib. ii. cap. 6.

‡ *Unhappy.*] Literally from the Greek οψιν κακοδαιμονα.

ſplen-

ſplendid entertainment to be got ready, to which Menecrates, with other friends, were invited; intimating, that he had procured a huſband for his daughter. When they had ſupped, and made a libation to the gods, he took a bowl full of wine, and holding it in his hand, receive, ſays he to Menecrates, this cup of friendſhip from a ſon-in-law, for this day I mean to wed your daughter Cydimache, already I have received the portion, which is five and twenty talents. Zenothemis, replied the father, this muſt not be; never can I bear to ſee a beautiful youth, like thee, wedded to a girl ſo deformed and diſagreeable. Zenothemis, however, led her forth into the bride-chamber, and, after conſummation, returned to Menecrates: from that time he has lived with her, treats her with the greateſt tenderneſs and affection, and, as you ſee, carries her every where along with him; ſo far is he from being aſhamed of this match, that he ſeems to glory in it, ſhewing thus his indifference with regard to the external form, whether it be beautiful or ugly, and manifeſting at the ſame time his contempt of riches and ſplendor, conſidering only the happineſs of his friend, whom he did not eſteem leſs worthy of his affection from the judgment of

of the ſenate againſt him. For this integrity he hath been rewarded by Fortune, having ſince had a moſt beautiful boy by this ugly woman, whom he but the other day carried into the ſenate, with an olive branch round his head, and clothed in mourning, the more to excite their pity in favour of his grand-father, when the child ſmiled, and clapped its hands before the ſenators, who, touched at the ſight, pardoned Menecrates, and he is now reſtored to his honours, by means of this little advocate. Such, according to the Maſſilian's report of it, was the behaviour of Zenothemis to his friend; an example, I believe, which will ſcarce be paralleled by Scythians, who, they ſay, always take care that their miſtreſſes ſhall be handſome.

For my fifth and laſt example, I muſt not forget Demetrius of Sunium, who travelled into Ægypt with Antiphilus the Alopecian. They had been brought up together from children, one applying to the Cynic philoſophy under the famous ſophiſt of Rhodes, and the other ſtudying phyſic. It ſo happened, when they were there, that Demetrius took a journey to viſit the pyramids, and the ſtatue of * Memnon;

* *Memnon.*] A large coloſſal ſtatue of Memnon, was erected

non; the former of theſe, he had heard, though immenſely high, made no ſhadow, and the latter ſounded wonderfully at the riſing of the ſea: to ſee and hear theſe extraordinary things, he took a voyage of ſix months up the Nile, leaving behind his friend Antiphilus, who was deterred by the length of the journey, and heat of the climate, from accompanying him thither.

erected at Thebes in Ægypt, which, we are told, whenever the rays of the ſun ſtruck upon it, aſtoniſhed the ſtanders-by with the moſt raviſhing and harmonious ſounds, though nobody could tell how the muſic was produced. Strabo, a moſt grave and reſpectable author, gives us this account of it: "I went one day, (ſays he,) with Ælius Gallus, and a number of friends, to ſee the coloſſus, when we heard a wonderful noiſe iſſue from it, but could not tell whether it proceeded from the ſtatue, the baſe, or from any of the perſons who ſtood round about it; it was impoſſible to ſuppoſe that ſtones placed in any particular manner could produce ſuch ſounds." Others imagined, "That it was ſome ſecret contrivance, probably an inſtrument concealed in the body of the ſtatue, the chords of which, after being relaxed by the moiſt night air, recovered their tone and elaſticity, by the heat of the ſun;" which, with all due deference to the learned Strabo, is but an aukward ſolution of the riddle. It was more probably ſome trick of the ancient prieſts, for the ſtatue of Memnon was oracular once in ſeven years. Cambyſes, in order to find out the myſtery, broke the ſtatue in two, but it ſeems to little purpoſe, for the remaining part, we are aſſured, poſſeſſed the ſame power, and gave, for a long time afterwards, moſt excellent muſic.

A fine application of this fable, is made by Dr. Akenſide in his Pleaſures of the Imagination, one of the fineſt poems in our language.

During

During this time it was, that Antiphilus met with one of thoſe misfortunes which ſeem more peculiarly to call for the aſſiſtance of a good and generous friend: his ſervant, it ſeems, one Syrus, had entered into a confederacy with ſome ſacrilegious villains, who broke into the temple of Anubis, and ſtole away two golden cups, a ſceptre, ſome ſilver ſeals with the dogs head on them, and other things, all of which, they brought to, and lodged with Syrus. Being afterwards taken and put to the * torture, they confeſſed the fact, and ſent the officers to Antiphilus's houſe, where they found the ſtolen goods hid under the bed. He, and Syrus, were both taken, bound, and ſent to priſon; not one of thoſe who had before kept him company, daring to relieve or aſſiſt him, concluding him to have been guilty of ſacrilege, and that thoſe would be impious and defiled, who even eat or drank with him. His two other ſervants, after pillaging the houſe of every thing that remained, ran away. The wretched Antiphilus was

* *Torture.*] Gr. στρεβλουμενοι επι τυ τροχυ, cum rota torquerentur, when they were tortured on the wheel. This ingenious method of tormenting our fellow-creatures, and bringing them to a confeſſion of what they did, and frequently of what they did not, had, we ſee, been in faſhion for ſome time before the church of Rome took it up, and humanely brought it into univerſal practice.

now confined in a dungeon, and treated as the worſt of malefactors; the goaler himſelf, who was a ſuperſtitious Ægyptian, thinking he did a meritorious ſervice to his God, revenged the injury offered to him, by oppreſſing this unhappy criminal, who, if at any time he denied the fact, was only deemed the more inſolent, and was treated accordingly. He ſoon grew ſick and emaciated, as well he might, laying on the ground, and not able even to ſtretch out his feet, which were bound tight with a cord. In the day-time, indeed, he had only a log on one hand, but at night, chains were put on every limb. The ſtench of the priſon, the heat from ſo many people ſtuffed cloſe together, and ſcarce able to breathe, the noiſe of the fetters, with the total want of reſt and ſleep, were altogether dreadful and intolerable, eſpecially to a man who had never experienced ſuch calamities. He at length gave himſelf up to deſpair, and refuſed to taſte any food or nouriſhment. When Demetrius, hitherto a ſtranger to all this, returned; the moment he heard of it, he ran to the priſon, but could not get admittance, for it being then late in the evening, the goaler, leaving other matters to the care of his ſervants, had locked up the gate, and was gone to ſleep. Early, however, in the morning, after much intreaty, he

was

was let in. He enquired for Antiphilus, who was ſo altered by his misfortunes that he could not be known, and ran about examining all the priſoners, like the friends of the ſlain looking for their dead bodies half-corrupted on the field of battle. At length, he called out ſeveral times to him by name, and Antiphilus knowing the voice, and putting aſide the diſhevelled hair that hung over his face, diſcovered himſelf. The melancholy ſpectacle had ſuch an effect, that they both fainted; and when, in a little time after, they came to themſelves, Demetrius, as ſoon as he had heard the whole ſtory of his misfortunes, bade him be of good chear, took away the rags he had been clothed in, and wrapped him up in part of his own cloak. From that time he conſtantly, whenever he could find time and opportunity, attended on him. He even worked with the merchants in the port, and carried burthens every morning, and with the money he got by it, for he was well paid, provided for his friend, and, withal, bribed the goaler to behave with kindneſs and civility to him. In the day-time, he ſtaid with, and comforted him, and at night made himſelf a bed of leaves juſt on the outſide of the priſon gate, where he always ſlept. In this manner they lived for ſome time, Deme-

trius having free acceſs to the priſon, and Antiphilus bearing his misfortunes more eaſily, from the ſociety of his friend.

It happened ſome little time after that a robber died in priſon, as it was ſuppoſed by poiſon: a ſtricter guard was immediately placed, and no ſtranger admitted into the goal. Demetrius, in the utmoſt anxiety on this account, went to the commanding officer, and accuſed himſelf of being concerned in the robbery of the temple; upon which he was immediately ſent to priſon, where he prevailed on the keeper, by many prayers and ſupplications, to place him near to Antiphilus, and to bind him with the ſame chain; that he might embrace, aſſiſt, and though he was ill himſelf, take care of his ſick friend: thus did they both, with leſs pain and uneaſineſs, ſupport themſelves under their common calamity. An event at length took place, which, unexpectedly, put an end to their misfortunes: one of the priſoners, having by ſome means or other procured files, by the aſſiſtance of his fellow-captives, ſawed off the great chain that linked them together, and ſet them all at liberty; they then eaſily murthered the few keepers, and made their eſcape; they ſoon diſperſed, and ſeveral of them were re-taken.

Deme-

Demetrius and Antiphilus, however, remained there, having feized Syrus juft as he was getting off: in the morning, when the governor of Ægypt heard of it, he difpatched his officers in purfuit of the fugitives, fending at the fame time for the two friends, whom with many commendations of their behaviour, in not going away with the reft, he fet at liberty. Demetrius, however, not content with fuch a difmiffion, faid he thought it would be an affront on them to receive their pardon thus as a favour or reward, he folicited the judge, therefore, for a public trial, who granted it; and finding, on examination, that they were innocent, let them go, not without his praife and admiration, efpecially of Demetrius, whom he prefented with * twenty thoufand drachmas, out of his own private fortune, giving at the fame time half as much to Antiphilus, to make them amends for the punifhment which they had unjuftly fuffered. Antiphilus is now living in Ægypt: Demetrius gave away all his fortune to Antiphilus, and retired amongft the Brachmans in India, faying, before his departure, that he hoped his friend would forgive his leaving him, that, "as for himfelf, he, who was

* *Twenty, &c.*] About fix hundred pounds.

content with a little, could not want riches; and on the other hand, he, whose circumstances were perfectly easy, could not stand in need of a friend."

Such, Toxaris, are our Grecian friends. We are apt, you say, to dwell too long upon things, I would otherwise have repeated to you what Demetrius said upon the trial, pleading not for himself, but his friend, with tears and supplications taking all the blame, in order to acquit him, till, at length, Syrus, whipped into confession, acknowleged the crime, and acquitted them both.

These few instances, out of many, being the first that occurred to my memory, I have produced of good and faithful friends: I shall now take my leave, and give the cause into your hands. Your part is now to begin; take care that your Scythians are better than my Greeks; if you expect to preserve your right hand, you must exert all your skill, as it would be truly ridiculous for you, who have so learnedly harangued for Pylades and Orestes, to prove a bad orator in the defence of your own country.'

TOXARIS.

It is very kind in you, Mnesippus, to give me this warning, as if your own * tongue was

* *Tongue.*] Alluding to their first argument.

not

not in juſt as much danger in caſe I ſucceed. I ſhall begin, however, immediately, without affecting all that pomp of eloquence, which you have been ſo laviſh of, and which would but ill become a Scythian, eſpecially where facts will ſpeak better than words. I ſhall not, like you, extol a man for marrying an ugly woman without a fortune, or giving two talents to his friend's daughter; no, nor for going to priſon of his own accord, when he knew he ſhould ſoon be let out again: theſe are poor inſtances; nor do I ſee any thing ſo great or magnanimous in them. I ſhall tell you of wars waged, ſlaughters made, and deaths ſuffered for friends, ſuch as will make your examples look like mere trifles in compariſon with mine. The little things, however, which you have produced, are ſuitable enough to your country: you, who live always in peace, meet with no ſignal occaſions of ſhewing friendſhip; in fine weather the pilot's excellency is not ſeen: the tempeſt only proves his ſkill and conduct. With us, there is perpetual war; we are always invading, or invaded; for ever ſkirmiſhing in defence of our paſtures, or our prey: here is room for friendſhip, and thoſe which we contract are ever firm and laſting, as holding them

to

to be the moſt invincible arrows we can make uſe of.

But I will firſt tell you how we chooſe our friends: not at our drinking matches, as you do, nor becauſe any one was brought up with us, or is our neighbour: but if we ſee a man brave, generous, and fit for great and noble actions, to him we all fly with ſpeed, and, as you do by your women, whom you wiſh to marry, court and ſolicit him, endeavouring, by all the means in our power, to make ourſelves worthy of his affection. The happy choſen friends enter into a ſolemn oath and covenant, that they will live with, and, if occaſion calls, die for each other: and thus it is performed; each cuts his finger, and drops the blood into a bowl; they then dip the points of their ſwords in the blood, and both drink together of it, after which nothing can diſſolve the bond. Three may be admitted, but never more: for he who has many friends is, in our opinion, like a common harlot: nor do we think that friendſhip can ever be firm which is divided into ſo many channels.

I will begin then with Dandamis, and the relation of an event which happened but very

lately.

lately. Dandamis, in the war with the Sauromatians, his friend Amizoces being taken prisoner.—But firft, for our ufual oath, according to agreement: by the * wind then, and by this falchion, here I fwear, to tell thee nought but truth concerning our Scythian friends.

MNESIPPUS.

I did not want any oath at all from you: you were right, however, not to fwear by any of the gods.

TOXARIS.

Do not you call thefe gods? Are not life and death of the greateft confequence to mankind? When, therefore, we fwear by thefe, do we not, in effect, fwear by them? feeing that air is the caufe of life, and the fword the inftrument of death.

MNESIPPUS.

For the fame reafon you may make gods of arrows, fpears, ropes, hemlock, and many other things; for death is a divinity of various powers, and numerous are the paths that lead us to him.

* *The wind.*] The Scythian's oath, though a ferious matter to him, has fomething, it muft be confeffed, rather comical in it; and Lucian, who never miffes an opportunity of this kind, has accordingly endeavoured to throw it into ridicule.

TOX-

TOXARIS.

This is only wrangling, on purpofe to interrupt me.

MNESIPPUS.

I do not know but it may: come, I will do fo no more, go on with your difcourfe as if I was not here, for I affure you I fhall fay nothing.

TOXARIS.

Four days after Dandamis and Amizoces had tafted the bowl of friendfhip, the Sauromatians invaded our kingdom, with ten thoufand horfe, and three thoufand three hundred foot: as they came unexpectedly upon us, we were foon routed, and put to flight; many of our foldiers were killed, and many taken prifoners, all, indeed, who could not make their efcape by fwimming over to the other fide of the river, where half our army and part of the carriages were pofted; for, our generals, I know not why, had thought proper to encamp them on both banks of the Tanais. They took a great deal of fpoil, plundered our tents, feized on our carriages, with the drivers, and ravifhed our women before our eyes, whilft all we could do was to lament our misfortunes.

Amizoces, being amongft the reft taken prifoner, and bound in chains, called loudly on his friend, reminding him of the folemn bond, and

and the bloody bowl: Dandamis heard his cries, and immediately leaped into the river, and fwam towards the enemy; the Sauromatians obferving, levelled their arrows at him: when he cried out, Ziris! this, if any one repeats, he is never flain, as they conclude he comes to redeem a captive: he was accordingly carried to the general, and demanded the reftitution of his friend; they fignified to him that a very large ranfom would be expected, if they let him go: upon which Dandamis faid, "Every thing which I had you have already taken from me, if, naked and deftitute as I am, there is aught which you will accept, command, and I obey: take me inftead of him, and do what you will with me." "We want not, replied one of them, your entire perfon, efpecially as you came a fuppliant, but muft have a part, if you would redeem your friend." "What part, faid Dandamis do you require?" they infifted on his eyes, which were immediately taken from him; and he then took his friend, leaned on, and fwam over with him fafe to our camp.

This action fo animated and encouraged our troops, that they no longer confidered themfelves as vanquifhed, when they faw that the greateft of human bleffings was not taken from them,

them, but that there ſtill remained in Scythia a noble mind, and the confidence of diſintereſted friendſhip: nor did it fail to aſtoniſh and terrify our enemies, when they reflected what kind of men they had to contend with hereafter, and how they would fight when prepared, though when thus taken at unawares, they had ſo eaſily ſubdued them: the very next night, therefore, leaving a great quantity of their cattle, and ſetting fire to the carriages, they retreated. Amizoces could not bear the thought of enjoying his ſight, whilſt Dandamis was deprived of it, but put out his own eyes; and they now ſit together, are maintained at the public expence, and held in the higheſt eſteem and veneration by every Scythian.

Can you, Mneſippus, produce any thing equal to this? no, not if you were to bring ten more, beſides your other five, and without ſwearing to the truth of them. I have told you nothing but the plain naked fact. If you had related the ſtory, I know how you would have embelliſhed it, and told us what Dandamis ſaid in his petition, how he was blinded, what he ſpoke on the occaſion, how he got back, and with what applauſe he was received, with other things which you Grecians ſo well know how to flouriſh on.

Now

Now attend to another inſtance no leſs worthy of admiration. Belittas, a near relation of that Amyzoces, ſaw his friend Baſthes, as they were hunting together, dragged off his horſe by a lion, who had ſeized him by the head, and was going to tear him in pieces with his claws, when leaping down, he ruſhed upon the beaſt, put his fingers within his teeth, and endeavoured, but in vain, to ſave Baſthes from his devouring jaws; the lion then leaving his firſt prey juſt expiring, turned upon Belittas, and, with a graſp, killed him alſo, after having received a mortal wound from Belittas's ſword; ſo that they all three periſhed together. We buried them near to each other, raiſing on one ſide of the path a monument, with an effigies of the two friends, and on the other, that of the lion.

I will now relate to you a third, concerning the friendſhip of Macentes Lonchates, and Arſacomas. The latter of theſe being ſent on an embaſſy to Leucanor, a ſovereign in the Boſphorus, to demand the tribute which had been due to us from thence, three months, fell deeply in love with his daughter Mazæa, a tall and beautiful virgin. The buſineſs he went upon was now finiſhed, the king had given his anſwer, and the feaſt was prepared for his departure. It

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is a cuſtom in the Boſphorus for ſuitors to demand their virgins in marriage at their public feſtivals; and it ſo happened, that at this time, there were many of them who came in purſuit of Mazæa, kings and the ſons of kings; amongſt whom were Tigrapates, king of the Lazi, Adyrmachus, prince of Machlyna, with ſeveral others. Thoſe who come on this occaſion, firſt ſup peaceably together, and when the feaſt is over, each takes a cup, ſprinkles the wine on the table, declares himſelf a ſuitor to the virgin, and ſupports his pretenſions with regard to power, rank, and fortune. After many, in compliance with this cuſtom, had laid in their claim, and boaſted of kingdoms and treaſures in their poſſeſſion, Arſacomas, laſt of all, ſtepped forth, and taking the cup, did not, like the reſt, make a libation, (for we never pour out the wine, as thinking it an affront to the deity,) drank up the whole at one draught, and thus ſpake; "Give me, O king, thy daughter Mazæa to wife, for I have greater riches and poſſeſſions by far than either of theſe." Leucanor, who well knew that Arſacomas was poor, and of no rank in Scythia, ſeemed aſtoniſhed, and ſaid, "How many herds and waggons may you be poſſeſſed of? for theſe, I know, are your riches." "I have neither," replied

plied Arſacomas, but I have two good and worthy friends, ſuch as no Scythian can boaſt of beſides me." They laughed at him for this ſpeech, as if he had been mad or drunk; and the next day, Adyrmachus being preferred to all the reſt, prepared to carry off the bride into his own country.

No ſooner was Arſacomas returned home, than he acquainted his two friends how contemptuouſly he had been treated at the feaſt, and laughed at on account of his poverty; "and when, ſaid he, I told them how rich I was in having ſuch friends as you, ſo much more valuable than all their treaſures, the king deſpiſed and derided you alſo, and gave his daughter to Adyrmachus, becauſe he had ten golden veſſels, and four-ſcore waggons, and many flocks and herds, preferring cattle, trifling cups, and heavy carriages, to men of honour and virtue. I am doubly injured, my friends, for I love Mazæa, and am not a little hurt beſides, by an affront ſo publicly given; nor do I think you have been better treated than myſelf: the ignominy reaches to you alſo, for, from the moment we entered into the great bond of friendſhip, we are one, we muſt all rejoice in the ſame good, and be afflicted by the ſame calamity." "Not thus far alone, ſub-

joined Lonchates, but each of us receives, and muſt feel the whole injury which you have ſuffered." "What then, ſaid Macentes, is to be done on this occaſion?" "The buſineſs, replied Lonchates, muſt be divided between us; I promiſe, on my part, to bring Arſacomas the head of Leucanor; be it your taſk to ſecure the bride for him: be it ſo, and do you, ſays he, Arſacomas, in the mean time, remain here; and, as we muſt expect a ſpeedy war, prepare arms, horſes, and men for it: you are a good man, and we have many ſervants and dependents; numbers, therefore, I doubt not, will join your cauſe, eſpecially if you ſit on the bull's hide." The thing was immediately agreed on, Lonchates ſet out for the Boſphorus, and Macentes for Machlina, on horſe-back, whilſt Arſacomas ſtayed at home to arm the forces: at length he ſat on the hide.

The cuſtom of ſitting on the hide is as follows: if any man is highly injured by another, and is unable to revenge himſelf, he ſacrifices an ox, cuts up the fleſh, and dreſſes it, then ſpreading the ſkin on the ground, ſits down on it with his hands placed behind his back, as if chained at the arm: this, with us, is looked upon as the ſtrongeſt mode of ſupplication. Whoever pleaſes then comes, takes a part of the fleſh,

flesh, and placing his right foot on the hide, makes a solemn promise to assist him to the utmost of his abilities: one to raise five horsemen with pay and provender, or so many foot ready armed, some ten, and others more, according to their rank and fortune, and the poorest offers his own service. A prodigious multitude is sometimes thus assembled on the hide, and these armies are generally firm and invincible, being all bound by oath; for, to stand upon the hide, is always considered as the most solemn obligation. In this business Arsacomas was now deeply engaged, and had got together about five thousand horse, and of light-armed, and other foot, near twenty thousand.

In the mean time, Lonchates made the best of his way privately into Bosphorus, and being introduced to the king, who was then busied in some affairs of the state, told him, that he was just arrived with a commission from the commonwealth of Scythia, and had, withal, some matters of importance to communicate to him in secret. Being desired by the king immediately to acquaint him with them; "The Scythians, said he, with regard to the former part of my embassy, do, by me, require and insist, that your shepherds will not wander over into their fields, but keep within the Trachon:

they likewiſe aſſure you, that the robbers whom you complain of for making incurſions into your territories, are not authoriſed by the public, and if you ſeize any of them, you may puniſh them as they deſerve : this they requeſted might be made known to you. I muſt now, moreover, acquaint you, that Arſacomas, who lately came here on an embaſſy, is now raiſing a great army againſt you; incenſed, I believe, at the repulſe he met with, when he aſked your daughter in marriage. For theſe ſeven days paſt, he hath ſat on the hide, and has already collected together no inconſiderable number of forces." "I have heard, replied Leucanor, of forces raiſed on the hide, but did not know before, that they were deſigned againſt me, or that Arſacomas was to be their general." "Againſt you, and you alone, rejoined Lonchates, the whole expedition is pointed : but, between ourſelves, Arſacomas is my avowed enemy, he cannot bear to ſee me preferred before him by the elders of Scythia, and in every thing to be accounted ſuperior to him. If, therefore, you will promiſe to give me your other daughter Barcetis, (and you will find me not unworthy of her,) I will undertake, in a very ſhort time, to bring you the head of Arſacomas." "You ſhall have her," replied Leuca-

Leucanor, who well knew the cause of Arsacomas's resentment, and was, besides, greatly alarmed, as he always stood in fear of a Scythian army. "Swear then, said he, Lonchates, that you will stand by this agreement, and never deny what you have now promised." The king, lifting up his hands to heaven, was about to ratify it by an oath, when Lonchates interrupting him, said, "Not here, O king, lest any observing us, should suspect the cause: let us retire to the temple of Mars, shut the doors after us, and swear in secret; for, if Arsacomas should be apprised of this, he will certainly destroy me before the battle, and he has already got a powerful guard to defend him." "Let us then go in, replied the king: do you retreat, and let none follow without my command." This said, the guards retired, and they went together into the temple; when, * Lonchates with one hand drawing his sword, and with the other stopping the mouth of Leucanor, lest he should cry out, plunged it into his breast, then cutting off his head, hid it under

* *Lonchates.*] Lonchates and Macentes might, according to Lucian's account, be very good and determined friends, but they were certainly very bad men, breaking through all laws human and divine, that they might fulfil their promise. To say the truth, after all the romantic stories which our author has produced in favour of his Scythian heroes,

der his garment, and as he came out of the temple, pretended to be talking with him, and as if he had been ſent on ſome errand, and was to return thither. He then immediately got back to the place where he had left his horſe tied, and mounting him, rode off with all ſpeed to Scythia. The Boſphorians, who were for a long time ignorant of the affair, never purſued him; and when they came to the knowlege of it, were employed in diſputes concerning the ſucceſſion.

Thus did Lonchates fulfil his promiſe of bringing with him the head of Leucanor. Macentes, who in the courſe of his journey had been acquainted with what happened in Boſphorus, came to Machylia, and having firſt informed Adyrmachus of the death of Leucanor, thus addreſſed him, "The city (ſaid he), look on the king's ſon-in-law as heir to the throne; you ſhould haſte, therefore, to ſettle a diſtracted ſtate, and take poſſeſſion of the kingdom: let your wife follow you in the chariot, for the ſight of the king's daughter will conciliate the affections of the people. I am myſelf an Ala-

heroes, we can only gather from them, that amongſt theſe illuſtrious ſavages, friendſhip was at that time, as charity is at preſent amongſt us, the favourite and faſhionable perfection; and that they found it no very difficult taſk to practiſe one virtue at the expence of all the reſt.

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nian, and related to her by the mother's ſide; for Maſtira, whom Leucanor married, was of our family: I come from her brothers, who are now in Alania, and who requeſt you to make all poſſible haſte to Boſphorus, leſt the empire ſhould devolve to Eubiotus, a baſtard brother of Leucanor's, a friend to the Scythians, and our avowed enemy." Macentes, who ſaid this, had greatly the reſemblance of an Alanian, their arms, indeed, and language are the ſame with ours, and there is only this difference, that the Scythians wear longer hair, and he had taken off juſt ſo much as would make him more like one of them: they, therefore, gave full credit to what he had ſaid, and he paſſed for a near relation of Maſtira and Mazæa. "And now, continued he, Adyrmachus, I will either accompany you to Boſphorus, or ſtay here behind, and conduct the bride. As you are a relation, replied Adyrmachus, you had better remain, and come along with her; if you go with me you will only add to a number of attendants, but if you ſtay to accompany her, your preſence will ſupply the place of many: it was accordingly thus determined. Adyrmachus ſet forward, leaving Mazæa, who was yet a virgin, to the care of Macentes: he put her for that day into a carriage, but as ſoon as night came on,

he placed her on his own horſe (having taken care to have another to follow him), then mounted himſelf on the ſame ſaddle with her, and, inſtead of going on towards Mæotis, turned aſide to the Mediterranean, keeping the Mitræan mountains on his right hand, and reſting his beautiful charge at proper intervals, reached Scythia with her on the third day. His horſe, at the end of the journey, after ſtanding a few minutes, fell down and died. Macentes delivered Mazæa into the hands of Arſacomas; there, ſaid he, take her, I have performed my promiſe. The lover, ſtruck beyond meaſure with a ſight ſo unexpected, and pouring forth his thanks in great abundance, "Ceaſe, ſaid Macentes, thus to treat me as a perſon different from thyſelf; to return thanks to me for this, is as if my * right hand were to thank the left for healing it when wounded, or ſtroaking it when in pain; how ridiculous were it to ſuppoſe that, united as our members are, one limb performed any thing extraordinary, when it contributed to the uſe and advantage of the whole body! ſeeing it acted for its own good,

* *Right hand.*] According to the old age, χειρ χειρα νιπτει, the ſentiment here is noble and natural, the image made uſe of puts us in mind of Shakſpeare's Lear.

as

as being itſelf a part of that which received the benefit."

Thus ſpoke Macentes to his friend Arſacomas: in the mean time Adyrmachus, apprized of the deceit practiſed on him, proceeded not on his journey to Boſphorus, for Eubiotus, being called in by the Sauromatians, with whom he had formerly lived, ſucceeded to the empire: he returned, therefore to his own country, and having got together a large army, made an irruption through the mountains into Scythia: Eubiotus alſo, not long after, invaded us, bringing all his Grecians, together with the Alani, and Sauromates, making about twenty thouſand; the forces of Eubiotus and Adyrmachus united, formed together an army, of not leſs than ninety thouſand men, a third part of which were archers, who fought on horſeback. We, for I was myſelf at that battle, furniſhing a hundred horſe at my own expence, having collected about thirty thouſand forces, made head againſt them under Arſacomas; and when we ſaw them advancing, ſent out a party of our horſe to attack them. The battle was hardly fought for a long time, till in the end our troops began to give way: our phalanx was broken, and the whole Scythian army cut, as it were, into two parts; one of which, partly

partly ſubdued, ſaved themſelves by a retreat, and the Alani did not chooſe to purſue them; the other, which was the ſmaller diviſion, was ſoon incloſed, and totally ſurrounded by the Alani and the Machlinians, who, by their darts and arrows, made great ſlaughter amongſt us. Thus locked in on every ſide, we were in the greateſt diſtreſs, and many laid down their arms. Amongſt theſe unfortunate victims, were Lonchates and Macentes, who, expoſing themſelves bravely to every danger, were both wounded, Lonchates in the thigh, and Macentes in the ſhoulder with a ſpear, and likewiſe on the head by a battle-ax; which being perceived by Arſacomas, who was then with us, and who could not bear the thought of deſerting his friends, he ſet ſpurs to his horſe, and brandiſhing his ſword, rode ſo furiouſly through the enemies ranks, that the Machlinians, unable to reſiſt his impetuoſity, gave way, and let him paſs quite up to them. He recovered the wounded heroes, and exhorting them to join him, ruſhed upon Adyrmachus, and with one blow of his ſword, clave him in two. On the death of their leader, the ſoldiers ſoon turned their backs and fled; as did, in a little time after, both the Alani and the Grecians. Thus were we once more victorious, purſuing and killing numbers,

till

till night coming on, put an end to the ſlaughter. The next day we received ambaſſadors from them with terms of peace; the people of Boſphorus ſubmitted to pay us double tribute, the Machlinians offered hoſtages, and the Alani, to make us amends for this invaſion, promiſed to reduce the Sindians, who had long held out againſt us, to obedience. On theſe conditions we were prevailed on, in compliance with the opinion of Arſacomas and Lonchates, who tranſacted the whole affair, to make peace with them. Such things, Mneſippus, will Scythians dare to do for their friends.

MNESIPPUS.

A moſt tragical ſtory indeed, Toxaris, and bordering on the fabulous. The wind and ſword you ſwore by, will pardon me, if I really think thoſe not much to blame, who ſhould not believe it.

TOXARIS.

I wiſh, my noble friend, your credulity does not proceed from envy. Your want of faith, however, ſhall not prevent my producing ſome more actions of the ſame kind, which I know to have been done by Scythians.

MNESIPPUS.

I beſeech you then, my good man, not to be tedious, and long-winded in your diſcourſe, that

that you would not carry me up and down from Scythia to Machlyia, to Boſphorus, and back again, to wear out my patience.

TOXARIS.

You are the legiſlator, and muſt be obey'd in every thing, I ſhall, therefore, be as ſhort as poſſible in what I ſay, and not tire your ears with my travels for the future.

You ſhall hear what a friend did for me, whoſe name is Siſinnes. When in ſearch of Grecian literature, I left my own country to go to Athens, I went by ſea to Amaſtris, this city being in my way, and conveniently ſituated for thoſe who come from Scythia, and not far from Carambis. Siſinnes, who had been my companion from a child, accompanied me thither. We immediately looked out for a lodging near the harbour, and removing our bundles to it out of the ſhip, without ſuſpecting any miſchief, left them there, and went to the market-place. In the mean time, ſome thieves broke open our trunks, and ſtole out every thing we had, not leaving ſo much as would ſerve us even for one day. When we came back, and heard what had happened, we knew not what to do; publicly to accuſe the neighbours, who were very numerous, or the maſter of the houſe, we did not think adviſeable: to give it out

that

that we were robbed of fourscore Dariusses, a quantity of cloaths, bedding, and other things, would only have made us appear to the populace as cheats and impostors. Thus stripped of every thing in a strange country, we were much at a loss how to act: for my own part, I was rather for making an end of ourselves at once, than submitting to any thing mean or base for a subsistence; but Sisinnes begged I would, on no account, do any such thing; and endeavoured to console me, by saying, he had thought on a method to procure victuals for us. He hired himself as a porter, to carry wood from the harbour, and with the money bought us some provision. Next morning, as he was walking in the forum, he saw a procession of well-made, noble, youths; these, he understood, were to fight as gladiators for a considerable sum of money in three days after. As soon as he had learned this, he came to me, and said, "Toxaris, no longer complain of being poor, for in three days time I will make you rich," During the interval, we made what shift we could to live, and the appointed time for this spectacle now approaching, we resorted to it. He had led me there, indeed, as to a Grecian sight, which had something new and extraordinary in it. We sat down in the theatre,

and

and firſt ſaw ſeveral wild beaſts hunted by dogs, wounded with ſpears, and then ſet on to fight with ſome men, who we ſuppoſed were malefactors: the gladiators then came on the ſtage, and the crier bringing on a tall luſty youth, proclaimed, that if any man would fight with him, he ſhould come forth, and as a reward, he ſhould receive ten thouſand drachmas. Upon this, Siſinnes got up, and leaping into the middle of the theatre, declared himſelf ready to fight, demanded the arms, and receiving the money, brought it to me; "Toxaris, ſaid he, if I conquer, we ſhall have enough to live on, and will go away together; if I fall, you will bury me, and return to Scythia." He then took the arms, and put on every thing but the helmet, chooſing to fight with his head bare. At the firſt onſet he was dreadfully wounded, having his knee cut with a hooked ſword, and bleeding plentifully. I perceived it, and was almoſt dead with fear. He ruſhed, however, on his adverſary, whom he obſerved coming on with great impetuoſity, and ſtruck him on the breaſt with ſuch force, that he fell down at his feet. Siſinnes was, himſelf, ſo weak with the wound he had received, that he almoſt fainted as he ſtood over his dead foe, and ſeemed juſt expiring. I ran to, raiſed up, and comforted him;

him; as ſoon as he was declared conqueror, I took him in my arms, and carried him home with me. By degrees, with great care, he at length recovered, and is now in Scythia; having married my ſiſter, though he is ſtill lame of the wound.

This, Mneſippus, was not done in Alania, or amongſt the Machlinians, ſo that it doth not ſtand in need of witneſſes, nor can the truth of it be called in queſtion; as there are many Amaſtrians now alive, who remember the combat of Siſinnes.

I will now give you for my fifth inſtance the ſtory of Abanchas, and then I have done. This man came ſome time ago into a city of the Boryſthenes, with a wife whom he was extremely fond of, and two children, one a boy then at the breaſt, the other a girl about ſeven years of age. He was accompanied by his old friend Gyndanes, who was lame from a wound in his thigh that he received in reſiſting ſome robbers on their journey, and which was ſo painful, that he was not able to ſtand. It happened, that they were lodged at the upper part of the houſe, and in the middle of the night, whilſt they were all aſleep, a great fire broke out, and the whole houſe was ſurrounded by the flames. Abanchas being awakened, left his children

who

who were crying round him, and pushing away his wife who had laid hold of him, advised her to shift as well as she could for herself; and taking his friend on his shoulders, made the best of his way out, escaping at that part of the building, where the fire was least fierce: the woman followed with the infant in her arms, and the girl after her: half-burned herself, she let the boy fall, and, together with the girl, with great difficulty got through the flames, at the peril of her life. When Abanchas was afterwards reproached for leaving his * wife and children, and carrying out Gyndanes, "I may easily get more children, said he, and it is uncertain whether those I had would turn out good or bad, but I should not easily find such another friend as Gyndanes.

I have now, Mnesippus, out of many examples which I could have produced, selected five only: it is now time to decide whether my hand or your tongue is to be cut off. Who shall determine this point?

* *Wife and children.*] This story, it must be acknowleged, though it may redound to the honour of Abanchas, with regard to the delicacy of his friendship, gives us but a very moderate idea of his conjugal affection; nor does it, indeed, pay any great compliment to the ladies, who will be pleased, however, to remember, that this was a SCYTHIAN, and not an ENGLISH husband.

MNESI-

MNESIPPUS.

Nobody; for we never fixed on any arbitrator. What are we to do then? ſince at preſent we have only aimed our darts at random, and at no particular mark, let us chooſe an umpire, and produce other examples before him; then the vanquiſhed muſt ſuffer, and I muſt loſe my tongue, or you your hand. But if, after all, this appears rather ſavage and uncourteous, ſince you on your part ſeem to have the higheſt opinion of true friendſhip, and I on mine hold nothing to be more great and noble; why ſhould we not, ourſelves, agree from this moment to be friends, and to continue ſo: thus ſhall we both remain conquerors, both enjoying the greateſt rewards; inſtead of one tongue, and one hand, thus ſhall each of us poſſeſs two, four eyes, four feet, and every thing double. The painters, we know, repreſent Geryon, as a man with three heads, and ſix hands; what was this, but three friends acting always together, and joined in one!

TOXARIS.

You ſay right, and it ſhall be ſo.

MNESIPPUS.

We want no * ſword, my Toxaris, to con-

* *Sword.*] Alluding to the method mentioned by Toxaris, of contracting friendſhips.

firm this friendſhip; our taſte for the ſame pleaſures, and this our conteſt, will bind it faſter than the bloody cup you drank of; the heart and not the oath muſt ratify it.

TOXARIS.

I approve your ſentiments; henceforth, therefore, be we friends, and gueſts, whilſt I remain in Greece, and when you come to Scythia.

MNESIPPUS.

And know, I would not grudge to take a much longer journey, were I ſure to find ſuch friends as you have deſcribed to me.

THE

THE

ASS.

LUCIAN's Ass *has, to do him justice, a good deal of Mirth and Entertainment about him, but, as it is the Nature of the Beast to be sometimes lewd and skittish, I was obliged (to use his own Phrase), to dock him a little, before he could be properly introduced to modest Company. Curtailed, however, as he is, the Reader will find him no disagreeable Companion. The* Golden Ass *of* Apuleius, *spun out to an immoderate Length, is apparently founded on the Idea of this Metamorphosis, which has likewise suggested a Number of Adventures of the like Nature to several modern Writers.*

NOT many years ago I had occasion to go into Thessaly, to settle some acounts of my father's with a person who lived there. I had a horse to carry my baggage, and one servant to attend me: in this manner we jogged on, and, as it happened, met with some people going to Hypata, whom we joined company with; and after a long journey, through a very disagreeable road, got very near to the city, when I asked our companions, who were natives

of Theſſaly, whether they were acquainted with one Hipparchus, who lived there, as I had letters of recommendation to him, and was to lodge in his houſe: they ſaid they knew him very well, told me whereabouts he lived, that he was very rich, and had nobody with him but a wife, and one ſervant maid; for he was extremely covetous. When we came into the city, they directed me to his habitation, where I found a little garden, and a tolerable looking houſe: my fellow-travellers took their leave, and I knocked at the door: after making me wait ſome time, a girl came out; I aſked whether Hipparchus was within: "Yes, ſaid ſhe; who are you, and what do you want with him?" "I have letters, replied I, from Decrianus, the Sophiſt." "Stay here, ſaid ſhe, till I come back;" and ſhut the door upon me: ſhe returned, however, in a ſhort time, and deſired me to walk in. I did ſo, ſaluted Hipparchus, and gave him my letters: he and his wife were juſt ſet down, on a very ſmall couch, as if to ſupper, though I obſerved there was nothing upon the table: he read my letters. Decrianus, ſays he, is one of the beſt of Grecians, for thus ſending his friends to me without ceremony: you ſee, Lucius, I have but a ſmall houſe, it is big enough, however, to entertain a gueſt,

a gueſt, and your company, if you can put up with it, will make it a great one. He then, calling the maid, "Go, ſaid he, ſhew my friend his bed-chamber, put his things into it, and then conduct him to the bath; for he comes a great way, and muſt be fatigued." Palæſtra, upon this, immediately ſhewed me to my room: "You, ſaid ſhe, muſt ſleep in this bed, I ſhall make up a couch for your boy cloſe to you, and will get him a pillow:" ſaying this, ſhe led us to the bath, where we waſhed ourſelves, and gave her ſome money to get provender for our horſes. We then went back into the houſe, where Hipparchus, embracing me, deſired me to ſit down by him: the ſupper was by no means a ſcanty one, and the wine ſweet and very old: after ſupper we drank and chatted, and ſpending the evening in a chearful and hoſpitable manner, went to bed. The next day he aſked me to what place I was going, and whether I meant to continue there. I told him I was on my journey to Lariſſa, where I propoſed to ſtay four or five days: this, however, was only a pretence, for I meant to remain where I was, in hopes of meeting ſome woman ſkilled in the magic art, or ſeeing a man

fly, or turned into ſtone, or, in ſhort, ſome miracle or other of that kind: with this view I traverſed the city, not knowing at the ſame time how or where to enquire about it. I rambled round, notwithſtanding, and, as I was going along, I obſerved a woman, young, and, as I imagined, of good rank and condition, being well dreſſed, and with ſeveral ſervants after her. She came up to, and ſaluted me: I returned the civility: ſhe then addreſſed herſelf to me, "My name, ſaid ſhe, is Abræa, a particular friend of your mother's, I love her children as dearly as my own; why, my ſon, would not you come and live with me?" "That, replied I, I ſhould be glad to do, but know not how I can leave my friend, whom I have no reaſon to complain of; my heart, however, ſhall be with you, though I cannot." "And where do you lodge?" ſaid ſhe. "With Hipparchus, ſaid I." "What, with that miſer!" "Call him not ſo, I beg you, ſaid I, my good mother, for to me he has behaved nobly, and with the greateſt generoſity, inſomuch that I have more reaſon to blame him for extravagance." She ſmiled, and laying hold of my hand, "Beware, ſaid ſhe, of the wife of Hipparchus; ſhe is a great magician,

cian, and withal caſts a wanton eye on every young man that comes in her way: if he does not behave as ſhe would wiſh, ſhe makes uſe of her art to revenge herſelf on him: ſhe has turned ſome into beaſts, and entirely made an end of others. You are a young man, my ſon, and handſome enough to pleaſe any woman, and a ſtranger beſides, who, in this country, is thought but ſlightly of." Hearing this, and finding that what I was in ſearch of might be had at home, I paid no more attention to my mother's friend; but as I returned back, entertained myſelf with theſe reflections, "If thou art ſo fond of ſights, Lucius, why doſt not thou procure them for thyſelf, and wiſely think on ſome ſcheme for that purpoſe? Make up to the maid Palæſtra, keeping as far off as you can from your friend's wife; if you can get poſſeſſion of her, you may eaſily learn what you pleaſe; ſervants always know what their maſters and miſtreſſes do, either good or bad: mind this, and go about it immediately." Thus parlying with myſelf, I came into the houſe; neither Hipparchus nor his wife were at home; Palæſtra ſtood by the fire-ſide, getting ſupper ready for us. I took occaſion from this to begin upon her. "How charmingly, ſaid I, my

pretty Palæſtra, do thoſe pretty * fingers of your's turn and toſs that haſh about; happy ſhould I be to be ſo handled by them." "If you value your life, replied ſhe, (for ſhe was a ſmart and lovely wench), keep off, for I am full of fire and ſmoke; if you do but touch me, I ſhall burn you in ſuch a manner, that the god of phyſic himſelf will not be able to heal your wound: nobody can cure you but myſelf, and what is more extraordinary, I ſhall only increaſe your diſorder, and the pleaſing remedy itſelf will always give you pain; you will not eaſily get over it, I aſſure you: you ſmile, I perceive; but I am a true † cooker of men, that is to ſay, I not only dreſs and prepare ſuch vile eatables as theſe, but that great creature, called man, I kill, and cut in pieces, aye, and devour him too, heart and all." "I find it ſo, indeed, replied I, for even before I came near, you not only burned, but abſolutely threw me into the fire: the flames, though I did not ſee them, have already conſumed me; and yet I

* *Fingers, &c.*] Here the aſs, as I obſerved in the argument, is a little friſky; I have, therefore, given him a ſmall check, as the learned reader will ſee by turning to the original. This being one of the paſſages where a free and modeſt is rather better than a ſtrict and literal tranſlation.

† *Cooker.*] Greek, Ανθρωπομαγειρον.

have

have never done you any injury: cure me, by the gods I intreat you, cure me! with that ſweet bitter medicine which you talked of: I am ſlain already, flea and dreſs me as you pleaſe."

At this ſhe burſt into a loud delightful laugh: from that moment ſhe was mine, and we agreed, that when ſhe had put her her maſter and miſtreſs to bed, ſhe ſhould ſteal up to my chamber. At length, Hipparchus returning home, we bathed, and went to ſupper, talked, and drank plentifully: I pretended drowſineſs, and retired, in hopes of ſeeing the charming Palæſtra, who kept her word with me, and made me ſo happy * * * * * * * *

that I almoſt forgot my journey to Lariſſa, and the buſineſs which I came about: deſirous, however, before we parted of getting ſome intelligence concerning this matter, "My dear Palæſtra, ſaid I to her, cannot you ſome day or other ſhew me your miſtreſs practiſing her magic, and transforming herſelf into ſomething or other, for it is a ſight which I much long for; or rather, if you know any tricks of this kind yourſelf, ſhew me ſome, and it will be the ſame thing, as I may judge of one by the other: I make no doubt but you alſo are well ſkilled in the art, as I know, indeed, by experience,

perience, for never before did I caſt an eye of love on any woman, and they uſed to ſay I was as hard as adamant, but you ſoon made a captive of me, and ſubdued my very ſoul." "Leave off your jokes, replied Palæſtra, for where is the magic that can create love, that maſter of every art? No, by your dear ſelf I ſwear, I know nothing of it; I am totally illiterate, and my miſtreſs is to the laſt degree jealous with regard to her art: if I have an opportunity, however, I will endeavour to ſhew her to you whilſt ſhe is about ſome transformation."

This was accordingly agreed upon, and in a few days after ſhe brought me word that her miſtreſs intended very ſoon to turn herſelf into a bird, and fly off to her lover: "Now then, ſaid I, is the time to ſatisfy the longing of your poor petitioner." "Never fear," replied Palæſtra; and, accordingly, in the evening, ſhe led me towards her miſtreſs's bed-chamber, and bade me look through a crevice in the door, and ſee what was going forward. There did I behold a woman, who firſt undreſſed herſelf, and then putting two grains of incenſe into the flame of the lamp, repeated certain words, as if talking to it, after which ſhe opened a large drawer, that had ſeveral boxes in it, and out

of

of one of them took ſomething, what it was I could not tell, but it looked like an ointment: with this, beginning from her toe-nails, ſhe rubbed herſelf all over, when immediately wings ſpread themſelves out on each ſide of her, her noſe grew hard and crooked, ſhe had every thing, in ſhort, all over her like a bird, and became a complete owl: as ſoon as ſhe ſaw herſelf thus feathered, ſhe ſet up a horrible ſcreech, as theſe birds do, and flew out at the window. For my part, I looked upon it as a dream, and rubbed my eyes, not knowing whether I was aſleep or awake, and when at length I found that it was a real fact, I begged Palæſtra would let me have ſome wings too, and, anointing me with ſome of the ſame ointment, permit me to fly a little: as I wanted much to try whether, when I had quitted the ſhape of a man, I ſhould have the underſtanding only of a bird. She took the firſt opportunity, therefore, of opening the chamber door privately, and took out the box: I undreſſed as faſt as poſſible, and anointed myſelf all over: when, lo, to my great mortification, I was not turned into a bird, but on a ſudden a tail ſtuck out behind me, my fingers vaniſhed, and of all my nails only four remained, which were changed into hoofs;

hoofs; my hands and feet resembled those of a beast, I had a large face, with long ears, and viewing myself all round, perceived that I was metamorphosed into an ass; my human voice was entirely gone, so that I could no longer converse with Palæstra, and all I could do was to stretch out my lips, look miserable, and as well as I could, accused her for making an ass instead of a bird of me. "Wretch that I am, cried she, beating herself with both her hands, what have I done! in my hurry I mistook the box, for they were both alike, and missed that which makes the wings; but be not uneasy, my dear, for this may be easily remedied: if you only eat some roses, you may at any time shake off the beast, and give me my lover again: but continue an ass, I beseech you, for this night only, and to-morrow morning, early, I will bring some roses, that shall set you right." An ass, therefore, I remained to all intents and purposes, saving that in sense and understanding I was still a man, and the true Lucius, though dumb.

Not a little displeased, therefore, at Palæstra for her mistake, I bit my lips in silence, and made the best of my way to the stable, where my own horse stood, and an ass belonging to Hipparchus: as soon as they saw me come in, being

being afraid I ſhould take part of their hay, they bent down their ears, and ſeemed determined that their heels ſhould revenge the cauſe of their bellies, which I perceiving, got as far as I could from the manger, and laughed at them: though my laugh was nothing but a bray. I ſaid to myſelf, "What a fooliſh curioſity was this of mine! if a wolf now, or ſome other wild beaſt ſhould break in, though I have done no harm, there would be an end of me." Whilſt I was making theſe reflections, little did I think of the misfortune that was juſt coming upon me: for in the middle of the night, when all were ſilent and aſleep, a dreadful noiſe was heard on the outſide of the wall, as if ſomebody was breaking in; and ſo it proved, for in a ſhort time there was a great gap in it, big enough for a man to enter at: ſomebody ſoon came in, and another followed him, and then ſeveral more, all armed with ſwords. They had bound Hipparchus, Palæſtra, and my ſervant, in their beds, ranſacked the whole houſe, and were now carrying off the money, cloaths, and furniture. When they had got it all together, they took me, the other aſs, and the horſe, and putting on our pack-ſaddles, placed the baggage on our backs: with this heavy burthen they drove us on, beating us with ſticks through the

the mountains and by-paths, that they might not be diſcovered. What became of the other beaſts I know not, but for myſelf, having no ſhoes on, and not uſed to travel over ſharp-pointed rocks, and with ſuch a weight, I was half-dead: often did I ſtumble, though not ſuffered to fall, as there was ſomebody always behind me, with a good ſtick to keep me up. I tried often to cry out, "O maſter," but could only bray: the O, indeed, came out, and made noiſe enough; but Maſter would not follow: even for this I was handſomely cudgelled, for fear my braying ſhould diſcover them: perceiving, therefore, that I could not cry out as I ought, I determined to jog on in ſilence, and ſave my carcaſe.

It was now day-light, and we had paſſed over ſeveral mountains: they had tied the bridle, however, over our mouths, that we might not loſe our time in feeding as we went along; an aſs, therefore, I was obliged ſtill to remain. About the middle of the day we were turned into a ſtable, belonging to ſome of their brethren, ſuch at leaſt, by their behaviour, we imagined them to be, for they ſaluted them, invited them to dinner, and ordered us ſome barley: the reſt of us fell to, but as I had never been uſed to raw barley, though I was almoſt famiſhed,

miſhed, I could not taſte it, but looked about me for ſomething elſe, when, behind the ſtable, I ſpyed out a garden, with a good many fine herbs in it, and above them, ſomething which I took for roſes: immediately, unobſerved by the men who were employed within at dinner, I got into the garden, partly to fill my belly with the raw herbs, and partly for the ſake of the roſes, which I thought, if I could lay hold on, I might have a chance of being a man again. I fell upon the lettuces, radiſhes, and parſley, and feaſted as long as I could ſtuff; but as for the roſes, they proved not to be real ones, but what they call the * laurel-roſe: woe be to the horſe or aſs that feeds on ſuch, for if they taſte of it, they die immediately. The gardener, chancing to ſpy me out, came into the garden, and perceiving what deſtruction I had made of his potherbs, even, juſt as the † thief-deteſting conſtable lays hold on the culprit, ſeized on, and belaboured me with a large club, ſparing neither ſides nor thighs, ſlit my ears, and tore my face: I grew out of all patience, and lifting up my heels, laid him flat on the ground, and fled towards the mountain: as he ſaw me

* *Laurel-roſe.*] The rhododendron, a poiſonous plant.

† *Thief-deteſting conſtable.*] Greek, δυναςης μισοπονηρος.

going

going off, he cried out, and bade them ſet the dogs at me; for there were a number of them hard by, very large, fierce, and fit to fight with bears. I concluded that if they laid hold on, they would tear me in pieces, and deeming it, as they ſay, better to run backward than not to run well, I returned as faſt as I could to the ſtable: they called off, and tied up the dogs, but perſecuted me themſelves with ſtick and ſtaves, till I fairly gave up all the herbs that I had ſwallowed. It was now time for us to ſet out again, when they loaded me with the greateſt part of their ſtolen treaſures: weighed down as I was by the burthen, with my hoofs worn away by the road, and quite deſponding, I had reſolved to lay me down, and, let them beat me ever ſo much, not to riſe up again; ſatisfied that I ſhould profit by this reſolution, and imagining, that, overcome at laſt by my obſtinacy, they would divide the burthen between the horſe and the other aſs, and leave me to be devoured by the wolves. Some malicious dæmon, however, was apprized of my reſolution, and counter-acted it: for, the other aſs, probably with the ſame deſign, fell down in the road; they would fain have prevailed on him, by repeated blows to get up again, but finding it was to no purpoſe, and that he laid like a ſtone,

ſtone, entirely knocked up, concluding at laſt that they laboured in vain, and that it was only loſing time to wait any longer on a dead aſs: they divided all his load between me and the horſe, then taking my fellow-priſoner, and fellow-labourer, they threw him down a precipice, and he died immediately. Seeing, by the fate of my companion, what my former reſolutions would have brought me to, I determined to bear my preſent misfortunes with patience, and to puſh on boldly, in hopes that I might one day light on ſome roſes, and recover myſelf: I heard, beſides, from the † robbers, that we had not far to go, and that the cattle would ſoon be releaſed; we ran for joy, and got home that very evening. There we found an old woman, ſitting by a large fire, who took all the baggage, and put it up for them; they aſked her why ſhe ſat there, and did not get the ſupper ready; it is all ready, ſaid ſhe, there is bread, and good old wine, and ſome fleſh of wild beaſts for you; every thing in order. They thanked the old woman, pulled off their cloaths, anointed themſelves at the fire, and

† *Robbers.*] The cave ſcene, amongſt the robbers in Gil Blas, ſeems to have been ſuggeſted by this paſſage, though the French author, it muſt be acknowleged, has greatly improved on the original.

as ſhe had a cauldron of hot water ready, poured it out, and uſed it as a temporary bath on the occaſion. In a little time after, there arrived ſeveral young men, with gold and ſilver, and men's and women's apparel of various kinds; theſe were all brought into the common ſtock, and depoſited here. The men bathed: after this, there was a magnificent ſupper, and a long converſation amongſt the ruffians. The old woman provided barley for me and the horſe, who made all the haſte he could to devour it, as fearing I ſhould come in for a dinner with him. I never touched it, but whenever the old woman turned her back, got to the bread which was in the houſe, and eat it. Next day they all went out on their buſineſs, leaving me with the old woman, and one young fellow. I lamented the ſtrict confinement; for though I could have eaſily got away from the old woman, the young man was very ſtout, and looked formidable, ſtanding always at the gate with a ſword in his hand. About three days after, in the middle of the night, the robbers came back, bringing nothing along with them but a young and beautiful virgin in tears, with her hair diſhevelled, and garments almoſt torn off her: they brought her in, deſired her not to be frightened, and ordered

ordered the old woman to ſtay with and take care of her. The girl would neither eat nor drink, but wept, and tore her hair in ſuch a manner, that even I, who was ſtanding at the manger, could not help ſhedding tears with her. The robbers went to ſupper in an outer room. Towards morning, one of their ſpies, whoſe buſineſs it was to look out ſharp for the crew, came to give them notice, that a ſtranger who had a great deal of money with him, was to paſs by that way. As ſoon as they heard this, they roſe immediately, took their arms, and ſaddled both me and the horſe, to go along with them. As I knew I was going to a battle, I hung behind, and went on very ſlowly, but was ſoon made to mend my pace with a good club. When we came to the place where the ſtranger was to paſs, the robbers all ruſhed upon the carriage, ſlew him and his ſervants, and put all the booty which they got of great value, upon the horſe and me, hiding the reſt of their ſpoil in the wood. Thus loaded, we were returning home, when beſides, being beaten and banged about, I ſtruck my hoof againſt a ſharp ſtone, which wounded me ſo terribly, that I went lame almoſt all the reſt of the journey. They cried out, "What do we keep this aſs for, that is always ſtumbling, let us get

rid of ſuch an ill-omen'd beaſt." "Aye, ſays another, let us throw him down headlong, by way of an expiatory offering for the company." They ſeemed then to come round me for that purpoſe; but hearing what they were about, I put on, and thought no more of my wound, the fear of death taking away my ſenſe of pain.

When we got back to the inn, they took off our burthens, lodged them ſafe, and went in to ſupper; but night coming on, they ſallied forth again to take care of the baggage which they had left behind. "There is no occaſion, ſaid one of them, to take that lame aſs with us, he can be of no ſervice; therefore, ſome of us muſt carry part of the burthens, and the horſe the reſt." They took the horſe, and went off: it was a bright moon-light night. "And why now, Lucius, ſaid I to myſelf, ſhould I then ſtay here for vulturs and the offspring of vulturs to devour me? you heard what the thieves ſaid about you, why would you chooſe to be thrown down a precipice? it is night, and the moon ſhines, there is nobody here, fly oft, and ſave thyſelf from theſe murtherers." Whilſt I was making theſe reflections, I perceived I was quite looſe, for the bridle hung up juſt by me; this encouraged me, and I ran out of the

ſtable

ſtable as faſt as I could: the old woman obſerving that I was marching off, caught hold of my tail, and hung by it. Thrice worthy, thought I, ſhould I be of the precipice, or any other death, ſhould I ſuffer myſelf to be taken by an old woman, and away I dragged her after me: ſhe cried out for aſſiſtance on the young captive within, who coming out, and ſeeing the old woman hanging like an aſs's tail, immediately conceived a moſt noble deſign, and worthy of a deſperate heroine, ſhe jumped up, and ſeated herſelf upon me. I, partly from the hopes of eſcaping, and partly to oblige my young rider, galloped off with all the ſpeed of a horſe, leaving the old woman behind us. The virgin put up her prayers to the gods that ſhe might get off ſafe; and, addreſſing herſelf to me, "If, ſays ſhe, my lovely creature, you will carry me to my father's houſe, I will ſet you free from all labour for the future, and you ſhall have as much barley as you can eat every day for your dinner." Thus encouraged, both by the hopes of eſcaping from the ruffians, and the advantages I expected by ſaving my young miſtreſs, I ran away nimbly, without ever thinking of my lame foot.

Coming at length to a place where the road divided, we ſpied the robbers, who had ſeen us

at a great diſtance by the light of the moon, and now ruſhed upon us; they ſeized on the poor girl; "So, ſaid they, fair virgin, why would you leave us ſo ſuddenly, were you afraid of *ghoſts? but come, you muſt go back with us, we will reſtore you to your friends." This they ſaid with a † Sardonic ſmile, and then turned me back. I began immediately to recollect my wounded hoof, and went lame. "Oho, ſaid one of them, now you are taken, you are lame, but when you wanted to get away, you were as nimble as a horſe, and as briſk as a bird." Saying this, he laid on me with a large ſtick, which made a freſh wound in my thigh. When we came home, we found the old woman hanging from a part of the rock, afraid, probably, of her maſters' anger, on account of the young woman's eſcape; ſhe had put a rope round her neck, and diſpatched herſelf. The robbers admired her fidelity, and without farther ceremony, threw her, rope and

* *Ghoſts.*] Gr. Τα δαιμονα.

† *Sardonic.*] In the iſland of Sardos, ſays the Greek ſcholiaſt, on this paſſage, grows an herb reſembling parſley, (probably hemlock,) which, whoever taſtes of, falls into a fit of immoderate laughter, and dies. Whence aroſe this proverbial expreſſion of a Sardonic laugh, to ſignify a malevolent exultation, portending misfortune, miſery, and death. See Suidas and Eraſmus.

all,

all, down the precipice. They then took the virgin, bound her faſt, and locked her up in the houſe, after which, they went to ſupper, and carouſed plentifully: they then entered into a conſultation about their fair priſoner. "What ſhall we do, ſays one of them, with this run-away?" "What can we do better, ſays another, than ſend her after the old woman, ſhe has done us all the miſchief ſhe could, and had like to have ſpoiled our whole buſineſs. You muſt very well know, my friends, that if ſhe had once got home, not one of us would have been left alive; for the enemy would have made head againſt us, and we ſhould have been all taken. Let us, therefore, be revenged on her; if we throw her down the precipice, ſhe will die too eaſily, let us think on ſome bitter, lingering death, that ſhe may be firſt tortured, and afterwards expire by degrees." "I have thought on a method, ſays another, which I am ſure you will approve; we muſt deſtroy that lazy aſs, not only for ſhamming lame, but for aiding and abetting her in her flight; to-morrow morning, therefore, we will kill him, take out his bowels, and ſow her up in the inſide of him, with her head juſt out to prevent ſuffocation, and her body within his; we may then leave them both, as

a fresh meal for the vulturs. You will see what an excellent torture this will be, to be shut up in a dead ass, to be burned up in the heat of summer, in the inside of a beast; dying with hunger, and not able to procure any other means of death; to be eat up with worms, and suffer the stench of the carcase; to have the vulturs, after they have got through him, preying upon her even whilst she is alive; I need not say what a punishment this will be."

This admirable scheme was received by them with the highest approbation. I lamented, as you may suppose, my inevitable fate; not only that I was to be killed, but, even after death, not suffered to lie peaceably down, but condemned to be a sepulchre for the unhappy virgin.

It was now day-break, when, on a sudden, there rushed in upon us a band of soldiers, who had been sent to take up the robbers; all of whom they immediately bound, in order to carry them before the governor. Amongst our deliverers was a young man, beloved by, and who was soon to be married to the beauteous captive; he it was, it seems, who had traced out, and directed them to the habitation of the ruffians. He took the virgin, placed her on

my

my back, and accompanied her home. The villagers ſaw us afar off as we were returning, and eaſily gueſſed at our ſucceſs. I took care, indeed, to proclaim the glad tidings to them with a loud bray; they ran out to ſalute us, and conducted us in with many congratulations.

The virgin, who conſidered me as the partner of her captivity and of her flight, and withal, as one who had been in danger of death along with her, paid every poſſible attention to me; I had my large meaſure of barley, and as much hay as would have ſerved a camel: I curſed Palæſtra for turning me into an aſs, inſtead of a dog, for then I might have ran, as I ſaw many of them do, into the kitchen, and taſted of all the dainties which we generally meet with at a rich wedding. A few days after the nuptials, my young miſtreſs, to make me amends for all my trouble, requeſted it as a favour of her father, and he ordered me to be turned looſe into the field, and to feed with the mares: "There, ſaid he, you may live happily, and divert yourſelf with them." He then called one of the ſhepherds, and gave me to his care. He put me into graſs among the mares, and happy I thought myſelf, that I was to carry no more burthens. This reward was, doubtleſs, in the opinion

opinion of a jack-afs, no contemptible one. The lady's favour, however, proved fatal to me as it did to Candaules; for the mafter of the ftud left me entirely to the will and pleafure of his wife, who put me into a mill, and made me grind all the corn and barley. An afs of any gratitude, indeed, would never grudge grinding for his mafters; but the good woman muft needs affift her friends, of whom fhe had a great many, with corn alfo, and my neck fuffered for it. She would even put the barley for my own dinner into the mill, and make cakes of it for herfelf, whilft I was forced to take up with the bran: befides that, when I was let in among the mares, the horfes grew jealous, and fearing I fhould be too intimate with their wives, kicked and bit me moft furioufly. In a fhort time, I grew terribly thin and lank, being not very happy at the mill when within doors, and when I got out, well beat and bruifed by my companions in the field. I was often, moreover, fent up to the mountain, and obliged to carry wood; this, indeed, was the worft of my misfortunes; for, in the firft place, the mountain was very fteep, and in the next, I had no fhoes on in a rough road. They fent, withal, a mule-driver along with me, a rafcally boy, who was always whipping me without mercy; though

though I went on as faſt as I could, he kept ſtill beating me, not with a plain ſtick, but nobbed, always ſtriking me on the ſame part of the thigh, till it was laid quite open, and ſtill followed his blow; putting ſuch burthens upon me, at the ſame time, as an elephant would ſcarce have been able to carry. Though the deſcent was very ſteep, he continued thumping me; and when he ſaw the load go on one ſide, inſtead of ſhifting part of it to the other, he would increaſe it with great ſtones, till I fell down, ſtones and all. If there was a ſmall ford in the way, to ſave his ſhoes, he would get up and ride over it. If weary and overburthened, I chanced to fall, it was ſtill worſe with me; for he would never get down to help me, but continued belabouring my back and ſides, till he had raiſed me up again; and, for this purpoſe, he got a bundle of thorns, which he tied to my tail; theſe pricked me as I went along, and wounded my poſteriors in the moſt dreadful manner; whilſt I could by no poſſible means relieve myſelf, as what inflicted the wound, hung always cloſe to me; and if I went ſlow to eſcape the thorns, the club ſaluted me, and if I puſhed on to avoid the club, the thorns ſtuck in me immediately: the villain plyed them both, with a deſign to make an end of me.

me. At length, after a thoufand infults, being out of all patience, I lifted up my heel, and gave him a kick, which he never forgave me. Being one day ordered to carry fome ftubble out of one field into another, he faddled me with it, and taking a rope, tied me to the load; not without defign, for having ftolen a hot pocker out of the fire, he put it into the ftubble, which, as might be fuppofed, was foon in flames: perceiving that I muft be inevitably burned, I looked out for water, and fpying a marfhy place, threw myfelf down in the wetteft part of it, and by turning and rolling about, quenched the fire, and got rid of part of my burthen; nor could he light the other again, as it was well moiftened with mud. When we came home, he told them, "I had ran into the flames of my own accord." I got fafe, however, this time, and efcaped a burning.

A little after this, he played me a trick worfe than all; for one day when I went up with a load into the mountain, he fold the wood I had carried on my back to a countryman, and when we came home, invented this tale againft me to his mafter; "I don't know, fays he, what we keep that lazy afs for, he loves fomething elfe better than work, if he fees a pretty mare upon

upon the road, away he flies after her; it was but this very morning that he went out to carry wood, and ſpying a filly juſt before him, he pranced off, threw the wood off into the road, nobody knows where, and would have been very rude, if he had not been prevented by the neighbours, who ſaved the mare, and put a ſtop to his gallantry." "If that be the caſe, ſaid his maſter, and he is ſo lazy that he will not work, nor carry any burthens, and is, beſides, ſo very amorous, cut his throat, and give his carcaſe to the dogs; if any body aſks what is become of him, you may ſay he was devoured by a wolf." The boy was happy at the news, and prepared to make an end of me: but a countryman who lived in the neighbourhood, coming in by chance, ſaved me from immediate death, by ſuggeſting ſomething not much better; "By no means, ſaid he, kill the aſs, whilſt he is able to grind and carry burthens; if he is amorous, let him be properly docked; the thing is eaſily done, he will ſoon be quiet and grow fat, and bear his loads the better. If you do not know how to go about it, I ſhall be here again in two or three days, and will do it for you; I warrant, I can make him as meek as a lamb." They approved of his advice, and ſaid "it was the beſt thing that could

could be done." I began to lament my fate, and to conclude that I had better die than to be made an eunuch of. I resolved, therefore, from that time, to abstain from all food and nourishment, or throw myself down the precipice and die, so as I could but remain whole and unmutilated. When lo! in the dead of night comes a messenger to acquaint the village, that the bride, she who had been taken by the robbers, and her husband, walking late in the evening on the sea shore, were suddenly carried off by the waves breaking in upon them, and had not been heard of since. The servants, apprised of their young master and mistress's fate, resolved to remain no longer in slavery, but getting what they could out of the house, made the best of their way off. The shepherd, who looked after the mares, packed up all he could find, and put it on our backs; I had, for my own part, as great a burthen as an ass could well carry, but still thought myself happy that I had escaped docking. For that night, and three days after, we had a hard and dreadful journey, but at length arrived at Beræa, a famous city in Macedonia. Here our drivers rested us and themselves; the beasts were then all put up to sale, and we were cried in the market-place. The chapmen came, looked

looked into our mouths, and examined all our teeth; one bought one, and another another, but I was ſtill left behind, and the crier bade them drive me back again, for nobody would bid for me; when my unlucky fate, which was always ſhifting about and perſecuting me, threw me upon ſuch a maſter as I little deſired. I was purchaſed by an old fellow, one of thoſe itinerants who carry the Syrian goddeſs about through the ſtreets and fields, and oblige her to go a begging: to him I was ſold at a great price, no leſs than thirty drachmas, and now, with a heavy heart, I followed my new maſter.

When we came to the place where Philebus lived, for that was the name of the man who had bought me, he cried out at the door with a loud voice, "Here, girls, I have bought you a beautiful, well-made ſlave, from Cappadocia." The girls ſet up a ſhout, thinking it had been a man that he had purchaſed: when they ſaw it was an aſs, they cried, "What ſort of a ſpouſe have you brought us here? pray take him yourſelf, for we want no ſuch cattle."

The next day they began to ſet themſelves ſeriouſly to work, dreſſed up their goddeſs, and placed her upon me; then, quitting the town, we rambled over the fields, and when we came to a village, I, as bearer of the divinity, was

ſtopped

ſtopped, and ſtood ſtill; immediately a parcel of minſtrels played ſome ſolemn tunes, then a croud of them hung their heads down, and twiſting their necks round, lolled out their tongues, and pricked both them and their ſhoulders with lancets, ſo that the blood flowed on every ſide of them. I beheld the ceremony with aſtoniſhment, and began to tremble leſt the goddeſs ſhould want a little aſs's blood alſo. When they had cut and hacked themſelves in this manner for ſome time, they collected oboli and drachmas from the ſpectators: ſome gave them figs, and cheeſe, and caſks of wine, and others a meaſure of wheat and barley for their aſs. Thus they got a livelihood, and worſhipped their goddeſs whom I carried on my back. * * * *

Reflecting now on the many miſeries I had ſuffered ſince my transformation, I could not help attempting to cry out, "O Jupiter, thou art too patient," but alas! my voice failed, and I could only bray. It happened juſt at this time, that ſome countrymen who had loſt their aſs, and were in ſearch of it; hearing me cry out, came in without any leave or notice, taking me for the beaſt they were looking for, and caught my lewd maſters doing what they ſhould not do, which they took care in the neighbourhood

hood to divulge. My good friends, the priests of the Syrian goddess, finding their secret transactions were discovered, made off that very night; and when they had got into a private place, began to be very angry with me for exposing their mysteries: I could have borne their curses, but what succeeded to them was intolerable; for, taking the goddess off my back, they tied me naked to a tree, and whipped me till I was half dead; telling me, "That, for the future, when I carried a goddess, I must hold my tongue." They disputed afterwards, whether they should not cut my throat, for bringing such reproach upon them, and forcing them to turn out of the village before they had done their business there. They desisted, however, out of respect to the goddess, who laid down on the ground, and could not proceed on her journey without me.

After a sound whipping, therefore, I took up my mistress, and proceeded; towards evening we turned into a field belonging to a rich man, who happening to be at home, luckily for us, received our goddess very graciously, and offered sacrifices to her; here it was that I remember I was in great peril of my life; one of our landlord's friends had sent him for a present the thigh of a wild ass, which the cook care-

divinity: they then carried back the thieves, and bound them, took our goddefs off my back, placed her in another temple, and gave the golden cup back to their own.

The next day it was refolved that I, with the reft of the goods, fhould be difpofed of; and they fold me to a miller that lived in a neighbouring village, who took me home, through a very rough road, with ten meafures of wheat on my back. When I came there, I found a number of fellow-fervants, with feveral mills, full of all forts of grain, and which were worked by them: as I was a new flave, and had travelled through a bad road with a large burthen, they permitted me to reft for that night, but next day, putting a blind over my eyes, they faftened me to the beam of the mill-wheel, and would have drove me on: I knew well enough how to grind, as I had often been forced to learn it, but pretended ignorance; this, however would not do, for a number of the louts got about me, and, taking fticks, laid on me in fuch a manner, that I fpun round like a top, and found by experience, that a fervant, who has work to do, need not wait for his mafter's hand to make him go about it. I foon grew weak and emaciated, and my mafter, refolving to get rid of me, fold me to a gardener. Here my bufinefs

business was to carry herbs every day to market for him, which, when he had sold, he drove me back to the garden, where I remained idle whilst he was digging and planting. My way of life, however, was not very agreeable; for, winter coming on, he had nothing to buy straw with, either for me or himself; besides, that I had no shoes, and was forced to walk, sometimes through wet mud, and at others, through rough and prickly ways, whilst, as to food, there was nothing for us both but hard and bitter lettuces.

One day, as we were going into the garden, a tall man came up to us, in a soldier's habit, and addressed the gardener in the Italian tongue, asking him where he was going to carry the ass; my master, I suppose, not understanding the language, made him no answer; the soldier resenting this as an affront, gave my master a lick with his whip, which so incensed him that he took the stranger up in his arms, and laid him flat on the ground: the soldier resisted as well as he could, and threatened if he got up he would kill him with his sword, upon which my master, taking the hint, forced the weapon from him, and throwing it a good way off, fell upon, and mauled him dreadfully: the soldier, seeing himself in such bad plight, laid still, as if

he was dead with the wounds, which ſo terrified my maſter, that leaving him on the ground, he took the ſword, leaped upon me, and rode off as faſt as he could towards the city: when he came there, he gave up his garden to a friend to take care of for him; and, for fear of danger, concealed both me and himſelf at the houſe of a particular acquaintance in the city. The next day, after conſulting what they ſhould do with us, they locked my maſter up in a cheſt, and took me, tied my legs, and carried me up ſtairs, into a chamber at the top of the houſe, where they locked me in. The ſoldier, when at length he was with great difficulty recovered, though his head was ſtill bad with the wounds he had received, made his way to the city, and told his comrades what had happened to him, with the inſolence of the gardener; they immediately joined with him, and taking ſome perſons ſent by the magiſtrates along with them, endeavoured to find out where we were: they came to the houſe, and one of the officers commanded all that were within to come fo[illegible], they appeared, but no gardener with them: the ſoldier inſiſted on it that the gardener was there, and his aſs alſo: they, on the other hand, affirmed that there was neither aſs nor man left behind: the ſtreet being but narrow, and a great

a great noiſe and riot made in it, I who am naturally impatient, and had great curioſity, wanting to know what they cried out about, got to the window and looked down upon them: ſome obſerved me, and told the reſt, and ſaid it muſt be a lie: the magiſtrates at length came, and found out every thing, diſcovering my maſter lying in the cheſt, and ſent him to priſon, to be called to account for his inſolence. I was made a preſent of to the ſoldiers. They were all ready to die with laughing at the aſs on the top of the houſe, who betrayed his maſter; and from thence ſprang the proverb, when a man ſquints, they ſay, he looks from an aſs.

What became of my maſter, the gardener, I know not, but the next day the ſoldier ſold me for five and twenty attic drachmas: the man who bought me was ſervant to a rich grandee of Theſſalonica, one of the largeſt cities in Macedonia: he was a kind of houſe-ſteward, and with his brother, who lived alſo in the family, prepared every thing for his maſter's table. Theſe two lodged in the ſame houſe, and joined ſtocks together, one baking the bread, and the other making up ſweet-meats, and dainties of every kind: after their maſter had ſupped, they uſed to bring home the relicks, fiſh, fleſh, and all ſorts of niceties. Joining to the apartment

where they were put, was my ſtable, and I was left there as a guard, and locked in with the proviſion. I bad farewel, therefore, to my barley, fell foul upon my maſter's dainties, and, after a long faſting, got a good belly-full of human food. When they returned home they had for ſome time no ſuſpicion of what had paſſed; there was, indeed, ſuch plenty, that what I took was never miſſed, beſides, that at firſt I made my depredations very ſparingly, and with great caution; but after this, laughing at them for fools, I not only devoured as much as I pleaſed, but picked out the nice bits, when at length they found they had been plundered, though they could not tell by whom, and began to ſuſpect, and abuſe each other, for ſeizing on the common ſtock, which from that time they carefully divided.

I, in the mean time, led a moſt pleaſant and luxurious life: by the help of my * accuſtomed food, my body grew ſleek and handſome; my hair ſoft, and my ſkin ſmooth: my worthy

* *Accuſtomed.*] There is ſomething rather abſurd [illegible] ridiculous in ſuppoſing that Lucius, when turned into an aſs, ſhould be fattened by the food which he was uſed to before his transformation. But Lucian found it neceſſary, we may ſuppoſe, to break through the rules of nature and probability, that he might introduce the marvellous and truly laughable conſequences of it.

maſters,

masters, perceiving how fat and fine I was, and at the same time observing that the barley was not eat, but remained untouched, began to entertain some suspicion of my impudence, and pretending to go out to bathe, shut the door after them, and peeped through a crevice, where they saw what was going forward; for, not aware of the trick, I got immediately to dinner: at first they could scarcely believe their eyes, but presently fell a laughing, and brought several of their fellow-servants to view this spectacle; the noise and riot was at last so great that my master heard, and asked the meaning of it; when they told it him, he got up from table, came to them, and looking in, beheld me devouring part of a wild boar; he was highly diverted, and went in again: thus was I exposed to my master, both as a glutton and a thief: he laughed excessively at it, ordered me in to supper with him, and setting me down to the table, helped me to flesh, oysters, broths, fish, some in oil or pickle, others with mustard, to every thing, in short, which other asses never eat. Perceiving that fortune seemed at length to smile upon me, and that this jest alone might procure me safety and happiness, though I was brim full, I still kept eating at the table: the whole

whole company was in a roar, and at laſt one of them cried out, this aſs would drink wine too, if you would give it him; the maſter immediately ordered them to get me ſome, and I ſupped it up.

The great man aſtoniſhed, as you may ſuppoſe, at ſo ſingular and extraordinary a creature, bad his ſteward give the ſervant, who had bought me, twice as much as I coſt him, and then gave me to the care of a young freedman, whom he ordered to teach me ſome ſuch tricks as would be moſt agreeable to him; all which I eaſily learned, and performed before him. Firſt, he taught me to ſit down on the bed, like a man, and lean on my elbow, then to wreſtle with him, to ſtand upright, to dance, to ſignify Yes orNo by nods and geſtures, with ſeveral other things, which I knew well enough without teaching. The ſtory was ſoon blazed abroad, of the aſs that wreſtled, danced, and drank wine; and above all, that could ſay Yes or No, and when he wanted drink, could aſk for it, by looking at the cup-bearer who waited: they looked upon all this as very unaccountable, little ſuſpecting that this aſs was in truth a man: I took advantage, however, of their ignorance, to fare moſt deliciouſly. I learned

to

to go upon two legs, and to carry my maſter ſo eaſily, that he ſcarce knew I was under him: for all this I was rewarded with magnificent furniture, purple houſings, bridles worked with gold and ſilver, and bells that made the ſweeteſt harmony.

Menecles, for that was my new maſter's name, had come from Theſſalonica, to procure a ſhew of gladiators, which he had promiſed to bring back with him, and the men being now ready, we all ſet out, early in the morning; I carrying my maſter, wherever the road was rough, and not fit for a carriage. When we came to Theſſalonica, every body crouded to ſee the ſpectacle, and at the ſame time to have a ſight of me, for the fame had gone before us how good a mimic I was, and how I danced and wreſtled like a man; my maſter producing me at his table, amongſt the principal perſons of the city, and ſhewing them all my tricks at ſupper.

The man, to whoſe care I was entruſted, made a good penny of me: for, ſhutting me up in a ſtable, he would only open the door to thoſe who paid well for my wonderful performances. Every body that came in, moreover, brought me ſomething or other to eat, which they

they thought moſt foreign to an aſs's ſtomach, but, whatever it was, I devoured it: ſo that in a few days, what with dining with my maſter and other people, I grew enormouſly † fat *
* * * * *

The time of my deliverance now approached; for, being amongſt the ſpectators at the ſhow, I obſerved a man paſſing by with ſome flowers, amongſt which, I ſpied ſome leaves of roſes juſt gathered; I roſe up in a great hurry, as the people about me thought, to dance, when making the beſt of my way to the flowers, I tumbled them over, one by one, till I got to the roſes, which I eagerly devoured; and immediately, to the admiration of all preſent, the whole form of the beaſt entirely diſappeared, the aſs was no more, and Lucius, in his own proper ſhape, ſtood up before them. This ſtrange and unexpected ſight ſtruck them all with amazement, and the ſpectators were divided in opinion; ſome looked upon me as a ſorcerer, ſkilled in the black art, and as a public nuiſance, were for having me burned immediately; whilſt

† *Fat.*] Here follow in the original three or four pages of moſt rank obſcenity, fit only to cut into notes, for the Great Patriot's Eſſay on Woman; and which are, therefore, totally omitted in this tranſlation.

others

others said, they would hear me speak, and then determine accordingly: upon which, I addressed myself to the governor of the province, who happened to be present at the shew, and informed him, that a maid servant belonging to a woman of Thessaly, anointing me with a magic ointment, turned me into an ass. I then begged him to take me under his protection, till I could prove to him the truth of my assertions. "Tell me, says the governor, your name, and the names of your friends and relations, if you have any, and where they live." "Father, replied I, my name is Lucius, my brother's surname is Caius, the rest of what we are called by, is common to us both. I am a writer of histories and other books; he makes elegies, and is an excellent poet; and I come from Patræ, a city of Achaia." The governor hearing this, leaped from his seat, embraced, and kissed me; "You are the son, said he, of my dearest friends and acquaintance, who received me most hospitably at their house, and made me several presents; I am sure their son could never tell a falshood." He then took and carried me home with him. In the mean time, my brother, who had heard of the affair, came to me, and brought me money, and other

other neceſſaries, which I was much in want of. The governor, before all the people, acquitted me. We then went down together to the ſea-ſhore, looked about for a ſhip, and put our bundles aboard; the wind blowing fair from the harbour, we ſet ſail, and in a few days, reached our native country. Here I ſacrificed to the tutelary deities, and offered gifts in thankful return for my ſafety and preſervation, after the many toils and dangers I had ſuffered, during my long and painful aſs-hood.

JUPITER CONFUTED,

A DIALOGUE.

The Intent of this Dialogue *is evidently nothing less than to turn into Ridicule the whole absurd System of Religion that so long prevailed in the Heathen World, and particularly that Part of it which relates to the Doctrine of Fate, or Predestination, which was full of Error and Inconsistency: it is, indeed, exactly the Conversation of* Milton's *Devils, where he tells us, they talked of*

> *Fix'd Fate, free Will, Foreknowlege absolute,*
> *And find no End, in wand'ring Mazes lost.*

Nothing can exceed the Freedom and Familiarity with which LUCIAN, *in this, as well as in many other Parts of his Works, treats* Jupiter, *and the rest, of the Divinities; but, as a very* * *sensible Writer observes,—" We may be well assured that a Man conversant with the World, as* LUCIAN *was, would never have ventured to expose the Gods of his Countrymen to public Ridicule, had they not already been the Objects of secret Contempt among the polished and enlightened Orders of Society."*

* See Gibbon on the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

JUPI-

JUPITER, CYNISCUS.

CYNISCUS.

I COME not, Jupiter, to trouble you for riches, honours, or kingdoms, which the greater part of mankind are ſo ambitious of, and which you know not how, without ſome difficulty, properly to divide amongſt them; I want but one thing of you, which you may very eaſily grant.

JUPITER.

And pray, Cyniſcus, what may that be? if your deſires are ſo moderate, I ſhall certainly comply with them.

CYNISCUS.

It is only to anſwer me this plain queſtion.

JUPITER.

A ſmall requeſt, and eaſily granted; aſk as many as you pleaſe.

CYNISCUS.

Obſerve me, then; you have read the poems of Homer and * Heſiod: inform me, therefore,

* *Heſiod.*]
From the ſame parent ſprung the rig'rous three,
The goddeſſes of fate and deſtiny,
Clotho and Lacheſis, in whoſe boundleſs ſway,
With Atropos, both men and gods obey;
To human race, they from their birth ordain,
A life of pleaſure, or a life of pain;

To

fore, whether that be true which they have ſung concerning the Fates, that, whatever they determined at our birth, is abſolutely unavoidable?

JUPITER.

O moſt indiſputably: there is nothing which the Fates do not pre-ordain; whatever is wound upon their reel, muſt continue from the † beginning of life to the end of it, and cannot poſſibly be altered.

CYNISCUS.

When Homer, therefore, in another part of his poem, ſays,

> ‡ —— Beware, not antedate thy doom,
> Defrauding fate of all thy fame to come;

we muſt ſuppoſe him to be a little out of his ſenſes.

JUPITER.

No doubt of it: nothing muſt tranſgreſs the law of the Parcæ, or break their thread. What-

> To ſlav'ry, or to empire, ſuch their pow'r,
> They fix a mortal at his natal hour;
> The crimes of men and gods the Fates purſue,
> And give to each alike the vengeance due.

See Heſiod's Theogony.

† *The beginning.*] —— Let him fall, as fates deſign,
That ſpun ſo ſhort his life's illuſtrious line.
See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xx. l. 154.

‡ *Beware, &c.*] Neptune's ſpeech to Æneas. See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xx. l. 385.

 ever

ever poets ſing by inſpiration of the Muſes, is true; but when they are deſerted by the Goddeſſes, and make verſes of their own heads, then they miſtake and contradict themſelves: as men, however, they are intitled to pardon, though ignorant of truth, when that power is no longer with them, which, when preſent, dictated to, and inſpired them.

CYNISCUS.

I am ſatisfied it muſt be ſo: but, may I aſk another queſtion? the Fates, I think, are three in number, § Clotho, Lacheſis, and Atropos.

JUPITER.

Right.

CYNISCUS.

Fate and Fortune, then, thoſe hackneyed names, what are they, and what is the power of each of them? are they equal to the Fates, or ſuperior? for I hear all the world crying out, nothing is greater than Fate and Fortune.

§ *Clotho, &c.*] Theſe three ladies, it ſeems, divided the buſineſs between them. Clotho preſided over, and directed the natal hour, Lacheſis wound up the thread of events in life, and Atropos cut off the thread, and put an end to the being. Their ſeveral employments are all put into the following Latin verſe,

Clotho colum retinet, Lacheſis net, & Atropos occat.

It would be no very eaſy taſk to confine all the ſenſe of this in an Engliſh one; do it then if thou canſt, gentle reader,

Et eris mihi magnus Apollo.

JUPI-

JUPITER.

Cyniſcus, you muſt not know every thing: but why ſo inquiſitive about the Fates?

CYNISCUS.

If it be as you tell me, they command even you, and you are forced to hang by their thread.

JUPITER.

I am ſo, Cyniſcus; but why that ſmile?

CYNISCUS.

I was juſt calling to mind thoſe verſes of * Homer, where you are brought in, haranguing the gods in council, and threatening them; where you are repreſented as hanging all things in a golden chain, and ſaying, that when you let it down from heaven, if all the gods at the end of it were to pull againſt you, they could not move it, but that you with eaſe,

> Cou'd heave the gods, the ocean, and the land.

You ſeemed then to be poſſeſſed of a moſt aſtoniſhing power, and when I read thoſe verſes, I ſhuddered at the thought of it; but now you appear to me with your long chain and your threats, to hang, as one may ſay, by a ſlender thread. Clotho, in my opinion, has more right to boaſt, that ſhe can lift you up at the end of

* *Homer.*] See Iliad, book viii. l. 25. The lines have already been quoted from Pope.

her ſhuttle, with as much eaſe as an angler does a fiſh at the end of his rod.

JUPITER.

I am at a loſs to conceive what you aim at by all thoſe queſtions.

CYNISCUS.

I will tell you; but I beſeech you, by Fate and the Parcæ, not to be angry with me for ſpeaking the truth boldly: if theſe things are ſo, if every thing is in the power of the Fates, and nothing which they have decreed, can by any means be reverſed; why ſhould we mortals bring our hecatombs and ſacrifices to you, or † put up prayers for bleſſings from you? for my part, I ſee no advantage that can reſult from it, if our prayers can neither avert evil, nor procure good for us from the divine Being.

JUPITER.

I know where you pick up your ſubtle arguments; from thoſe curſed ſophiſts, who deny our providence, and, not content with aſking theſe impious queſtions, diſſuade others from praying or ſacrificing to us, telling them, it is all in vain, for that we take no care about

† *Put up*, &c.] This, to a believer in predeſtination is, it muſt be acknowleged, a ſhrewd argument, and to ſay the truth, not eaſily refuted.

earthly

earthly things, nor are able to do any thing for mankind: but they ſhall not long rejoice in their iniquity.

CYNISCUS.

I ſwear, Jupiter, by Clotho's ſhuttle, it was not any thing which they ſaid that makes me talk ſo; but it ſeems to follow from your own confeſſion, that ſacrifices are rather ſuperfluous; for let me aſk you only one thing, do not be angry now, but anſwer me.

JUPITER.

Well, if you have nothing elſe to do but to prate about theſe things, aſk it.

CYNISCUS.

Every thing, you ſay, is determined by the Fates?

JUPITER.

Certainly.

CYNISCUS.

And is it in your power to change, or annul it?

JUPITER.

By no means.

CYNISCUS.

Need I mention the conſequence then, or is not it plain enough without my ſaying any thing about it?

JUPITER.

It is plain enough indeed: but those who sacrifice to us, do it not through want, but out of gratitude for benefits received, as paying for what they have had of us, and from reverence of their superiors.

CYNISCUS.

Sacrifices then, you say, are only intended to shew gratitude and respect; but if one of our sophists were here, he would ask you, perhaps, in what the superiority of the Gods consists, when they are only fellow-servants with men, and subject to the same mistresses, the Fates; your immortality does not make you better, but rather so much the worse; for death, if nothing else, will set them free; but your slavery must continue as long as they please to extend the thread, and lasts for ever.

JUPITER.

But then, Cyniscus, our happiness is infinite and eternal.

CYNISCUS.

Not to all of you, some have trouble enough; you, indeed, may be happy, who are the king, and can let down your * rope, and draw the

* *Rope.*] Alluding to the chain, as mentioned before, in the second book of the Iliad. A circumstance which Lucian is perpetually making merry with.

earth

earth and ſeas after you; but what think you of lame Vulcan, a poor ſooty labourer; Prometheus too, who was chained to a rock; not to mention your own † father, who was bound in Tartarus. They tell us too, that ſome of you fall in love, others are wounded, others become the ſlaves of mortals, as your ‡ brother was to Laomedon, and Apollo to Admetus. There ſeems to be no great happineſs in all this; ſome of you, perhaps, may be fortunate, and others juſt the contrary. Not to mention that you often get among thieves who rob and plunder you, and you fall from affluence into penury; if you happen, to be || gold or ſilver, they melt you down, even juſt as the Fates have decreed.

† *Father.*] Saturn. See the whole abſurd ſtory, told at large in Lucian's Theogony.

‡ *Brother.*] Neptune, we are told, was baniſhed from heaven for conſpiring againſt Jupiter, who ſent him down to earth, and obliged him to go into the ſervice of Laomedon, the father of Priam, and king of Troy, who employed him in making dikes to prevent inundations: which, it ſeems, being ſkilled, as Neptune muſt have been, in all maritime affairs, he performed to a miracle.

|| *Gold.*] The gold and ſilver ſtatues of the Pagan divinities were frequently, we may ſuppoſe, melted down by the poſſeſſors of them, when occaſion required, juſt as our modern madonnas, ſaints, and martyrs, have often been ſerved by monks and prieſts belonging to the church of Rome.

JUPITER.

You are very abuſive, Cyniſcus; but you may repent it hereafter.

CYNISCUS.

Spare your threats, good Jupiter, for you very well know, nothing can happen to me but what the Parcæ have predeſtined: even ſacrilege, I ſee, is not puniſhed; it is not, I ſuppoſe, in the Fates, that it ſhould be.

JUPITER.

Did not I ſay before, you were one of thoſe who deny a providence?

CYNISCUS.

Theſe are the men you ſeem to be moſt afraid of, and whatever I ſay, you attribute to them; but I appeal to yourſelf, and beg leave to aſk you what that providence is which you talk of; is it one of the Parcæ, or a greater goddeſs who gives laws to them?

JUPITER.

I told you before you muſt not be too inquiſitive, and want to know everything. At firſt you only deſired to aſk one queſtion, and now you teize me with a thouſand: I ſee your deſign, plainly enough, to prove, that we take no care of human affairs.

CY-

CYNISCUS.

I have no ſuch intention; but you ſaid a little while ago, that the Fates did every thing; now, perhaps, you mean to recant.

JUPITER.

By no means: Fate does every thing, but then it is through us.

CYNISCUS.

You are only the ſervants then, the miniſters of the Fates; and the providence, after all, is theirs, whilſt you are nothing but mere inſtruments.

JUPITER.

What do you mean?

CYNISCUS.

That as axes and hammers are uſeful to a ſmith in his art, though nobody calls them artiſts; and a ſhip is not the work of the axe or hammer, but of the builder: in like manner, Fate is the architect of our great ſhip, and you are but their axes and hammers; and yet men, it ſeems, inſtead of ſacrificing to the Fates, and aſking bleſſings of them, come to worſhip you for them: nor, if they were to pay their adorations there, would they be much the better for it, for the Fates themſelves cannot alter their own decree; nor would Atropos or Clotho

tho ever suffer their spindles to be turned backward, and their work unravelled.

JUPITER.

Such doctrine as your's would confound every thing; but we deserve to be worshipped, if for no other reason, at least for this, that we can foretell every thing that the Fates have decreed.

CYNISCUS.

A very useless privilege indeed, to be able to foretell what you cannot teach them to avoid; unless the man who knew he was to die by a sword, could escape it by shutting himself up; but this you do not pretend to, for Fate will carry him out a-hunting, and expose him to the enemy: Adrastus shall throw his spear at a boar, miss him, and kill the son of Crœsus; for so the powerful Fates had long since decreed, and directed the javelin. How ridiculous was the prediction of * Laius:

† Beget no children, for the wrath of heav'n
Awaits thee, and the son shall slay his father.

Unnecessary is the admonition, when the event must come to pass: in spite of the oracle, he

* *Laius.*] See the Phœnissæ of Euripides.

† *Beget, &c.*] This was the answer given to Laius by the oracle of Apollo, which was afterwards so exactly and literally fulfilled in the destruction of the unhappy Oedipus, and which furnished Sophocles with the subject of his finest and most perfect tragedy, of the Oedipus Tyrannus.

begat

begat a child, and was ſlain by him. I ſee no reaſon, therefore, why you ſhould be thanked for your prophecies. I ſhall ſay nothing of your obſcure and ambiguous oracles, ſo worded, that there was no knowing whether he who had paſſed over ‡ Halys, was to deſtroy the kingdom of Cyrus, or his own, for the oracle might mean either of them.

JUPITER.

You muſt remember, Apollo had reaſon to

‡ *Halys.*] The famous Crœſus, king of Lydia, having ſent to the Delphic oracle to know whether it was decreed by Fate that he ſhould paſs over the river Halys in his march againſt the Perſians, and how long the empire ſhould remain in his hands, the oracle returned for anſwer, that if he paſſed the river Halys he ſhould deſtroy a great empire, and that his power ſhould remain unſhaken till a mule ſhould ſit on the throne of Perſia." Crœſus was ſatisfied with the reply, and thought himſelf as ſafe as Macbeth did, when the witches told him he

——— Need not fear any thing,
Till Birnam wood ſhould move to Dunſinane.

The anſwer of the oracle, like that of Shakſpeare's witches, was evaſive. We did not tell you, ſaid the prieſts afterwards, whoſe kingdom was to be deſtroyed, your enemy's, or your own; and as to the mule, it came to paſs as we foretold, for Cyrus was the mule we meant, being half Perſian, half Mede; a Perſian by his father, and a Median by his mother.

be

be affronted at Crœſus, for trying his oracle by * mixing tortoiſe and lamb's fleſh.

CYNISCUS.

A god, Jupiter, ſhould never be angry; but that the king of Lydia ſhould be deceived by an oracle, was, I ſuppoſe, decreed by Fate, which had wove his thread in ſuch a manner, that he could not clearly underſtand the prophecy; ſo that your power of divination itſelf, is, after all, nothing but the work of Fate.

JUPITER.

By and by you will leave us nothing: we are gods, it ſeems, to very little purpoſe, for we take no care of human affairs, nor have any

* *Mixing, &c.*] Crœſus, who, we may ſuppoſe, was a ſceptic, or free-thinker, with regard to oracles, ſent meſſengers to Delphos and other places, requeſting them to reſolve this queſtion, viz. "What is Crœſus, king of Lydia, now doing?" The anſwer from Delphos was, "I ſmell a ſtrong ſmell of a tortoiſe mixed with lamb's fleſh, boiled in a cauldron, that is braſs above and braſs below." Crœſus, it ſeems, little thinking that the oracle could diſcover what he was about, was at that very inſtant diverting himſelf with boiling lamb's fleſh and tortoiſe in a brazen veſſel. How the oracle, or the prieſts belonging to it, got intelligence of his majeſty's ſtrange employment at that time, has never yet been diſcovered; certain, however, it is that Crœſus, from that time, conceived a high opinion of the oracle, and conſulted it ever after: but Apollo, we find, reſented the trick which Crœſus wanted to play upon him, and puniſhed him accordingly. See Herodotus's account of this tranſaction.

claim

claim to ſacrifice, being no more, in reality, than ſo many axes and hammers: but I deſerve all this contempt for ſtanding thus with a thunder-bolt in my hand, and not puniſhing your inſolence.

CYNISCUS.

Strike, I beſeech you; if it be ſo decreed, I ſhall not blame you for the blow, but Clotho, who, by you, thus makes an end of me. But let me aſk you and Fate one more queſtion, and anſwer me for both: how happens it that, taking no notice of thieves, ruffians, and murtherers, you throw your thunder at oaks, and ſtones, the maſt of a ſhip, that never did any harm, or now and then a poor innocent traveller! what ſay you, Jupiter? is this another thing which I muſt not enquire after?

JUPITER.

It is, you are impiouſly inquiſitive; I wonder where you picked up all this ſtuff to perplex me with.

CYNISCUS.

I ſuppoſe, I muſt not aſk you, or Fate, or Providence, why that good and juſt man Phocyon died for want, or, before him, Ariſtides; whilſt thoſe debauched youths, Callias, and Alcibiades, lived in affluence and proſperity: as well as the proud Midias, and Charops of Ægina, that infamous fellow, who ſtarved his

his own mother; or again, why Socrates was condemned by the judges, instead of Melitus; or why the effeminate Sardanapalus reigned in peace, whilst so many brave Persians were destroyed by him, for murmuring at his actions: why, in short, the * covetous, the base, and wicked, are prosperous and happy, whilst the good and pious are oppressed by want, sorrow, disease, and every other calamity.

JUPITER.

But thou knowest not, Cyniscus, what punishments are reserved for the wicked in another life, nor what happiness for the good and virtuous.

CYNISCUS.

You want to frighten me with the infernal regions, with your Tityus, and your Tantalus; when I am dead, I shall know whether there is any such thing; in the mean time I would wish to live happily here, be the time ever so short, though a score of † vulturs were to prey

* *The covetous, &c.*] "I was grieved (says David), at the wicked. I do also see the ungodly in such prosperity, they are in no peril of death, but are lusty and strong; they come in no misfortune, like other folk, neither are they plagued like other men: these prosper in the world, these have riches in possession; and I said, then have I cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocency." See Psal. lxxiii.

† *Vulturs.*] Alluding to the punishment of Prometheus.

upon

upon my liver in the ſhades below, nor would I thirſt for ever in this life, like Tantalus, for the ſake of drinking nectar with the heroes, in the Iſland of the Bleſt, or repoſing in the ‡ Elyſian Fields hereafter.

JUPITER.

Do you doubt, then, whether there are rewards and puniſhments in another ſtate, where every man's life and actions will be enquired into?

CYNISCUS.

I am told that Minos, the Cretan, is appointed judge below; you can inform me about him, for they ſay he is your ſon.

JUPITER.

What would you know concerning him?

CYNISCUS.

Whom he inflicts the greateſt puniſhments on.

‡ *Elyſian fields.*] The happineſs of the good and virtuous after death, according to the Pagan ſyſtem, ſeems to have been merely negative, and to have conſiſted rather in an exemption from pain and ſolicitude, than in the actual enjoyment of any pleaſures, either mutual or corporeal. The arch-impoſtor, Mahomet, no doubt ſaw the abſurdity of this plan, and allured his followers by the offer of a ſenſual paradiſe; and his ſcheme, though viſionary, and ill-founded, was certainly a much more rational one than that of the heathen poets and philoſophers. But, how poor and contemptible are both of them, when compared to the glorious proſpect of immortality, brought to light by the goſpel of Chriſt!

JUPI-

JUPITER.

On bad men, thieves, and murtherers.

CYNISCUS.

And whom does he ſend to keep company with the heroes?

JUPITER.

The good and pious, who live according to the dictates of honour and virtue.

CYNISCUS.

And why ſo?

JUPITER.

Becauſe the one deſerve puniſhment, and the other are entitled to reward.

CYNISCUS.

But if a man commits an involuntary crime, ought he to ſuffer for it?

JUPITER.

By no means.

CYNISCUS.

Nor if a man does good undeſignedly, ſhould he be rewarded?

JUPITER.

Certainly.

CYNISCUS.

He ſhould not, therefore, either puniſh or reward any body.

JUPITER.

Why ſo?

CYNISCUS.

Becaufe we mortals do nothing of our own will, but are compelled by inevitable neceffity; at leaft, if that be true which we have juft now agreed upon, that Fate is the caufe of all things: if a man commits murther or facrilege, it is Fate that obliges him to it; and if Minos acts juftly, he muft punifh the Parcæ, inftead of Sifyphus and Tantalus; for whatever both did, was only in obedience to their commands.

JUPITER.

You are an impudent fophift, and deferve no anfwer; I fhall therefore take my leave of you.

CYNISCUS.

I am forry for that; for I was juft going to afk you where thefe Fates are to be met with, and how, as there are but three of them, they can contrive to do fo much bufinefs: they muft lead, I fhould think, but a miferable life, and were born, as one may fay, to a bad deftiny; for my part, I would not change fituations with them; I had rather live in poverty than fit thus for ever, turning a fpindle, and perplexed with fuch a load of employment: if you cannot eafily anfwer thefe queftions, Jupiter, I muft e'en be contented with what you have told me about Fate and Providence: perhaps it was not decreed that I fhould know any thing farther.

JUPITER THE TRAGEDIAN, A DIALOGUE.

The unfortunate Situation of the whole Synod of Olympus, *and the Contempt in which it was held by all Ranks and Degrees of Men, is, in this* Dialogue, *painted in the most glaring Colours which Humour and Ridicule could possibly suggest, and is a signal Instance of the extraordinary Freedom with which* LUCIAN, *and probably other Writers in his Time, treated the Gods, and the Religion of their Country. But, as* * FONTENELLE *observes, "Il est assés plaisant que toute la Religion payenne ne fût qu'un Problême de Philosophie; apparemment les Philosophes s'interessoient assés peu au Gouvernement pour ne se pas soucier de choquer la Religion dans leurs Disputes; et peutêtre le Peuple n'avoit pas assés de foi aux Philosophes pour abandonner la Religion, ny pour y rien changer sur leur Parole; et enfin la Passion dominante des* Grecs *étoit de discourir sur toutes les Matiéres*

* See his Histoire des Oracles.

à quelque

à quelque prix que ſe peut etre, la Religion payenne ne demandoit que des Ceremonies, et nuls Sentimens du Cœur."

JUPITER, MINERVA, MERCURY, JUNO, &c.

MERCURY.

AH, † wherefore, Jove! thus thoughtful, thus alone,
And with thyſelf converſing, doſt thou roam,
Pale as the deep philoſopher who trims
The midnight lamp? O! give me to partake
Thy councils, and thy grief, nor ſlight the aid
Of thy poor ſlave, as trivial, light, and vain.

MINERVA.

* Say, king of gods and men, Saturnian Jove,
Behold Minerva, blue-ey'd goddeſs, thee
Suppliant adores: O give her but to know
Thy inmoſt grief; whence ſpring theſe dreadful groans,
Why ſpreads that paleneſs o'er thy face divine?

JUPITER.

† There's not an ill, a ſorrow, or a pain,
No ſad event, in tragic ſtory told,

† *Ah, wherefore, &c.*] Mercury, finding his maſter Jupiter in a melancholy mood, and reciting ſcraps of a tragedy, like a true courtier falls in with his humour, and addreſſes him in heroics. The words in the original are probably quoted from ſome tragedy of Euripides not now extant.

* *Say, king, &c.*] Minerva, not to be behind hand in complaiſance, appeals to Jupiter in hexameters. Her ſpeech is a little kind of cento, taken from various parts of Homer, and put together ad libitum.

† *There's not, &c.*] From the Oreſtes of Euripides, with a little variation.

Which gods have not experienced; nought that's wretched,
Which our unhappy nature doth not feel.

MINERVA.

Heav'ns! what a prologue!

JUPITER.

Impious, earth-born race,
And thou, Prometheus, what a train of ills
Didst thou procure me!

MINERVA.

Tell us, for thou speak'st
To thy best friends, thy fellow-deities.

JUPITER.

‡ What hast thou done for me, thou noisy thunder?

MINERVA.

Do not be angry with us, good Jupiter, if not having swallowed all Euripides, we should find ourselves unable to tragedize with you.

JUNO.

Do you think I do not know what is the cause of all this weeping and wailing?

JUPITER.

O! if thou didst, 'twou'd fill thy eyes with tears.

JUNO.

I tell you, I know it well enough, it is some love affair; but you have so often injured me in that point that I shall not cry about it. I sup-

‡ *What hast, &c.*] This is either from some old poet, whose works are not come down to us, or an imitation by Lucian himself.

pose

pose you have found some new Danae, Semele, or Europa, that you are fond of, and are considering whether you shall be a bull, a satyr, or a shower of gold, flowing through the tiles, into the bosom of your mistress: sighs, groans, tears, and that pallid hue can be symptoms of nothing but love.

J U P I T E R.

Ridiculous! to think I am uneasy about such trifles.

J U N O.

What is there else that can make Jupiter unhappy?

J U P I T E R.

Juno; the affairs of the gods are in imminent danger; we stand, as the proverb says, on the edge of a razor, and it is a moot point whether, henceforth, we are to be worshipped, and receive any honours from mortals, or be totally neglected, and despised.

J U N O.

Hath the earth then brought forth more giants, have the Titans burst their chains, subdued their keepers, and taken up arms against us?

J U P I T E R.

Be * not alarm'd, for all is safe below.

* *Be not*, &c.] Parody of a line in the Phœnissæ of Euripides.

JUNO.

What then can happen besides, so very terrible? if this is not the cause of your grief, what is it that can make you thus put on † Polus and Aristodemus, instead of Jupiter?

JUPITER.

I will tell you; there was yesterday a dispute, I do not know how it began, between Timocles, the Stoic, and Damis, the Epicurean, concerning providence, before a large and respectable audience. Damis asserted (which hurt me most), that there were no gods, to look over and direct human affairs; whilst the good Timocles, on the other hand, undertook to defend our cause. A number of people crouding in upon them, they did not finish the discourse, but parted with a resolution to meet again, and determine the point some other time: and now it remains in doubt who will gain the victory. You see what danger we are in, and that all depends on one man; one of these things must happen, either that we are to be contemned, and treated as mere idle names, or, if Timocles succeeds, worshipped and honoured as we used to be.

JUNO.

In good truth, Jupiter, these are things of

† *Polus and Aristodemus.*] Two eminent Grecian actors.

conse-

confequence, nor do I wonder now at your tragic ftrain.

JUPITER.

And yet you thought I was in all this agitation about fome Danae, or Antiopa: but now, Mercury, Juno, and Minerva, what is to be done? You muft all do your parts, and think of fomething or other.

MERCURY.

It fhould be referred, I think, to the confideration of all the gods: and a council called.

JUNO.

I think fo too.

MINERVA.

I am quite of a different opinion: heaven, I think, ought not to be difturbed, nor would I have it known that you ftirred in the affair: every thing fhould be carried on privately, if you would have Timocles come off conqueror, and Damis be laughed at, and give up the point.

MERCURY.

It can never be a fecret, Jupiter, as the difpute is to be in public, and they will fay, you play the tyrant, in not communicating to them what concerns the common fafety.

JUPITER.

Give notice, then, and let them all attend.

MERCURY.

You are certainly right. O yes, O yes: away to council, all ye gods, immediately, on affairs of the utmoſt importance.

JUPITER.

And is this all, Mercury? Do you ſummon the gods to council, on ſuch deep matters, in this ſimple manner, and in plain proſe?

MERCURY.

How would you have me do it?

JUPITER.

How! why I would give it an air of ſolemnity, have it cried in verſe, with all poetical magnificence, and ſuitable to the ſubject.

MERCURY.

True: but this is the buſineſs of rhapſodiſts, and heroic writers: I am no poet; I ſhall only ſpoil the buſineſs, by exceeding the meaſure of the verſe, or patching it up when it falls ſhort, and they will laugh at me for my ignorance. I have ſeen Apollo himſelf ſerved ſo, for ſome of his oracles: though the obſcurity of the prophecy hides a great many faults, and the hearer is ſeldom at leiſure to examine the metre.

JUPITER.

You may give it us out of Homer; call the council as he has done, I ſuppoſe you can recollect it.

MERCURY.

Not exactly, I am afraid: I will try, however, what I can do,

* Haste all ye male and female deities,
Attend, with me, the senate of the skies,
Not one be absent, not a rural pow'r,
That haunts the verdant gloom, or rosy bow'r,
Each fair-hair'd Dryad of the shady wood,
Each azure sister of the silver flood;
Ye first and last, and ye who have a name,
And ye who have not, ye, whose altars claim
The smoking victim—hither all repair.

JUPITER.

Very well, indeed; Mercury, you are a most excellent crier: for see they are crouding in already: do you seat them according to their rank, both with regard to the † materials, and the workmanship: first, the gold, next the silver, then the ivory, then the brass and stone; and, do you hear, let the works of Phidias, Alcamenes, Myron, Euphranor, and the like

Haste all, &c.] This is partly from Homer, and partly Lucian's own humour interspersed with it. The idea of calling on the *νωνυμνες*, the sine nomine turba, or gods without a name, is truly laughable.

† *Materials.*] The real gods assembled in heaven, are supposed to call on their representatives on earth, the statues in brass, gold, &c. to join the council, and be acquainted with the dangers that threatened the whole community; hence arises a ridiculous distinction and dispute concerning the several materials of which the deities were made, with which Lucian makes himself extremely merry.

excel-

excellent artifts, have the preference : as [illegible] vulgar, that are poorly executed, they ma[y] ftand filent in a corner, as only admitted to fill up the affembly.

MERCURY.

It fhall be done ; I will feat them according to order : but what am I to do, if one of the golden ones that weighs feveral talents, fhould be but indifferently worked, of the commoneft fort, and not anfwering in the other refpects ; muft I place him before the brazen ones of Myro, and Polycletes, or the ftone of Phidias and Alcamenes ; or do you think, that thofe who fhew the greateft perfection in the art, fhould be preferred ?

JUPITER.

It fhould be fo ; but we muft put the golden one firft.

MERCURY.

I underftand you ; you would have me place them, not according to their merit, but their riches. Come, therefore, you golden ones, [illegible]- to the firft feats. But now, behold, Jupiter, the beft places are filled with barbarians ; you fee what the Greeks are, beautiful, of a fine appearance, and wrought in a mafterly ftyle, but they are moft of them in ftone or brafs, the moft valuable of ivory, with a very little gold

juft

juſt to colour and adorn them, whilſt the inſide is wood, that furniſhes an habitation for a colony of mice. But Bendis and Anubis, and with them Attis and Mithres are all ſolid gold, and of infinite value.

NEPTUNE.

And where is the juſtice, Mercury, in placing that dog-faced Ægyptian before me? do you know who I am?

MERCURY.

I do: but you muſt remember my good * Earth-ſhaker, that Lyſippus has made you of nothing but poor braſs, for the Corinthians, at that time, had no gold amongſt them; which, you know, is the richeſt of all metals. You muſt ſubmit, therefore, to be ſet aſide, nor muſt you take it ill, if he who has ſuch a large golden noſe, is preferred before you.

VENUS.

Seat me, I deſire, in the firſt row, for I am all gold.

MERCURY.

That is more than I know; for, if I am not purblind, you are cut out of white Pentelean marble, and as ſuch Praxiteles preſented you to the Cnidians.

* *Earth-ſhaker.*] The title uſually given to Neptune by Homer.

VENUS.

VENUS.

I can call in Homer, a reſpectable evidence, to vouch for me, who, in all his verſes, calls me the golden Venus.

MERCURY.

Yes; and ſo he calls Apollo the rich and wealthy, and yet you may ſee him ſitting amongſt the ploughmen, his crown taken off his head by thieves, and the ſtrings of his lyre cracked by a ſet of ruffians; be contented, therefore, that you are not at the head of the aſſembly.

COLOSSUS.

Who ſhall dare to contend for precedence with me, the immenſe * Coloſſus, with his radiant

* *Coloſſus.*] This famous ſtatue, which is called one of the ſeven wonders of the world, was a huge and immenſe repreſentation of Apollo, or the Sun, worſhipped by the Rhodians. The ancient hiſtorians, who are very apt to fib on theſe occaſions, tell us, that it was ſeventy cubits high; or, according to Feſtus, a hundred and five feet long, all of braſs, the work of one Chares, a diſciple of the famous ſtatuary Lyſippus; its feet were placed on two immenſely high rocks or pedeſtals, at the entrance of the port of Rhodes, and at ſuch a diſtance from each other, that ſhips in full ſail paſſed in between them. Pliny informs us, that about fifty-ſix years after its erection, it was laid flat, and remained in that condition till the time of Veſpaſian, who ſet it up again. When the Saracens became maſters of Rhodes, they found it again thrown down, and ſold it for an immenſe ſum to a Jew, who took it to pieces, and carried off the

diant ſun? the Rhodians might have made twenty golden gods for the money that I coſt them; by the rule of proportion, therefore, I ſhould be placed above them all; beſides that, you ſhould conſider the art and exquiſite workmanſhip employed about me.

MERCURY.

What is to be done in this affair, Jupiter? it is a difficult point to determine; for, with reſpect to the materials, he is nothing but braſs; and yet, on the other hand, if we conſider how many talents he coſt making, he muſt be of the firſt quality.

JUPITER.

What does he come amongſt us for? only to diſgrace our diminutive ſize, and throw the aſſembly into confuſion; hark you, moſt noble Rhodian, if we give you precedence here, and place you before the golden ones, how will you contrive to take your ſeat, unleſs they all riſe up to give you room, for one of your thighs will fill the whole court; you had better ſtand upright, therefore, with your head towards the aſſembly.

the braſs it was made of, on nine hundred camels. The thumb, it ſeems, was as much as a man could well ſpan with his two arms, and every finger was as large as a common ſtatue.

MER-

MERCURY.

Here is another difficulty for you; two gods, both of brafs, and the fame workmanfhip, both wrought by Lyfippus, both equal in birth, the fons of Jupiter, Bacchus and Hercules; which muft have the precedency? they are both, you fee, contending for it.

JUPITER.

Mercury, we are lofing time here, inftead of minding our bufinefs; we fhould have got to our fpeeches before this: let them feat themfelves promifcuoufly, juft where they pleafe for the prefent; by and by, we will call a council about this, and fettle the order of precedency.

MERCURY.

But hark! what a riot and tumult there is amongft them! they are crying out as ufual, where is the nectar and ambrofia, where are the hecatombs and the facrifices?

JUPITER.

Mercury, command filence, that they may hear what we are met about, and not think of fuch trifles.

MERCURY.

But what fhall I do, Jupiter? they do not all underftand Greek, and I am not fo fkilled in languages as to be able to talk intelligibly to Scythians, Perfians, Thracians, and Gauls; I believe I had better make a fign with my hand.

JUPI

JUPITER.

Do ſo.

MERCURY.

There: you ſee they are as mute as ſo many ſophiſts, now is the time to harrangue; obſerve, they are looking towards you, and expect you ſhould addreſs them.

JUPITER.

Now, as you are my ſon, Mercury, I will tell you what a condition I am in: you know how bold I generally am in council, and how magnificently I talk.

MERCURY.

I know it; I uſed to tremble when I heard you: eſpecially, when you threatened to hang down your * golden chain, and draw up gods, earth, and ſeas from their foundations.

JUPITER.

And yet I declare to you, my ſon, I know not how it is, but, whether it be from the weight of misfortunes that threaten us, or from the number of deities aſſembled, for you ſee the council is full of gods; my mind is diſturbed, I tremble, and my tongue ſeems to be tied up; but, what is worſt of all, I have forgot a very fine exordium to my ſpeech, which I had drawn up for the occaſion.

* *Golden chain.*] See Homer: the paſſage has been quoted before.

MER-

MERCURY.

Now, Jupiter, you have ſpoiled all; for your ſilence will make them ſuſpect, that the misfortune may be worſe than it really is.

JUPITER.

Shall I make uſe of Homer's then?

MERCURY.

What is it?

JUPITER.

* Celeſtial ſtates, immortal gods! give ear.

MERCURY.

No, no; you have given us enough of that already; you had better take one of Demoſthenes' Philippics, patch it up, and make a little alteration here and there; many great orators practiſe this now-a-days.

JUPITER.

Well adviſed; it is a moſt compendious kind of rhetoric, and very convenient for ſuch as do not know how to get on, or which way to turn themſelves. Come, I will begin. † "Far ſuperior to the richeſt treaſures, O ye ‡ mortal gods, am I ſatisfied, you would eſteem the perfect knowlege of that buſineſs which hath here called us together, with the greateſt pleaſure,

* *Cœleſtial, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, b. viii. l. 5.

† From the beginning of the firſt Philippic.

‡ In imitation of Ανδρες Αθηναιοι, O ye Athenian men.

therefore

therefore you will, I doubt not, liſten to what I ſhall advance concerning it; the preſent criſis doth, as it were, with a loud voice, call for all our immediate care and attention" ---

But I will now (for here my Demoſthenes fails me,) explain to you, on what occaſion I called this council. Yeſterday, you know, Mneſitheus the pilot offered up a ſacrifice to us, on account of his ſhip being preſerved, which had narrowly eſcaped a wreck near § Caphareus, and as many as were invited, ſupped together in the Piræus: after the libations, as you may remember, you dropped off one by one; I, for it was not late, went into the city, and walked about the Ceramicus, reflecting on the ſordid diſpoſition of Mneſitheus, who, after inviting ſixteen gods to his feaſt, killed only one cock, and that an old one, and half dead of the pip; which was all he gave us, beſides four grains of incenſe, which was ſo mouldy, that it was burned out immediately, and gave ſo little ſmoke, that we could hardly ſmell it; though, when his ſhip got on the ſhallows, and ſtruck upon the rock, he pro-

§ *Caphareus.*] A Promontory of Eubœa, running out at the ſouth-eaſt, dangerous for ſhipping on account of its eddies and concealed rocks. See Virgil, Ovid, and Propertius.

 miſed

mised us whole hecatombs, if we would deliver him.

Whilst I was pondering on these things, I came towards the Pœcile, where I saw a vast crowd of people assembled, some within the porch, others in the open air, and, amongst the rest, two who were seated, and seemed very loud and vehement in their discourse: finding these to be, as I did imagine, two philosophers in a warm debate, I was resolved to hear what they said; and, being concealed in a thick cloud, I immediately assumed their habit and appearance, and by the help of a long beard, might easily have passed for a philosopher. I elbowed through the crowd, and got in, nobody knowing who I was. There I found that rascal Damis the Epicurean, with my good friend Timocles the Stoic, in high dispute. Timocles had argued himself into a sweat, and almost cracked his voice with roaring; whilst Damis continued to provoke him with his Sardonic sneers.

Their whole debate was concerning us: the villain Damis denied that we took any care of mortals, or looked into their affairs; affirmed, in short, that there were no gods at all, for that was plainly what he aimed at, and many who were present agreed entirely with him. Timo-

cles

cles, on the other hand, who was of our ſide of the queſtion, defended us with all his might, and ſhewed with what beautiful order and regularity we ruled and directed every thing. He alſo met with the praiſe and approbation of ſome, but he was now grown tired, and ſpoke but indifferently, ſo that the multitude leaned towards Damis. Perceiving the danger we were in, I commanded night to ſurround them, and put an end to the diſpute. They parted, therefore, having firſt agreed to renew the debate next day. I followed the croud, and overheard their ſentiments as they returned home, which were moſtly in favour of Damis, who, I found, had got the majority on his ſide: ſome, indeed, were not for predetermining the cauſe, but reſolved to wait till they heard what Timocles had to ſay at their next meeting.

This, my brethren, is the buſineſs for which I called you together; matters, you ſee, of no little conſequence and importance: as on men, all our honour, glory, and worſhip muſt depend. If they are once perſuaded that there are no gods, or if there are, that we take no care of human affairs, we ſhall have no more gifts, or victims from them, but may ſit and ſtarve in heaven, without feſtivals, holy-days, watchings, ſacrifices, or any pomp or ceremony whatſo-

 ever,

ever. Thefe, I fay, are things of moment, and it will behove you all to weigh and confider by what means it may be fo managed that Timocles, in his next difcourfe, fhall have the fuperiority, and Damis meet with contempt and derifion; for on Timocles himfelf I have not much dependence, nor do I think he will gain the victory, unlefs we lend him fome affiftance. Give notice, Mercury, in form, for fome one to rife up, and fpeak.

MERCURY.

Silence, and attend; no noife there: which of the gods who is of * proper age, choofes to harrangue on this occafion? what! nobody! the fubject, I fuppofe, is fo important, that it has frightened you all into filence.

MOMUS.

If I may be permitted to fpeak with freedom, I have many things to fay on this occafion.

JUPITER.

Speak boldly, Momus, for it is evident you rife up from good-will towards the common caufe.

* *Proper age.*] Alluding with a fneer to the number of new gods who had been admitted into the quorum, and who, confequently, could be but young in the bufinefs. In the Athenian fenate, none were fuffered to fpeak who were under thirty years of age. It would not, perhaps, be amifs, if a fimilar law were to take place in the parliament of Great Britain.

MOMUS.

MOMUS.

† Away! to earth resolve, from whence ye grew,
A heartless, spiritless, inglorious crew.

Give ear then, O ye gods, whilst I speak the dictates of my heart. I have, I must own, for a long time expected that our affairs would be brought into this distressful situation; that a number of these Sophists would rise up against us, encouraged, I fear, by our own conduct and behaviour. We ought not, I swear by Themis, to be angry with Epicurus and his followers, for entertaining such opinions of us; what, indeed, can any one think, who observes the confused and wretched state of human affairs, the good and just neglected, and left to perish in poverty, disease, and slavery; and, on the other hand, the worst and most abandoned of men preferred before them, abounding in riches, and lording it over those who are so much better than themselves; base and sacrilegious wretches left unpunished, and undetected, and those condemned to infamy and death, who have done nothing to deserve it; well may they call in question our existence.

Especially when they hear the oracles declaring that

He who o'er Halys passeth, shall destroy
A pow'rful host ——

† See Homer's Iliad, book vii. l. 99.

Not informing him whether this army was to be his own or that of his enemy.

And again,

> Thou Salamis, are fated to destroy
> The sons of * women born.

Now both Persians and Greeks, we know, were born of women.

When, moreover, they are told by the rhapsodists, in their verses, that we fall in love, that we are made slaves of, and bound, that we quarrel with one another, and are subject to a thousand misfortunes, when at the same time we pretend to be unchangeable, happy, and immortal, what can we expect, but that they must laugh at, and despise us! And yet we are angry because some mortals, who are not mere fools, find fault with us, and deny our providence, when, in fact, we ought to think ourselves well off, that, after all our follies, there are some yet remaining, who sacrifice to us.

* *Of women born*] It is impossible to read this, without thinking of

> —— None of woman born shall hurt Macbeth.

The reputation of Shakspeare's witches is secured by

> —— Macduff was from his mother's womb
> Untimely ript ——

The quibble of Apollo's oracle is not half so ingenious.

And

And now, Jupiter (for we are by ourſelves here, without any mortals amongſt us, except Hercules, Bacchus, Ganymede, and Æſculapius, whom we have adopted for our own), tell me fairly, did you ever take ſo much care of what paſſes upon earth, as to enquire who were good, and who bad? You cannot ſay you did. If Theſeus, in his way from Trezene to Athens, had not ſlain the ruffians Scyron, Pityocamptes, Cercyon, and the reſt of them, they might ſtill have gone on murthering travellers, and rioting in blood and ſlaughter, for aught that you or your providence would do to prevent them; and unleſs Euryſtheus, a good and juſt man, led by humanity and compaſſion, had not ſent his truſty ſervant here, the induſtrious Hercules, little would you have cared about the † Hydra, the birds of Stymphalus, the Thracian horſes, or the drunken frolics of the Centaurs. To ſay the truth, all we trouble our-

† *Hydra.*] This formidable monſter, to whom ſome of the poets have given ſeven, ſome nine, and others fifty heads, uſed, we are told, to make dreadful havock amongſt the cattle, in the marſhes of Lerna, near Argos, and, like our dragon of Wantley, ſpread terror and deſtruction wherever he came. As ſoon as he loſt one head, another, it ſeems, immediately ſprung up in its room. Hercules, however, ſoon made an end of him, though Euryſtheus would not agree to ſet it down as one of the twelve labours

ourfelves about, is, to fee that mortals facrifice to us, and raife the fmoke at our altars: every thing elfe flows on in its own channel, and juft as fortune may direct it: it is not, therefore, to be wondered at now, nor fhould it be hereafter, if men open their eyes, and difcover that it is of little fervice to them to facrifice and make libations to us. Many an Epicurus, Metrodorus, and Damis muft you expect to fee, laughing at, and defpifing us, and our advocates fubdued and deftroyed by them. Be it your's, therefore, to appeafe thefe tumults, for you have raifed them; your's to heal thefe wounds, for you have inflicted them. Momus runs but little hazard of being deprived of his honours, for he has feldom met with any, whilft you have all enjoyed your victims, and your worfhip.

JUPITER.

Shall we, ye gods, fuffer this madman to rave on thus, always fevere as he is, and always abufive? But, as the excellent Demofthenes fays, it is very eafy to cenfure, to calumniate, and find fault with things, and may be done by

to be impofed on him, becaufe Iolaus affifted him in the conqueft. The truth of this ftory is, that the marfhes of Lerna were infefted with ferpents, of which there feemed to be no end (like the Hydra's heads), Hercules drained the marfhes, and got rid of them; all the reft is poetical fable.

any

any body who has a mind to it; but to advise well how they may be mended, is the part of a good and prudent counsellor: and this, I trust, the rest of you will do, when he shall think proper to hold his tongue.

NEPTUNE.

I, as you all very well know, live at the bottom of the sea, and take care of things there, preserve mariners, save ships, and pacify the winds; at the same time I am not indifferent about affairs here; and my opinion is, that this Damis should be immediately taken off, before he enters again on this dispute, either by lightning, or some other way, for fear he should get the better; for you say he has the talent of persuasion: thus shall we shew mankind that we know how to be revenged on those who declaim against us.

JUPITER.

Surely, Neptune, you are in jest, or must have forgot that these things are not in our power, and that the * Fates alone determine whether a man is to die by lightning, fever, sword, or pestilence: were it not so, do you think I would ever have suffered these sacrilegious wretches to have gone off without a thunderbolt,

* *Fates alone.*] See Jupiter confuted, in the preceding Dialogue.

derbolt, who * ſhaved off two of my locks, each of which weighed ſix minæ; or would you have let the fiſhermen in Geraſtus eſcape, who ſtole away your trident? Beſides, that it would appear as if we were too deeply affected by this affair, and reſented it, that we were afraid of Damis and his arguments, and, conſcious that he was ſuperior to Timocles, took this method to be revenged on him; what would this be but to give up the cauſe, and acknowlege ourſelves to be overcome.

NEPTUNE.

Well: I only thought this was the ſhorteſt way of gaining the victory.

JUPITER.

The beſt way of killing eels, brother, I grant you is to ſpear them: but it is a ſtrange kind of device, to deſtroy your enemy that he may die unconquered, and at the ſame time, to leave the matter in diſpute undetermined.

NEPTUNE.

If my arguments are to be RELIFIED in this manner, you may even think of a better method yourſelves.

* *Shaved off.*] Alluding to ſome depredations that had been made by thieves on the ſtatues of theſe deities, which, when compoſed of precious materials, we may ſuppoſe, were frequently made free with by the raſcals of Greece.

APOLLO.

APOLLO.

If the young and beardless might be permitted to speak, I would offer something that might, perhaps, be serviceable on this occasion.

MOMUS.

This is an affair, Apollo, of so much consequence, that age is not to be considered; every body should have a right to speak upon it: when matters are in such a critical situation, any idle disputes about the right and title of haranguing would be truly ridiculous: besides, that you are certainly a lawful speaker, having been long since out of your childhood, and, at least, one of the † twelve great divinities, if not of Saturn's council. Do not pretend, therefore, to put on the modest boy, but,

† *Twelve.*] Of the deities worshipped by the Greeks, those called μεγαλοι, or Ολυμπιοι, the great, or Olympic, were of the first class; and, of these, twelve were the most honoured, and had an altar erected to them, called the Βωμος των δωδεκα Θεων, the altar of the twelve gods. Pausanias tells us that the figures of them were painted in the portico of the Ceramicus, and that their statues were erected in the temple of Megara. They are likewise called by the poets ουρανιδαι, and ουρανιωνες, and some authors make a distinction betwixt the ουρανιωνες and the Ολυμπιοι, giving the former title to the old gods, under Saturn, which Lucian here calls Saturn's council, and the latter to the new gods, under Jupiter. If the reader is desirous of knowing the names of these respectable heathen aldermen, they are as follows,

but, beardleſs as you are, ſpeak your ſentiments boldly; eſpecially as your ſon Æſculapius can boaſt of a long beard, and rough chin: it becomes you above all to ſhew your wiſdom, who reſide in Helicon, and philoſophize with the Muſes.

APOLLO.

Pleaſe, however, Momus, to remember, that it is not you who are to give me leave, but Jupiter: with his permiſſion, I may poſſibly have ſomething to offer, not unworthy of that Helicon, and thoſe Muſes whom I am converſant with.

JUPITER.

Speak, my ſon, you have free leave.

APOLLO.

This * Timocles ſeems to be an honeſt man,

follows, Jupiter, Neptune, Apollo, Minerva, Ceres, Vulcan, Juno, Mars, Mercury, Diana, Venus, Veſta. Pindar calls them δωδεκα ανακτες, the twelve kings. An old poet has put all their names into four hexameter and pentameter verſes, and another, with great ingenuity, crouded them into two.

* *Timocles.*] Damis and Timocles were, probably, two philoſophers, the one a Stoic, the other an Epicurean, well known in Lucian's time; who, like the orators of our preſent Weſtminſter Forum, or Apollo Society, diverted themſelves with public diſputes on religious ſubjects. Lucian, who laughs at every thing, takes this opportunity of producing their characters, and expoſing them both.

a lover

a lover of the gods, and one who is well acquainted with the Stoic doctrines. He teaches philosophy to a number of youths, and, as I am informed, is well paid for it; and yet he cannot speak well in a large company, has a faltering voice, does not put his words well together, but stutters, and even when he most wishes to shew the orator, is a semi-barbarian, and makes the audience laugh at him; not but he has an excellent understanding, thinks deeply, and is thoroughly versed in all the precepts of his sect, which, when he endeavours to explain and illustrate, he only confounds, and makes the riddle but the more obscure by his solution of it: those, therefore, who cannot understand, constantly laugh at him. A man should speak clearly, and with † perspicuity, if he expects to be understood.

MOMUS.

You give good advice, however, Apollo, and praise that perspicuity in others, which you never practise yourself; for your oracles are always obscure and perplexed, so that what one

† *Perspicuity.*] Fieri potest, says Tully, ut recte quis sentiat & id quod sentit polite eloqui non possit, sed mandare quenquam literis cogitationes suas, qui eas nec disponere, nec illustrare possit, nec delectatione aliqua allicere lectorem, hominis est intemperanter abutentis, & otio & literis.

Pythian

Pythian declares, ſtands in need of another to unravel it: but how are we to act in this affair, what remedy would you preſcribe for the weakneſs of this Timocles?

APOLLO.

To get an aſſiſtant, Momus, ſome ſtrong and powerful orator, who may inforce the arguments which Timocles ſhall ſuggeſt to him.

MOMUS.

So the child muſt have a tutor for him in philoſophy, to explain his meaning to the auditors: Damis is to ſpeak for himſelf, whilſt the other makes uſe of an actor, and whiſpers in his ear what he would have him ſay, the puppet, perhaps, not underſtanding what he is to utter for his friend; would not the audience laugh at this? we muſt think of ſome other method: in the mean time, my noble friend, for you profeſs yourſelf to be a prophet, (and, indeed, are pretty well paid for it, having received many a good * golden brick on this account,) now ſhew your art, and tell us which of theſe ſophiſts will get the better; you are a

* *Golden brick.*] Gr. πλινθες χρυσας, lateres aureos, wedges, bricks, or large pieces of gold were frequently ſent to the oracles, and generally ſecured a favourable anſwer. Lucian here alludes to the magnificent preſents ſent to Delphos, by Crœſus.

diviner,

diviner, and muſt know what is to come to paſs hereafter.

A P O L L O.

How is it poſſible I ſhould do that when I have no tripods here, nor incenſe, nor Caſtalian fountain?

M O M U S.

Look you there now, I have driven you up in a corner, and you are afraid of being detected.

J U P I T E R.

Speak, my ſon, I beſeech you, and do not give this calumniator a handle to abuſe and laugh at your divinations, as if they all depended on tripods, incenſe, and holy-water, and without them your art is nothing.

A P O L L O.

Certainly, father, it would be better to do it at Delphos, or Colophon, where I have every thing ready and convenient about me; naked, however, as I am, and unprovided, I will endeavour to foretel on whom the victory ſhall fall, but you muſt pardon me if my verſe ſhould halt a little.

M O M U S.

Proceed; but let it be clear and intelligible, and not ſtand in need of an interpreter; there [illegible]* lamb and tortoiſe now to be dreſſed in [illegible] know what the queſtion is.

[illegible] uding to the puzzling queſtion propoſed to Crœſus's ambaſſadors, and which Apollo ſo [illegible] ated.

J U P I-

JUPITER.

What are you about to ſay, my ſon? for already I perceive the dreadful preparatives of the oracle; your colour changes, your eyes roll about, your hair ſtands an end, and there is a corybantic motion in all your limbs; all point out the poſſeſſed, the horrible, the myſtic divinity.

APOLLO.

† Attend, ye gods, to what Apollo ſings,
The heavenly augur, touching dreadful ſtrife
Of noiſy combatants, the war of words;
Hark! how they fill the air with croakings dire,
In the thick furrows how the ſheaves are mov'd
By the rough tumult! with his crooked claw,
When the fierce vultur on the graſs-hopper
Shall ſeize, the ſhow'r-portending rook ſhall chaunt
His laſt ſad dirge; the mules ſhall conquer then,
And the ſlow aſs ſhall gore his nimble foal.

JUPITER.

Momus, why ſplit your ſides thus? this is no ſuch laughing matter; have done, or you will be ſuffocated.

MOMUS.

How is it poſſible to help it, after ſo clear, ſo perſpicuous an oracle!

† *Attend, &c.*] The ancient oracles, to give a greater ſolemnity to their predictions, generally delivered them in verſe: the original is in hexameters, and imitated from the σφηκες of Ariſtophanes. The oracular pomp, obſcurity, and nonſenſe, is finely burleſqued in this ſpeech by Apollo.

JUPI

JUPITER.

If it be ſo clear to you, pray explain it to us.

MOMUS.

Nothing can be plainer, there needs no ‡ Themiſtocles to unravel it; the oracle clearly means that he is an impoſtor, and we only pack-aſſes and mules to give credit to him, without more underſtanding than ſo many graſshoppers.

HERCULES.

And now, father, though I am but as a ſtranger here, I will venture to give you my opinion: I am for permitting the combatants to proceed in their controverſy; and if I find things go wrong, I will, if you think proper, pull the whole portico down upon the head of Damis, that he may no longer pour forth his abuſe upon us.

‡ *No Themiſtocles.*] De inſtantibus optiſſime judicabat, de futuris callidiſſime conjiciebat; ſays Cornelius Nepos, in his life of Themiſtocles, and a little after, proves the truth of his aſſertion, by obſerving, that when the Pythian oracle was conſulted concerning the expedition of Xerxes againſt Greece, the anſwer was, ut mænibus ligneis ſe munirent, that they ſhould defend themſelves with their wooden walls; which, it ſeems, nobody underſtood but Themiſtocles, who very ſagaciouſly informed them, that by wooden walls, nothing more was meant, than that they ſhould truſt to their ſhipping or marine force, as their beſt bulwark againſt the enemy. A piece of advice as ſuitable to old England at all times, as it could poſſibly be to ancient Greece.

MOMUS.

* By Hercules, Hercules, this is rough work indeed, and rather † Bœotian; to deſtroy ſo many at once, together with the whole portico, Marathon, Miltiades, Cynagirus and all! how will future orators be able to adorn their fine ſpeeches, when theſe neceſſary ornaments are taken away from them? when you were a living man, indeed, you might have done theſe things perhaps, but ſince you are become a god, you muſt know that the Fates alone have it in their power, and we are incapable of performing them.

HERCULES.

So, when I killed a lion or a hydra, the Fates did it through me?

JUPITER.

Certainly.

* *By Hercules.*] This was a common Grecian oath. The applying it in converſation with Hercules himſelf has ſomething laughable in it.

† *Bœotian.*] Bœotia, a city of Greece, was unfortunately diſtinguiſhed, though we know not well on what foundation, for the ignorance and ſtupidity of its inhabitants, and an ancient Bœotian was ſuppoſed to have as little wit as a modern Laplander: hence the epithet Bœotium always ſignified heavy. A perſon of a clowniſh and aukward deportment, was called ſus Bœotia, and Horace, ſpeaking of a dull fellow, ſays,

Bœotum in craſſo jurares aere natum.

Bœotia, in ſhort, was the Holland of antiquity.

HER-

HERCULES.

And if any body abuſes me, plunders my temple, or throws down my ſtatue, I muſt not knock him o' the head, unleſs the Fates have ſo decreed?

JUPITER.

By no means.

HERCULES.

Hear me then, Jupiter, whilſt I ſpeak my ſentiments: I am a free-ſpeaker, as the comedian ſays, and call a * boat a boat; if things are ſo, I ſhall take my leave of your honours and dignities here, your incenſe, and ſacrifices, and go down to hell, where, if I carry but a bow without arrows, the ſhades, at leaſt, of the beaſts I have ſlain will be afraid of me.

JUPITER.

Oho! you are a † home-witneſs, as they ſay,

* *A boat.*] We always ſay, "I call a ſpade, a ſpade." Every nation, as I obſerved, in a former note, has a different manner of expreſſing this ſentiment. I choſe to preſerve the original idea.

† *A home-witneſs.*] In the Grecian courts of juſtice there were two ſorts of evidences, the firſt of which was called μαρτυρια, when the perſon, or home-witneſs, who ſwore, was an eye-witneſs of the fact; the other went by the name of εκμαρτυρια, when the juror received what he teſtified from another perſon who had ſeen it; allegations, however, from abſent perſons were ſeldom taken for lawful evidence. The witneſſes always wrote down their teſtimony on tablets,

ſay, indeed; you have foreſtalled Damis, by talking thus yourſelf: but who is this brazen figure coming in ſuch haſte towards us, with his hair tied back in the old faſhion? even your brother of the forum, Mercury, he who ſtands near the Pœcile; he is all over ‡ pitch, from being handled every day by the ſtatuaries. Why in ſuch a hurry, ſon, have you any news for us from below?

HERMAGORAS.

Very great indeed, and ſuch as require all haſte and diligence.

JUPITER.

What! any new diſturbance?

HERMAGORAS.

As back and breaſt with pitch well cover'd on
I ſtood, as oft accuſtom'd, the rude artiſt

but the tablets of thoſe who came from home to deliver their teſtimonies were different from thoſe of the witneſſes who came caſually into court. This may ſuffice to explain to the reader the appellation of a homê-witneſs, as applied to Hercules. See Potter.

‡ *Pitch.*] This famous brazen ſtatue of Mercury, ſo frequently mentioned by the ancients was conſidered, like our Venus of Medicis, as a ſtandard of perfection, the ſtatuaries, therefore, were perpetually taking models of it, which, we ſuppoſe, they did by encruſting the whole over with a mould of pitch, or moiſt clay, and ſo procuring an exact reſemblance of it. The idea of a god, in this dirty condition, running up on an errand to heaven, and addreſſing Jupiter in heroics, has ſomething truly laughable in it.

His

His aukward corslet fasten'd round me, when,
Behold! a crowd approach'd; amongst them two
Pale clam'rous sophists in loud dissonance,
Damis and ——

J U P I T E R.

* Cease thy tragedising strain,
And tell me,

for I know whom you mean; are they engaged in battle?

H E R M A G O R A S.

Not quite; a little skirmish is begun, they are shaking their slings, and throwing out a few sarcasms on each other.

J U P I T E R.

What can we do better, my brother gods, than take a look at them! let the Hours take away the bars from the gate, put the clouds on one side, and open the doors of heaven: O Hercules! what a croud is gathered about them! I don't like that Timocles, he seems frightened out of his wits; I am afraid he will spoil all, he will never lift up his head against Damis; however, we may give him our prayers at least:

But † pray in secret least the foe should hear.

* *Cease, &c.*] It is observable that these words are in verse, as well as Mercury's; Jupiter, insensibly as it were, returns the compliment in heroics, though he desires him to leave it off, and descend to plain prose.

† *But pray, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. vii. l. 231.

TIMOCLES.

‡ What doſt thou ſay, thou ſacrilegious Damis? that there are no gods who take care of mankind?

DAMIS.

None. Anſwer me firſt, by what argument can you prove that there are any?

TIMOCLES.

That I ſhall not do; do you anſwer me firſt?

DAMIS.

Not I indeed; you muſt begin.

JUPITER.

Thus far our friend has the better of him; he bawls loudeſt, and ſeems moſt in earneſt. Well done, Timocles, abuſe him handſomely, that is your forte; as to every thing elſe, he will ſoon make you as mute as a fiſh.

TIMOCLES.

By Pallas, then, I will not anſwer you firſt.

DAMIS.

Do you aſk then: this you are bound to, but let me have no abuſe.

‡ *What doſt, &c.*] The gods are ſuppoſed now to be got within hearing of the diſpute, and liſtening to it. Timocles begins. Lucian's motions, on theſe occaſions, are generally very rapid, he carries us, like Horace's tragic poet, juſt where he pleaſes,

Modo nos Thebis modo ponit Athenas.

All is animated, changeful, and entertaining.

T I-

TIMOCLES.

Well then; tell me, thou execrable fellow, do not the gods provide for mankind?

DAMIS.

No.

TIMOCLES.

What sayest thou? does every thing happen then without a providence?

DAMIS.

Certainly.

TIMOCLES.

Is not every thing ordained by some god?

DAMIS.

By no means.

TIMOCLES.

But every thing carried on by a fixed and irresistible impetus?

DAMIS.

Most undoubtedly.

TIMOCLES.

Can you hear this impious man, and not stone him immediately?

DAMIS.

Why, Timocles, should you incense these men against me; what right have you to be angry, and resent it, when the gods themselves do NOT? they have never punished, though they have heard me say the same, and even now do hear.

TIMOCLES.

They hear, reſt aſſured; and one day they will revenge alſo.

DAMIS.

What leiſure is it poſſible they can ever find to puniſh me, who have already, as you ſay, ſo much buſineſs to do, a whole univerſe to take care of? they have not yet revenged themſelves of you, for all your perjuries, and other crimes, which, as I would not break my agreement, I ſhall not now mention, though I do not know any ſtronger argument they could give in favour of their providence, than by puniſhing you as you deſerve: but, perhaps, they are gone on the other ſide of the ocean,

* To grace
The feaſt of Æthiopia's blameleſs race.

For they often go to ſup with them, and even, ſometimes, when they are not invited.

TIMOCLES.

What can I reply to ſuch unheard of impudence?

DAMIS.

Even that which I have long wiſhed to hear from you; what reaſon you have for thinking that there is a divine providence.

* *To grace.*] See Homer's Iliad, book i. l. 556. Lucian is always laughing at Homer for ſending his gods to Æthiopia,

TIMOCLES.

That order and harmony of things, which is univerſal, firſt perſuaded me of it: the ſun and moon holding the ſame unvaried courſe, the return of the ſeaſons, the generation of plants and animals, the creatures themſelves, formed with ſo much art, and taught to feed, move, think, walk, build, to perform, in ſhort, every thing that is neceſſary and convenient for them; theſe I take to be the works of providence.

DAMIS.

This, Timocles, is begging the queſtion; for it is not yet proved whether all that is the work of providence or not: that ſuch things are, I acknowlege, but it does not therefore follow that I muſt believe them to be the effect of providence: they may have happened by chance in the beginning, and ſo continued. You call that order which is but neceſſity; and then are angry if any man, obſerving with you, and admiring, doth not at the ſame time acknowlege that to providence they are indebted for their order and regularity; as the man, therefore, ſays in the † comedy, this argument is nought, bring me another.

† *Comedy.*] What comedy is here alluded to we know not, the paſſage is not, I believe, to be found in any now extant.

TIMOCLES.

There wants, I think, no other: however, I will aſk you one thing, and beg you will anſwer me; was not Homer the beſt of poets?

DAMIS.

Granted.

TIMOCLES.

On him, then, I relied, who declares for the providence of the gods.

DAMIS.

That Homer, my good friend, was an admirable poet, all will readily allow you; but not that he, or any other poet, is a proper judge in theſe matters: truth is not their object, but merely to delight their readers, for this reaſon they ſing in verſe, and act in fables: every thing they do is merely with a view to pleaſe and divert. But I ſhould be glad to know what part of Homer's works you place your implicit faith in: is it in that * where he tells us, that the daughter, brother, and wife of Jove plotted againſt, and would have bound him in chains, and if Thetis, out of compaſſion, had not called in Briareus to his aſſiſtance, our good Jupiter had been ſnatched away from us, and thrown into a dungeon; and for this good office he repaid Thetis, by deceiving Agamemnon

* *Where, &c.*] See the firſt book of the Iliad.

with

with a † false dream, that cost many a Grecian their lives: had not he better have thrown a thunderbolt at Agamemnon, and destroyed him, than thus have played the hypocrite and impostor? Or, perhaps, you were drawn into this opinion by hearing that ‡ Venus was wounded by Diomede, and afterwards Mars himself, at the instigation of Minerva: soon after this, all the gods, male and female, engage along with mortals in the battle, and Minerva gets the better of Mars, weakened, I suppose, by the wound he had received from Diomede, and

* Against Latona march'd the son of May.

Or, perhaps, you was struck with the probability of || Diana's resenting her not being invited to Oeneus's feast, and, in revenge, sending a horrible wild boar to ravage his country. Were these some of Homer's excellent persuasives?

J U P I T E R.

Hark! how the mob shouts in praise of Damis! our friend looks frightened, trembles, and is just going to throw down his shield, he seems considering which way he shall get off best.

† *False dream.*] See Homer's Iliad, b. ii.

‡ *Venus.*] See Homer's Iliad, b. v.

* *Against Latona.*] See Homer's Iliad, b. xx. l. 71.

|| *Diana's.*] See Homer's Iliad, b. ix. l. 529.

TIMOCLES.

Have you no regard to Euripides, who brings his gods on the ſtage on purpoſe to reward the good heroes, and puniſh the impiety of ſuch as yourſelf?

DAMIS.

But, my noble philoſopher, if to theſe tragedians you owe your conviction, you muſt either ſuppoſe Polus, Ariſtodemus, and Satyrus, to be real gods, or that the buſkins, long robes, helmets, breaſt-plates, and other tragic geer, make up the divinities, which is truly ridiculous; but, when Euripides ſpeaks his own opinion, without regard to poetical fables, he cries out boldly,

* Behold the great ſublime expanſive ſky,
That in its ſoft embraces holds the earth:
This, this is Jove, the deity ſupreme.

And again;

O Jove, whoe'er thou art, for by the name
Alone I know thee ——

With many other paſſages of the ſame kind.

TIMOCLES.

All men and nations, therefore, are deceived, who hold that there are gods, and worſhip them?

* *Behold, &c*] This is taken from a fragment of Euripides preſerved by Tully, and quoted in his Nat. Deorum; it is likewiſe cited by Plutarch.

DA-

DAMIS.

Thank you for reminding me, Timocles, of the laws and manners of nations, which ſufficiently ſhew how uncertain every thing is which relates to their gods; it is nothing but error and confuſion: ſome worſhip one, and ſome another; the * Scythians ſacrifice to a ſcymeter; the Thracians to † Zamolxis, a fugitive from Samos; the Phrygians to Mene, or the Moon; the Æthiopians to the Day; the Cyllenians to Phanes; the Aſſyrians to a Dove; the Perſians to Fire; the Ægyptians to Water, which is univerſally adored by them; the Memphians worſhip an Ox; the Peluſiots an Onion; to ſome the ‡ Ibis is a god, to others a Crocodile, a § Cynocephalus, a Cat, or an Ape; a Right Shoulder is carried by ſome through the

* *Scythians.*] See Lucian's Toxaris.

† *Zamolxis.*] This extraordinary perſonage was, as Herodotus informs us, a ſlave in Ionia, but not as Lucian calls him, a fugitive; he came to Thrace, where he acquired great riches, reformed and inſtructed the people: he vaniſhed on a ſudden from their ſight, hid himſelf for three years, and on his return, was worſhipped as a god.

‡ *Ibis.*] ——Crocodilon adorat,
Pars hæc, illa pavet ſaturam ſerpentibus Ibin. Juv.

§ *Cynocephalus.*] Dog's-head, Anubis, the god of the Ægyptians, and ſuppoſed by ſome to be the ſame as the Grecian Mercury, being often called Hermanubis; he is repreſented with the body of a man, and the head of a dog. See Bryant's Ant. Mythol.

ſtreets

ſtreets as a deity, by others the Left; ſome pay adoration to a Head cut in two, others to ‡ Cups and Platters. How ridiculous, my good Timocles, is ſuch variety!

MOMUS.

Did not I ſay all this would be brought to light, and enquired into?

JUPITER.

Indeed, Momus, you foretold too well; all I can ſay is, things ſhall go better for the future, if I do but eſcape the preſent danger.

TIMOCLES.

But ſay, thou enemy to the gods, what are oracles and predictions, to what will you attribute them but to the divine providence?

DAMIS.

Not a word, I beſeech you, my good friend, about oracles; for, whoſe, let me aſk you, would you wiſh to mention, the Pythian at Lydia, with its double face, like the two Mercury's, that, which ever way you turned, appeared to be in every part the ſame; or that which Crœſus received, when he paſſed over the Halys, and could not tell from it, whether he was to deſtroy the kingdom of Cyrus, or his own; though that one double-meaning verſe coſt the tyrant many a good talent?

‡ *Cups.*] See the Menſa Iſiaca of Pignorius.

MO-

MOMUS.

This fellow touches the very points I was most afraid of: but where is our || handsome Harper? why don't you go down, and clear yourself of these heavy indictments?

JUPITER.

Momus, you help to ruin us with your impertinent remarks.

TIMOCLES.

Take heed, thou wicked reviler, thou wouldest root up the very habitations of the gods, and pull down all their altars.

DAMIS.

Not I, indeed, they will be never the worse, so long as they do but smoke, and are full of incense: * Diana, indeed, I should like to see overturned, whilst the virgin delights in such kind of festivals.

JUPITER.

Why reproach us with this now? how he falls upon every one of us!

† Guilty or guiltless, find an equal fate.

MOMUS.

Of the guiltless, I am afraid, he will find there are but few amongst us: if he goes on

|| *Handsome harper.*] Apollo.

* *Diana.*] Alluding to the savage custom in Tauric Scythia, of sacrificing strangers to Diana.

† *Guilty, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. xv. l. 154.

thus,

thus, perhaps, by and by, he may attack ſome of our principles.

TIMOCLES.

Art thou not afraid of thundering Jove?

DAMIS.

The thunder, I muſt hear, no doubt, but whether it be Jove who thunders, you, who perhaps came down from the gods, can beſt inform me; but the Cretans tell me another ſtory, and ſay, that a certain ſepulchre is to be ſeen there, and a pillar, with a declaration upon it, that Jupiter thunders no more, but has been dead long ago.

MOMUS.

I knew well enough he would come to this at laſt: why, Jupiter, you turn pale, your teeth chatter with fear; take courage, for ſhame, and deſpiſe theſe wretches.

JUPITER.

Deſpiſe them! Momus! do not you ſee what numbers liſten to him, and are brought over by his arguments againſt us? Damis has caught them all by the ear.

MOMUS.

But you, when you pleaſe, can let down your chain,

And * heave the gods, the ocean, and the land.

* *And heave.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. viii. l. 30.

TIMOCLES.

Tell me, thou wretch, haſt thou ever been at ſea?

DAMIS.

Aye, many a time.

TIMOCLES.

And was it not the wind ſwelling our ſail, rather than the oars, which carried us on? and did not one ſit at the helm, and guide the veſſel?

DAMIS.

Certainly.

TIMOCLES.

The ſhip, then, could not have ſailed without a pilot; and doſt thou think this univerſe could ſubſiſt without a guide and director?

JUPITER.

Well urged, Timocles; this is an excellent ſimile.

DAMIS.

But, my good favourite of the gods, pleaſe to remember, the pilot we were talking of, always provided every thing beforehand, and gave proper orders to his ſailors; the ſhip had nothing uſeleſs or burthenſome, but every thing that was neceſſary and convenient about her. But neither this pilot of your's, who commands the great ſhip of the univerſe, nor his companions who ſail with him, take any care to have

things proper and in order, but frequently the rope which ſhould be in the fore-caſtle is faſtened to the ſtern, and that which belongs to the ſtern hangs at the fore-caſtle; the anchors are ſometimes of gold, whilſt † the gooſe is lead; the parts under water are finely painted and beautified, and thoſe above it left plain and ugly: amongſt the ſailors, you ſhall often ſee an idle cowardly fellow preferred to one of the firſt commands on board the veſſel, whilſt the beſt ſwimmer, the moſt active ſail-ſhifter, and one who knows all his buſineſs, is employed in ſcouring the ſink-hole. A raſcal ſhall ſit himſelf down with the captain, and a parricide, perhaps, a buffoon, or a pathic, hold the beſt places in the ſhip, whilſt the honeſteſt fellows in the crew ſhall be crouded into a corner, and trod upon by the moſt worthleſs and abandoned. Remember how Socrates, and Phocion, and Ariſtides lived, when they were on board, with ſcarce bread to eat, or room in their hammocks to ſtretch their legs in; and, on the other hand, what a full ſail of eaſe and luxury did

† *The gooſe.*] The prow of the ſhip was generally adorned with the figure of a gooſe, probably, as the ſcholiaſt imagines, from a ſuperſtitious idea drawn from the nature of that bird, that whilſt that remained above water, the ſhip could not ſink.

Callias

* Callias and Midias, and Sardanapalus enjoy, ſpitting down upon all thoſe that were beneath them. Such, my moſt wiſe and noble Timocles, is your boaſted veſſel; not to mention the thouſand wrecks it meets with: if there were, indeed, a ſkilful pilot at the helm, who overlooked and ordered every thing, ſurely he would not be ignorant which were good ſailors and which were bad ones, he would allot to every one that office which he was fitted for, and give the beſt to the beſt, and the worſt to the worſt men; would chooſe his counſellors and companions from amongſt the good and worthy; take care that every part of the veſſel was well attended to; and whip the lazy fellows for neglecting their duty. I am afraid, my friend, this veſſel of your's will not hold water, at leaſt, under ſo bad a commander.

MOMUS.

The tide ſeems all in Damis's favour, and carries him on with a † full ſail to victory.

JU-

* *Callias, &c.*] A famous libertine, ſatirized by the comic poet Cratinus, for debauching the wife of Phorus or Phoryon, and buying off the indictment againſt him for three talents. Midias is cenſured by Plato and others, as a wicked fellow, and an embezzler of the public money entruſted to him. Sardanapalus was a king of Aſſyria, remarkable for his vices, diſſipation, and effeminacy, which ended in the deſtruction of himſelf, and the ruin of his empire.

† *Full ſail.*] Momus, to carry on the alluſion, ſpeaks in

the

JUPITER.

I think ſo too; but this, Timocles, ſays nothing to the purpoſe, brings no ſtrong proofs to ſupport our cauſe, nothing but the common flimſy ſtuff that is eaſily refuted.

TIMOCLES.

Since my ſhip is not ſtout enough for you, Damis, I will even throw out the ‡ ſacred anchor, as they ſay, which no force can tear up.

JUPITER.

What is he going to produce now?

TIMOCLES.

Mark my ſyllogiſm now, and ſee if you can overturn it: if there are altars there muſt be gods; now, altars there certainly are, ergo, there muſt be gods alſo: what ſay you to that?

DAMIS.

Ha! ha! ha! when I have had my laugh out, I will anſwer you; ha! ha!

TIMOCLES.

That, I think, you never will; but, in the mean time, pray tell me what is there ſo ridiculous in what I ſaid?

the ſailor's ſtyle, and concludes the allegory, which is carried on throughout with the greateſt degree of humour and propriety.

‡ *Sacred anchor.*] Iacere ſacram ancoram, to throw out the ſacred anchor, was a proverbial expreſſion, ſignifying, to make the laſt effort.

DA-

DAMIS.

Only that you ſeem not to know what a very ſlender thread your ſacred anchor hangs by; though, by tacking your altars and your gods together, you fancy you have made your rope ſtrong enough: but if you have nothing more ſacred than your anchor to depend on, fare you well.

TIMOCLES.

You own yourſelf conquered, then, by quitting the field?

DAMIS.

It is you, my friend, who, being purſued, like a malefactor, fly to the * altar: at the altar, therefore, I here make a truce with you, and ſwear by your own ſacred anchor, never to diſpute more with you on this ſubject.

TIMOCLES.

Thou digger up of graves, thou ſacrilegious wretch, thou raſcal, villain, ſcum, dareſt thou laugh at me? Do not we know who your fa-

* *Altar.*] Alluding to murtherers and other criminals flying for ſhelter to the temples of the gods, where they were always ſafe, none daring to follow them into the ſacred aſylum. This cuſtom, amongſt many other pagan ſuperſtitious practices, has been adopted into the Romiſh church, and is one of thoſe reproaches, which, as it is rendered ſerviceable to the cauſe of ſuperſtition, her zealous defenders do not wiſh to wipe away.

ther was, that your mother was a harlot, that you killed your own brother, that you are a glutton, a pathic, an adulterer? Do not think to get off before I have beaten you handſomely. Away, this minute, or I will break your head with this ſhell.

J U P I T E R.

Obſerve, gods; one runs away laughing, whilſt the other, not bearing to be inſulted thus, follows and abuſes him. See! he is going to crack his ſkull. And now, my friends, after all, what are we to do?

M E R C U R Y.

It was a good obſervation, I think, of the * comic poet, that no injury is done, where none is felt: and what great harm is it if a few men go away perſuaded by this fellow, when there are ſo many thouſands who think the contrary, three parts of the Grecians, all the rabble, and all the Barbarians.

J U P I T E R.

True, Mercury: but as Darius ſaid of † Zopyrus,

* *Comic poet.*] Menander; it is amongſt the fragments cited by Plutarch.

† *Zopyrus.*] Darius, we are told, owed the kingdom of Babylon to the contrivance of this ingenious gentleman; who, at the ſiege of that city, having ſlit his own noſe, cut off

pyrus, I had rather have this Damis on my ſide than a thouſand Babylons.

off his ears, and mangled his body in various parts, preſented himſelf in that condition to the Babylonians; complained to them of Darius's cruelty, which had reduced him to that dreadful ſtate, and vowed revenge againſt him. The Babylonians were taken in, entruſted him with the command of their army, which, in conſequence of a pre concerted ſcheme between him and Darius, he betrayed to that monarch, and put him in poſſeſſion of Babylon. Darius, after the conqueſt, is reported by Herodotus, to have ſaid, that "he would rather wiſh to ſee Zopyrus ſafe, unhurt, and unmaimed, than to acquire twenty more Babylons beſides that which he had already ſubdued." Theſe are the words of Herodotus, which Jupiter here applies; but, as the reader may obſerve, with a little variation, to his friend Damis. The account of this tranſaction told at large, may be found at the end of the third book, or Thalia, of Herodotus.

T H E

C O C K

A N D T H

C O B L E R;

Or, as it is alſo called, for a very obvious Reaſon, the DREAM, *is one of* LUCIAN'S *moſt entertaining* Dialogues. *A Vein of eaſy Humour and Pleaſantry runs through that cannot fail to recommend it to every Reader of Taſte and Genius. The Author has made an excellent Uſe of the Pythagorean Doctrine of the * Tranſmigration of Souls, which is, indeed, a rich Fund for Ridicule, and a Kind of Hot-bed for the Productions of Fancy and Imagination amongſt both ancient and modern Writers.*

MICYLLUS, A COCK, AND SIMO.

M I C Y L L U S.

A PLAGUE on thee, thou vile abominable Cock, thou envious bawling creature, for waking me thus with thy ſhrill voice, from the ſweeteſt of all ſweet dreams, when I

* There is a well written eſſay on this ſubject, in the periodical paper called THE WORLD, by the ingenious SOAME JENNINGS, Eſq. to which I refer my readers, as a proper commentation on this dialogue.

was

was in the midſt of riches, joy, and happineſs, the only time I have to ſhake off that worſe companion than thyſelf, my poverty; at ſuch an unſeaſonable hour too! For I know, by the dead ſilence that reigns, it muſt be mid-night; beſides, that I have not yet felt the pinching cold, which always gives me notice of approaching day; one would think thou wert guardian of the golden fleece; ſuch a perpetual crowing doſt thou make from evening till now: but think not to paſs unpuniſhed; were I to get up in the dark, I ſhould have enough to do to find thee, but I will be revenged as ſoon as it is light, and belabour thee handſomely.

COCK.

Do not be angry, my good maſter, Micyllus: I thought I had done you a favour by calling you up in the night, as I know what a deal of buſineſs you have upon your hands: if you could have finiſhed but one ſhoe before ſun-riſe, it might have got you ſomething for a breakfaſt: but if you chuſe to go to ſleep, I will be as mute as a fiſh; only take care, after all your rich dreams, you do not riſe up a beggar.

MICYLLUS.

O, * wonder-working Jupiter, and thou Apollo,

* *Wonder-working.*] Greek, τεϱασιε. The ancients gave their

Apollo, great averter of evil! what do I hear? a cock ſpeaking with a human voice.

COCK.

Is it ſo great a miracle that I ſhould ſpeak like you?

MICYLLUS.

That it is, indeed: heaven preſerve us from ill!

COCK.

You ſeem, my good maſter, to be very illiterate, and never to have read Homer, where † Xanthus, Achilles' horſe, takes his leave of neighing, and, in the middle of the battle, talks away, not like me, in humble proſe, but

their gods different epithets, in conſequence of the different functions aſſigned to them: thus Jupiter was called ξενιος, the hoſpitable, φιλιος, the friendly, σκηπτȣχος, the ſcepter-bearer, &c. Lucian here gives him the new name of τερατιος, prodigialis, or the wonder-worker; alluding to the extraordinary prodigy of a ſpeaking cock.

† *Xanthus.*] Alluding to that paſſage in the latter end of the nineteenth book of the Iliad, where Achilles addreſſes his ponies,

Xanthus and Balius of Podarges' ſtrain.

The former anſwers him, and foretells his death. Homer tells us, that Juno endowed him with the faculty of ſpeech on this occaſion, and the Furies took it away again immediately. Lucian, who never miſſes an opportunity of ridiculing Homer's ſpecioſa miracula, ſeizes on this to laugh at him for the improbability of this event. See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xix. l. 446.

repeats

repeats whole verſes, turns prophet, and foretells what is to come to paſs, and no body wonders at it, calls upon heaven to avert the omen, or thinks there is any thing dreadful in it: what would you have ſaid if you had heard the ‡ ſhip of the Argonauts talk, or the oak of Dodona prophecying, or the half-roaſted § oxen creeping about, and lowing upon the ſpit? beſides, I am a companion of * Mercury's, that moſt talkative, moſt eloquent of all the deities, and have lived ſo long with you, that is no wonder

‡ *Ship.*] The famous ſhip, that carried Jaſon to Colchos in ſearch of the golden fleece, was ſaid to have been made out of the oaks of Dodona, ſacred to Jupiter, from which were delivered ſo many fine oracles: that theſe oaks were oracular, no orthodox heathen ever doubted; for the ſhip's ſpeaking, we have no authority but Lucian's.

§ *Oxen.*] Alluding to that paſſage in the Odyſſey, where the companions of Ulyſſes ſlew the oxen of the ſun, and moſt ſtrange prodigies enſued, for

— Heav'n gave ſigns of wrath—along the ground
Crept the raw hides, and with a bellowing ſound,
Roar'd the dead limbs, the burning entrails groan'd.
See Pope's Homer's Odyſſey, b. xii. l. 464.

This fiction of Homer's is, to be ſure, a pretty bold one; Lucian has made the moſt of it, by telling us, that the oxen lowed upon the ſpit. The ridicule is at leaſt as ſtrong as the abſurdity.

* *Mercury's.*] Mercury is always repreſented with a cock cloſe to him, as an emblem of vigilance, he being conſidered as the moſt active and induſtrious of all the deities: he had, indeed, more buſineſs to do than any of them.

I ſhould

I ſhould have learned your language: but, if you will promiſe me inviolable ſecrecy, I will tell you how it came to paſs that I am thus able to converſe with you.

MICYLLUS.

Surely this is all a dream, it can never be a Cock that is talking to me: but, by Mercury, I beſeech thee, explain it to me: you need not fear that I ſhould tell what you ſay, for, if I did, who would believe me?

COCK.

Liſten then, and you ſhall hear; what I am going to ſay is, to be ſure, rather extraordinary: he who now appears before you as a Cock, was, not long ſince, a man.

MICYLLUS.

I have formerly heard ſomething of this kind, that a young man, of the name of † Gallus, was the companion and intimate friend of Mars, uſed to eat and drink with him, and be the confident in his amours: whenever the god went to Venus he carried Gallus along

† *Gallus.*] This is a curious fable, and if cloathed in a poetical dreſs, would have made no inconſiderable figure in Ovid's Metamorphoſes; it is a wonder, indeed, how, if the ſtory was generally known, it happened to eſcape him. A young bard, ambitious of ſhooting with the Ovidian bow, could not, perhaps, chooſe a more promiſing ſubject.

with

with him, and suspecting that the Sun might reveal the affair to Vulcan, posted the young man at the door to give him notice when Phoebus appeared; but Gallus unfortunately betrayed his trust, and fell asleep; when the sun came unexpectedly upon the lovers, who had relied upon the notice which the youth had promised to give them, and informed Vulcan of it, who seized upon, and bound them with the chains he had prepared. As soon as Mars got out, he was highly enraged at Gallus, and turned him into a bird of the same name, who bears a crest on his forehead, instead of the helmet which he wore: for this reason we are told, you still, by way of excusing yourself to Mars, though you can do no good by it, when you see the sun rising, always crow, to give notice of it.

COCK.

There is such a story; but mine is a different affair: it is but very lately that I have appeared as a cock.

MICYLLUS.

How happened it then? for I long to know.

COCK.

You have heard of Pythagoras, the Samian, the son of Mnesarchus?

MICYLLUS.

That proud Sophist, you mean, who made a law

a law against * tasting flesh, or eating beans, to me the sweetest food in the world, and the easiest of digestion, and, moreover, enjoined his followers not to converse with one another for five years.

COCK.

You know likewise, I suppose, that Pythagoras was once † Euphorbus.

* *Tasting flesh.*] The Pythagoreans had a very good reason for abstaining from flesh, as they were persuaded that the souls of men transmigrated into animals, birds, &c. and that eating, therefore, their flesh, might be feeding on their own relations; as Ovid most charmingly and poetically expresses their sentiments,

> Nos quoque pars mundi (quoniam non corpora solum
> Verum etiam volucres animæ sumus, inque ferinas
> Possumus ire domos, pecudumque in pectora condi
> Corpora, quæ possint animas habuisse parentum,
> Aut fratrum, aut aliquo, junctorum fœdere nobis,
> Aut hominum, certé, tuta esse & honesta sinamus:
> Neve Thyesteæis cumulemur viscera mensis.

See the fifteenth book of the Metamorphosis, where the whole Pythagorean system is beautifully explained and illustrated.

† *Euphorbus.*] Another Trojan, who had the honour of wounding Patroclus. See a description of him in the sixteenth book of the Iliad; he was afterwards slain by Menelaus. Concerning the transmigration, see Ovid,

> Trojani tempore belli
> Panthoïdes Euphorbus eram, &c.

Book xv. l. 160.

M I-

MICYLLUS.

I have heard he was a great impoſtor, and uſed to play tricks.

COCK.

Do not be abuſive, my good friend, for know I am that very Pythagoras: be quiet, therefore, till you ſee what ſort of a perſon I am.

MICYLLUS.

O heaven! this is more miraculous than ever, a philoſopher turned cock! But inform me, good ſon of Mneſarchus, how you came to be changed from a man into a bird, and, inſtead of a * Samian, to be a † Tanagræan; there is very little probability in all this, eſpecially, when I perceive two things in you, that ſuit but ill with a Pythagoras.

COCK.

What are they?

MICYLLUS.

One is, that you are talkative and clamorous, whilſt he enjoined a five year's ſilence; and the other is directly contrary to his laws; for yeſterday, when I came home, I had nothing to give you but a few beans, which you devoured

* *A Samian.*] Pythagoras was of Samos.

† *A Tanagræan.*] Tanagra, a town of Bœotia, on the Euripus, was famous, as well as Rhodes, for its excellent breed of game cocks. See L'Hiſt. des Inſcript. &c.

without

without ſcruple or heſitation: either, therefore, you have told a falſehood, and muſt be ſomebody elſe, or, if you are Pythagoras, have violated your own command, and done as wicked a thing, in eating beans, as if you had dined upon your father's head.

COCK.

You are unacquainted, Micyllus, with the reaſon of all this, and ſeem not to know what the different ſtations of life required. I eat no beans then, becauſe I was a philoſopher; but now I am a Cock, they are not forbidden. Attend now, and learn, how from Pythagoras I came to be what I am, the various beings which I paſſed through, and what I ſuffered and enjoyed in each of them.

MICYLLUS.

Proceed, I beſeech you: it is impoſſible to ſay how much I long to hear it all: I do not know whether I ſhould not prefer it to the golden dream I juſt now waked from.

COCK.

You dwell much upon this ſame dream, which has made a ſtrong impreſſion on you, and ſeem to recollect, with pleaſure, the fleeting happineſs which it beſtowed.

MICYLLUS.

I ſhall never forget it: it has left behind

a ſweet

a ſweet drowſineſs, that almoſt cloſes my eye-lids, and inclines me again to ſleep; it is like the tickling of a feather in one's ear, and has almoſt ſet me a-madding.

COCK.

This muſt be a wonderful dream, indeed; I long to know what it was that could give you ſo much pleaſure.

MICYLLUS.

I will tell it you with all my heart, for nothing can be more pleaſing to me than the recollection of it; but when, good Pythagoras, will you entertain me with your transformations?

COCK.

When you have ſhaken the honey from your eye-brows, and left off dreaming: but, come, let us hear, that I may judge whether it came through the * horny gate, or the ivory one.

* *Horny gate.*] Homer, ſpeaking of dreams, tells us that,

Immur'd within the ſilent bow'r of ſleep,
Two portals firm the various phantoms keep,
Of ev'ry one; whence flit, to mock the brain,
Of winged lies, a light fantaſtic train:
The gate oppos'd, pelucid valves adorn,
And columns fair, incas'd with poliſh'd horn;
Where images of truth for paſſage wait,
With viſions manifeſt of future fate.

See Pope's Homer's Odyſſey, b. xix. l. 656.

This is a very indifferent tranſlation of the lines in Homer, but I have not time at preſent to give my readers a better. See alſo the latter end of the ſixth book of Virgil's Æneid.

MICYLLUS.

Neither.

COCK.

Homer tells us, there are but thoſe two.

MICYLLUS.

Away with your poet; he knows nothing of dreams: ſome of the poor ones, perhaps, which he ſaw but imperfectly, for, you know, he was blind, might perhaps come that way; but mine came through golden gates, it was cloathed in gold, all over gold, and let me tell you, brought a great deal of gold along with it.

COCK.

Talk not ſo goldenly, good Midas, for your dream is like his wiſh, made up of nothing but gold.

MICYLLUS.

O Pythagoras, what a quantity of it did I behold! ſo ſhining, and ſo beautiful; what is it that Pindar ſays in praiſe of it in the beginning of his fineſt ode, where he talks firſt of water? do you remember?

COCK.

You mean this, I ſuppoſe:

* Chief of nature's works divine,
  'Water claims the higheſt praiſe;
Richeſt offspring of the mine,
  Gold, like fire, whoſe flaſhing rays,

* *Chief of*, *&c.*] From the firſt Olymp. of Pindar. See Weſt's tranſlation.

From

From afar confpicuous gleam,
Through the night's involving cloud,
First in luftre and efteem,
Decks the treafures of the proud.

MICYLLUS.

The fame; one would think he had known my dream: and you, my moft learned Cock, fhall know it alfo; therefore lift and hear it. Yefterday, you may remember, I did not fup at home, for the wealthy Eucrates laid hold on me in the market-place, and invited me to come from the bath at a certain hour to fup with him.

COCK.

I remember it very well; for, after I had fafted all day, you came home a little boozy, and threw me down thofe five beans, a poor fupper enough for a cock that had been a combatant formerly, and gained no little glory at Olympus.

MICYLLUS.

When I returned from fupper, after giving you the beans, I went immediately to bed; then it was that, as Homer fays,

As † I flumber'd in the fhades of night,
A dream divine appear'd before my fight.

† *As I flumbered, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. ii. l. 71.

COCK.

Before you proceed, pray tell me about the ſupper, and what paſſed at your feaſt; I ſee no reaſon why you ſhould not make another dream of that, and eat your ſupper again in the relation of it.

MICYLLUS.

I was afraid of troubling you with the repetition, but if you deſire to have it, you ſhall; never did I dine with a great man before yeſterday, when my good fortune threw me in the way of Eucrates: after paying my compliments to him as uſual, I was going away, being afraid that a poor man with a tattered garment like me might diſgrace him; but he came up to me, and, "Micyllus, ſaid he, to-day I celebrate my daughter's birth-day, and have invited ſeveral of my friends; but as one of them is ill, and probably may not come, I ſhall expect you, after bathing, in his room: unleſs he ſhould happen to get better, which at preſent is very doubtful." As ſoon as I heard this, I paid my reſpects, and went off; not without imploring all the gods to viſit with fever, pleuriſy, or gout, the gueſt, whoſe place I was to ſupply. In the mean while, the time between that and the hour of bathing appeared an age to me, and often did I look to the dial with impatience to mark

the

the approach of it; when at length the happy moment came; away I flew, having made my dress as decent as I could, and turned my coat, that the best side might appear outermost. At the door of the house, amongst a number of visitors, whom should I meet but my rival, carried by four men upon a litter.: I perceived plainly enough that he was very ill, for he groaned and coughed so terribly, that you could scarce go near him; pale as death, horribly swelled, and seemed to be at least threescore. They told me, he was one of those philosophers who love to talk nonsense to young men. He had a beard like a goat's, that wanted trimming exceedingly. Archibius the Physician, chiding him for coming in this condition, "No man, says he, should neglect his duty, especially a philosopher, though he laboured under a thousand diseases; Eucrates might have thought I slighted him." "So far from it, cried I, that he would rather thank you for staying at home to die, than coming here to cough up your heart at a feast." He pretended, I suppose, from greatness of soul, not to hear this. Eucrates soon after came from bathing, and spying Thesmopolis, (for that was the name of our philosopher,) "Master, says he, I am obliged to you for coming, but if you had not,

you would have been no loſer, for I intended to have ſent you every thing to your own houſe." Saying this, he gave him his hand, and as he leaned upon the ſervants ſhoulders, helped him in. I, therefore, made a motion to retire, when Eucrates ſeeing my piteous face, cried, "Come, come, Micyllus, you muſt ſtay and ſup with me; I will ſend my ſon to keep his mother company in the women's apartment, that there may be room for you." Accordingly in I went, though rather aſhamed that the young man ſhould be turned out for me. When ſupper time came, five luſty young fellows, with ſome difficulty, lifted the philoſopher to his place; and, becauſe nobody elſe choſe to ſit next him, I had the honour of being at the ſame table. The ſupper came, and a moſt noble one it was, with variety of dainties, in gold and ſilver diſhes; the cups were of gold; the attendants handſome, well-dreſſed, ſung well, and were facetious and entertaining; every thing, in ſhort, was delightful, except being placed cloſe to Theſmopolis, who teized me all the time with talking about virtue; informing me, that two negatives made an affirmative; that when it was day, it was not night; that I had horns; with fifty other diſcoveries of this kind, being reſolved to teach me philoſophy whether I would

I would or no, prating perpetually to me, ſo that I could not partake of the mirth and feſtivity going forward, or attend to the ſinging and playing. Such, my good Pythagoras, was our ſupper.

COCK.

And none of the moſt pleaſant, I find, on account of that old fool who ſpoiled your entertainment.

MICYLLUS.

And now you ſhall hear my dream: I thought that Eucrates, who, heaven knows how it came about, had no child; in his laſt moments called me to him, made me heir at law to all he had, and ſoon after died. The eſtate came to me, and whole veſſels of gold and ſilver flowed in, beſides rich garments, cups, and ſervants; every thing, in ſhort, was mine: that I lay ſtretched at my eaſe in a fine chariot, the envy and admiration of all that paſſed by, crouds running before and behind me. Methought I had all his cloaths, and fine rings, that fitted my fingers wonderfully. Then did I invite my friends to a ſplendid entertainment, and they all, (which in a dream, you know, is very eaſily done,) came immediately. Supper was now over, and we were putting about the ſocial cup, when you, with your unſeaſonable crowing, broke in upon our feaſt, overturned

my tables, and, in a moment, gave all my riches to the winds. Have I not reafon, then, to be angry with you, for difturbing me thus out of a dream, which I fhould not have thought too long, if it had lafted for three nights together?

COCK.

Are you then, Micyllus, fo fond of money, and do you think happinefs confifts in riches?

MICYLLUS.

That is, indeed, my opinion; and not mine alone, for you yourfelf, my good friend, when you figured in the character of Euphorbus, if I am not miftaken, * tied up gold and filver in your hair, when you went out to fight the Grecians, when one would have thought you had more need of fteel; but you chofe to adorn your locks with gold, and for that reafon, I fuppofe, Homer compares them to the Graces; and, to be fure, it muft have made them much more fhining and beautiful. The fon of Panthus, indeed, might well hold gold in fuch efteem, fince the father of gods and men, the fon of

* *Tied up.*] Alluding to Homer's lines on the death of Euphorbus, where he tells us,

The fhining circles of his golden hair,
Which ev'n the Graces might be proud to wear;
Inftarr'd with gems of gold, beftrow'd the fhore.
See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. xvii. l. 53.

Saturn

Saturn and Rhea, when he fell in love with the charming girl of Argos, could think of no form so amiable, or so able to † corrupt her keeper as this; he changed himself, therefore, as you must have heard, into a shower of gold, slid through the tiles, and got possession of her. Need I say more in praise of it? what, and how many good things does it produce? doth it not make men handsome, wise, and brave, and bring them honour and glory? doth it not from meanness and obscurity, raise them in a moment to fame and splendour? You knew my neighbour Simo, a brother cobler; it is not long since he supped here with me at the Saturnalia, when I gave him a little wheat pottage.

COCK.

I remember him, the little short hook-nosed fellow, that stole the only earthen pan we had left, and hid it under his coat that very night, for I saw him.

MICYLLUS.

How did he perjure himself about it! but why did not you tell me of this, why did not

† *Corrupt.*] This explains the fable at once in the most rational manner; Danae's father had locked her up in the tower, her lover bribes the keeper, and gets possession of her. Such was most probably the fact, the rest of the story is all poetical fiction.

you

you make a noiſe then, when you ſaw me robbed?

COCK.

I did crow, which was all I could do. But what of this Simo? you were going to tell me ſomething about him.

MICYLLUS.

He had a rich couſin whoſe name was Diphilus, and who never, whilſt he lived, would beſtow a farthing on him; nor was it to be expected, for he never ſpent any thing even upon himſelf. When he died, however, this Simo, with his tattered coat, he that ſtole my pan, inherited all his eſtate, and immediately became a great man, appeared in his purple and ſcarlet, had his ſlaves, his chariot and horſes, gold cups, tables with ivory feet; was, in ſhort, ſo flattered and worſhipped, that he ſoon forgot me: when I met him the other day, I ſaluted him with, "Your ſervant, Simo;" when he put himſelf into a violent paſſion, and cried out, "Tell that beggar not to clip my name ſo, I am not called Simo now, but Simonides." But what is moſt extraordinary, is, the women are fond of him; he gives himſelf airs, pretends to be coy, admits ſome to his favour; whilſt others threaten to deſtroy themſelves, if he will not take notice of them. You ſee what

gold

gold can do, that makes the crooked ſtreight, the ugly handſome, that, like the poetical Cæſtus, beſtows grace and beauty. Hear how the poets praiſe it,

* O gold, thou beſt and greateſt good on earth.

And again,

Gold rules o'er human things with ſov'reign ſway.

What do you ſmile at?

COCK.

To ſee you, like the reſt of the multitude, ſo deceived and miſtaken in your notions of the rich and great, who are much more miſerable than yourſelves; this I can aſſure you of, who have been rich and poor, and therefore know both conditions by experience; you ſhall know by and by every particular.

MICYLLUS.

And ſo I will, by Jove: for now it is your turn to ſpeak, to tell me what forms you were changed into, and all that you can recollect which paſſed in each of them.

COCK.

Liſten then, and you ſhall hear; but before I begin, let me aſſure you that I never yet met with any body who lived more happily than you do.

* *O gold, &c.*] From a fragment of Euripides.

MI-

MICYLLUS.

Than me? may you be juſt as happy then! for now you really make me angry. But come, begin with Euphorbus; tell me how you were transformed into Pythagoras, and ſo on, down to your preſent appearance as a Cock: you muſt have ſeen and ſuffered a great deal in ſo many different lives.

COCK.

How this ſoul of mine, which came originally from * Apollo, flew down to earth, and got into a human body, as a puniſhment for its crimes, it would be tedious to recount; beſides, theſe are things which it is neither lawful for me to tell, or you to hear. When, therefore, I came to be Euphorbus ——

MICYLLUS.

Tell me firſt, my miraculous friend, who I was formerly; was I transformed like you?

COCK.

Certainly.

MICYLLUS.

Who was I then? can you tell me? for I long to know.

* *From Apollo.*] Pythagoras, who, like other ſyſtem-mongers, was ambitious of appearing as ſomething ſupernatural and divine, endeavoured to perſuade the populace that he was Apollo, who had deſcended to earth, to reform and inſtruct mankind. See Porphyry and Jamblichus.

COCK.

COCK.

You were an † Indian piſmire, one of thoſe that dig up the gold duſt.

MICYLLUS.

Why was I ſo idle then, as not to pick up a few grains for myſelf, and bring them into this life of mine, where I want them ſo much: but what ſhall I be hereafter? tell me that, if it is any thing good, I will hang myſelf immediately on the poſt you are perched upon.

COCK.

The future we know nothing of; but to go on with my ſtory: when I was Euphorbus, I fought at Troy, and was killed by Menelaus; after which I was transformed into Pythagoras; but ſome time intervened, during which I remained without a manſion, till ‡ Mneſarchus thought fit to prepare me one.

† *Indian piſmire.*] It is well known that piſmires, in digging for a place to depoſit their eggs, throw up little heaps of earth; it is not improbable, therefore, but that they might, as the ancients believed, give men the firſt intelligence of thoſe places where gold was to be found, by caſting out ſome of the duſt, and thus informing them where they were to dig for it.

Inda cavis aurum mittit formica metallis. Proper.

The Cock, by telling Micyllus he had been an Indian piſmire, only means to reflect on his avaricious temper.

‡ *Mneſarchus.*] The father of Pythagoras.

MICYLLUS.

And were you all that time without meat or drink?

COCK.

When I had no body, I did not want either.

MICYLLUS.

But pray, inform me, was the Trojan war juſt as Homer repreſents it?

COCK.

How ſhould he know any thing of the matter, when he was himſelf at that time a camel in Bactria: I can only aſſure you, things were not ſo wonderful and extraordinary as he makes them, nor was Ajax ſo big, or Helen ſo handſome as it is generally ſuppoſed they were. I ſaw her myſelf; ſhe had a long white neck, indeed, to mark her deſcent from a * ſwan, but as to any thing elſe, appeared then, as old as Hecuba: Theſeus had her firſt, who lived with Hercules, and Hercules had taken Troy long before, in the time of our forefathers. Panthus told me this, who, when he was a boy, had ſeen Hercules.

MICYLLUS.

And was Achilles ſuch a great man, as the poet ſays he was, or is that another of his fictions?

* *A ſwan.*] Helen was the daughter of Jupiter, by Leda, whom, the poets tell us, he courted in the ſhape of a ſwan.

COCK.

COCK.

With him I had no businefs, nor can I tell you any thing about the Greeks, as I was on the other fide: all I know is, it coft me but little trouble to kill his friend Patroclus.

MICYLLUS.

And Menelaus ftill lefs to make an end of you: but we have had enough of this; tell me now about Pythagoras.

COCK.

Upon the whole, for I muft confefs the truth to you, I was little better than a Sophift, though by no means illiterate, or unacquainted with true wifdom and knowlege. I travelled into Ægypt, to learn thefe from their fages and prophets, was admitted into their temples, and ftudied the works of Orus and Ifis; then returned to Italy, and there fo poffeffed the Grecians with the notion of my fagacity, that they almoft worfhipped me as a god.

MICYLLUS.

So I have heard: you made them believe that you rofe from the dead, and fhewed them a * golden thigh; but how came it into your head

* *Golden thigh.*] Porphyry tells us (credat Judæus), that at the public folemnity of the Olympic games, Pythagoras ftood up and fhewed to all the people his golden thigh, as he did in private to Abaris, to confirm him in the opinion that he was Hyperborean Apollo; Abaris, we are to obferve, was Apollo's chief prieft.

head to make laws about flesh, and forbid the eating of † beans?

COCK.

You must not ask me.

MICYLLUS.

Why so?

COCK.

Because I am really ashamed to tell you the truth.

MICYLLUS.

O, but to an intimate friend, like me, for as to a master, I no longer think myself so.

COCK.

It was then, not because I thought there was any thing very wise or useful in them, but that I soon found out, if I had given them nothing but old ‡ common laws, which they were used

† *Beans.*] Pythagoras, seeing one day an ox in a pasture at Tarentum, who had so little regard to his precepts as to eat green beans, desired the master of the ox to dissuade him from such indecency, but the neat-herd, informing him that he really could not speak the language of oxen, the philosopher himself stepped up to the beast, and whispered something in his ear, after which time the ox never touched a bean, lived many years in a field near Juno's temple, and was called the sacred ox.

This story is very gravely told by Porphyry and Jamblichus.

‡ *Common, &c.*] The observation here made is excellent, and the practice founded on it has been adopted by every modern impostor, from the prophet Mahomet down to parson Whitfield, &c. &c. &c.

to,

to, men would never hold me in admiration, and that the more ſtrange I made them, the more ſingular and extraordinary I ſhould appear: I inſtituted, therefore, ſomething new and uncommon, pretending that there was a ſecret reaſon for it; that ſome gueſſing one, and ſome another, all might be ſtruck with admiration, as they are at an ambiguous oracle.

MICYLLUS.

Look you there; and ſo now you laugh at me, as you did at the Crotonians, the Metapontians, the Tarentines, and the reſt of the poor deluded people, who followed you in ſilence, and adored the very ground you trod upon. But when you had ſhook off the form of Pythagoras, what did you put on next?

COCK.

I was then changed into Aſpaſia, the famous Mileſian courtezan.

MICYLLUS.

Heaven bleſs us! what! Pythagoras turned into a woman! And was there a time, my moſt noble Cock, when you laid eggs? You were Pericles's miſtreſs then, I ſuppoſe, and had children by him, played the diſtaff ſometimes, and, moreover, had another trade beſides.

COCK.

All that I certainly did, and [illegible] Tiresias, before me, and † C[illegible] [illegible]dicule, therefore, will fall upon [illegible] me.

MICYLLUS.

But pray, tell me, which sex did you like best?

COCK.

It is not a fair question: you know what the answer to such a one cost Tiresias.

MICYLLUS.

If you will not tell me, Euripides will, who has decided that point long ago, where he says,

‡ Thrice would I rather brave th' ensanguin'd field,
And all its terrors, than once bear the pangs
Of labour ———

COCK.

Which you may one day suffer yourself; for

* *Tiresias.*] Hesiod tells us that Tiresias met with two serpents on mount Cyllene, which he trod upon, and was immediately turned into a woman, and that, some years afterwards, he lit on the same serpents, in the same place, and was turned into a man again.

† *Ceneus.*] Was one of the Lapithæ, who fought against the Centaurs: he was born a girl, and, being very beautiful, ravished by Neptune, who, to make her amends, promised to grant her any favour she asked: she desired, to avoid future inconveniences, that her sex might be changed. The favour was granted, and she figured as a man and a warrior for the remainderof her life. Nunc vir, nunc fœmina Ceneus

‡ *Thrice wou'd I, &c.*] From the Medea of Euripides.

In

in the round of various beings you will paſs through, you may often be a woman.

MICYLLUS.

§ You think we are all Samians and Mileſians; and when you were Pythagoras, you were ſo handſome, that the * tyrant, they ſay, miſtook you for an Aſpaſia. But what were you next?

COCK.

Crates, the Cynic.

MICYLLUS.

O Gemini! what a change! from a whore to a philoſopher!

COCK.

After that I was a king, then a beggar, a ſatrap, a horſe, a jack-daw, and a hundred other things, which it would be too tedious to enumerate; laſtly, I often took the form of a cock, which I am very fond of, and in that ſhape have lived with many kings, with rich men, and poor men, and now have the honour to ſerve you, and to laugh at you for complaining of poverty, and admiring the rich, little conſider-

§ *You think, &c.*] i. e. You think you can perſuade me to believe any thing you ſay, be it ever ſo improbable, as, when you were Pythagoras, you did the Samians and Mileſians.

* *The tyrant.*] Polycrates, in whoſe time Pythagoras flouriſhed.

ing how miſerable they are: for if you knew what they ſuffered, you would deſpiſe yourſelf for entertaining ſo high an opinion of them.

MICYLLUS.

My good Pythagoras, then, or by whatever name you would be called —

COCK.

No matter whether it be Pythagoras, Euphorbus, Crates, or Aſpaſia; for I am all of them; call me, however, what I am, a Cock, and no contemptible bird, ſeeing that I have ſuch a number of ſouls in me.

MICYLLUS.

Since then, my good Cock, you have experienced all kinds of lives, tell me truly and exactly how the rich live, and how the poor, that I may judge whether you ſpeak truth, when you ſay the latter are ſo much the happieſt.

COCK.

Conſider the affair then in this light: when an enemy invades your country, you have no concern about the war; you never care whether they break down the fences, ſpoil the gardens, or cut off the vines: if you hear the trumpet, all you have to do is to provide for yourſelf, avoid the danger, and conſult your own ſafety; whilſt the rich are not only afraid for themſelves, but are wretched when they ſee from the

walls

walls their fields and houſes torn to pieces and deſtroyed: if a tax is to be raiſed, they only are called upon; if a ſally is to be made with the horſe, or the whole army, they are firſt exposed to danger: you, in the mean time, with your wicker ſhield, can get off eaſier in a retreat, or, in caſe of victory, are ready to partake in the triumph, to join in the feaſt, when the general offers up his ſacrifice of thankſgiving: in peace alſo, you common people get up into the aſſembly, and abuſe your betters, whilſt they are frightened out of their wits, and glad to ſilence you by baths, ſports, public ſpectacles, and bribes of every kind: you, in the mean time, either cenſuring them with ſeverity, or not deigning to ſpeak to them at all; ſometimes you will even ſtone them to death, and confiſcate their goods and chattels. You fear neither informers nor thieves, are under no apprehenſions that your houſe will be broke open, or robbed; you have no trouble in getting in your debts, no diſhoneſt ſtewards to contend with, no care, in ſhort, or anxiety; nothing to do but, when when your ſhoe is finiſhed, to receive your ſeven oboli for it; in the evening to bathe, if you pleaſe, take your ſprat, or herring, and an onion top, and enjoy yourſelf, ſing, like a true philoſopher;

blessed with poverty and ease. This it is which makes you so healthy, so robust, and able to bear the cold; continual exercise and labour sharpen you, and give you the advantage over others; no disorder dares to attack you, or, if at any time, a slight fever lays hold on you, abstinence, thanks to your poverty, soon carries it off; it durst not appear when it sees you drinking water, and setting the doctor's prescriptions at defiance. In the mean time, what a croud of distempers seize on the rich! gouts, consumptions, inflammations of the lungs, dropsies; all from intemperance, all the genuine offspring of their grand suppers: like Icarus, when they have raised themselves to the greatest height, and just touch the sun, forgetting that their wings are glued on with wax, down they drop into the sea: whilst those who, like Dædalus, soar not on high, but skim along, close to the earth, and keep their wax wet with the vapours of the ocean, fly with safety.

MICYLLUS.

The prudent and temperate, you mean.

COCK.

Yes: and what a wreck the others make of fame and fortune! witness Crœsus on the funeral pile, the jest of his whole kingdom; and Dionysius, the great tyrant, turned school-master

maſter at Corinth, and after ruling a mighty empire, teaching children to * make ſyllables.

MICYLLUS.

When you reigned yourſelf, for it ſeems you have been a king too, how did you find it, when you had got to this ſummit of human felicity?

COCK.

Do not put me in mind of it I beſeech you; for, with all the external marks of happineſs which you talk of, I was the moſt miſerable of men.

MICYLLUS.

How ſo? you aſtoniſh me.

COCK.

I was ſovereign of a large and fertile kingdom, adorned with a number of beautiful cities, well-peopled, and full of rivers, ports, and harbours; had a numerous army, ſhipping, ſtores of every kind, quantities of gold and ſilver, with all the pomp and parade of a great and mighty empire. Whenever I went abroad, the multitude thronged round to have a look at me, got upon the tops of houſes to ſee my chariot, robe, and diadem, ran before and behind,

* *Make ſyllables.*] It is reported of Dionyſius the tyrant of Corinth, that after quitting the throne, he turned ſchool-maſter; in which of the two conditions he ſuffered moſt, it is, perhaps, very difficult to determine.

hind, and, in ſhort, worſhipped me like a god. I, in the mean time, conſcious of my own unhappineſs, pitied their ignorance, and lamented my condition; comparing myſelf to the great ſtatues of Myro, Phidias, and Praxiteles; on the outſide you ſee a beautiful Neptune, or Jupiter, adorned with ivory or gold; one has a trident in his hand, and the other is darting a thunder-bolt: but within, it is filled with old wood, nails, wedges, mire, pitch, and every thing that is filthy; not to mention a whole race of mice or weazels, that have eſtabliſhed a little colony in the bowels of it. Such, my friends, is a kingdom.

MICYLLUS.

But you have not yet told me what the old wood, and nails, and dirt, and mire, and weaſels of your kingdom are; to be gazed at, followed and adored, is the outſide of the ſtatue; now give us the in.

COCK.

I know not where to begin, nor how to deſcribe to you the fears, the uneaſineſs, the hatred, jealouſy, and plots we are liable to; the little ſleep we take, and that neither deep nor eaſy; but diſturbed by horrible dreams, and perpetual terrors: add to this, the hurry of buſineſs, and conſtant attention, anſwering embaſſies,

baffies, making treaties, planning expeditions, with a thousand other things that prevent our enjoying any pleasure, oblige us to act and think, and speak for all, and subject us to innumerable cares, and eternal disquietude. Remember what Homer says,

> * The king alone with various thoughts oppress'd,
> His country's cares lay rolling in his breast.

And this, whilst the Greeks were all snoring. A dumb sow made Crœsus miserable; and how did † Clearchus use Xerxes, by leading a foreign army in favour of Cyrus! Dionysius afflicted another, by holding conference with some of the Syracusans; ‡ Alexander was jealous of Parmenio; Ptolemy envied Perdiccas, and Seleucus Ptolemy; then how unhappy is the prince, if his mistress is not fond of him, or, perhaps, loves somebody else; if he hears that some of his courtiers have deserted him, or sees two or three of his dependents whispering together! but what is still worse, they are always suspecting their dearest friends, and in dread of being betrayed by them; for sometimes one is poisoned by his son, another by his mistress, another —

* *The king alone, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, b. x. l. 13.

† *Clearchus.*] See Xenophon's Retreat of the Ten Thousand.

‡ *Alexander.*] See Quintus Curtius.

MI-

MICYLLUS.

O no more of it, for heaven's ſake; all this is terrible indeed; it is better, I find, to break one's back with mending ſhoes, than to drink hemlock and aconite out of a golden cup. If my knife ſlips, the worſt that can happen is, I may chance to cut my finger; whilſt they, according to your account, every time they eat, run the hazard of their lives, beſides a thouſand other misfortunes: when they fall, they are like the tragedy actors, your Cecrops's, Siſyphus's, and Telephus's, with their fine diadems, ivory-hilted ſwords, and embroidered robes; if their foot ſlips, and they fall down upon the ſtage, the audience laugh at them, to ſee their crowns cracked, their maſks broke, their heads ſtreaming with blood, and eſpecially if their legs appear naked, their own tattered garments are expoſed, and the buſk, in coming off, ſhews how ill it ſuited the foot that wore it. You ſee, my friend Cock, you have taught me to make ſimilies; but tell me now, when you were a dog, a horſe, a fiſh, or a frog, how did you like the transformation?

COCK.

To tell you all this, would take up too much time, and is, beſides, foreign to our preſent purpoſe; ſuffice it to ſay, that upon the whole, every

every one of thoſe lives is much more quiet and agreeable than that of men as their deſires are confined within the bounds of nature. Amongſt them, you never hear of an uſurious horſe, a back-biting frog, a ſophiſtical jay, a pimping cock, or any of thoſe vicious and abandoned characters, ſo common amongſt you.

MICYLLUS.

That I am afraid is but too true. My own weakneſs, I will fairly confeſs to you; never have I yet been able to ſhake off that deſire of growing rich, which I have had from a boy: the dream is ſtill before my eyes, and the gold that I ſaw in it; I am vexed above all, at that raſcal Simo, who lives in ſuch ſplendour.

COCK.

I will cure you of that preſently: come, it is dark yet, get up and follow me; I will carry you to that very Simo, and to the houſes of ſome more rich men, that you may judge of their condition.

MICYLLUS.

How are we to do that, when the doors are ſhut; muſt I break through the walls?

COCK.

By no means; but Mercury, one of whoſe prieſts I am, has granted me this privilege: let but any one take hold of the long feather in

my

my tail, which, you may obſerve, is bent a little ——

MICYLLUS.

You have two of them.

COCK.

That I mean on your right hand; if I give it to any body, he * can open every door with it, can ſee every thing, and not be ſeen.

MICYLLUS.

I did not know before, my good Cock, that you were a conjurer: give me the feather, however, and I will ſoon bring maſter Simo's treaſures here, and reduce him to his old trade of a cobler.

COCK.

That would not be quite fair; beſides that Mercury has enjoined me, if he whom I lend the feather to, does any ſuch thing, to crow, and raiſe the houſe upon him.

MICYLLUS.

It is ſcarce probable that Mercury, who is a thief himſelf, ſhould be thus ſevere againſt

* *Can open.*] This circumſtance of the Cock's feather is whimſical and ingenious. Le Sage ſeems to have had it in his eye in his Diable Boiteux, where he makes uſe of a ſimilar contrivance. Perhaps, indeed, the whole nocturnal expedition in that excellent romance, may owe its riſe to the hint here given by Lucian.

thieves:

thieves: let us go, however, I will keep my hands off from the gold, if I can.

COCK.

First pluck out the feather: how is this! you have got them both.

MICYLLUS.

We ſhall be ſo much the more ſafe; beſides, you look better now, if I had taken but one, you would have hopped on the other ſide.

COCK.

Well! be it ſo: ſhall we go to Simo firſt, or ſome other rich fellow?

MICYLLUS.

O by all means to Simo, the * four-ſyllable gentleman, and here we are at his door: what ſhall I do now?

COCK.

Put the feather in at the key-hole.

MICYLLUS.

There. O Hercules, the door is open as if I had unlocked it.

COCK.

Go on; yonder he is, don't you ſee him there upon the watch, and caſting up his accounts?

MICYLLUS.

Yes, now I ſee him ſitting by a dim lamp

* *Four ſyllable.*] Alluding to the changing of his name from Simo to Simonides, mentioned a little before.

with

with ſcarce any oil in it: he looks very pale and wan, eat up, I ſuppoſe, with care, for I never heard of his being ill.

COCK.

Huſh: let us liſten a little, and we ſhall know what is the matter with him.

SIMO.

So: theſe ſeventy talents I have ſtowed ſafely under the bed, and nobody by; but the other ſixteen, I am afraid, Soſylus the groom ſaw me hide below the manger: that fellow is always about the ſtable, which he never uſed to be, for he does not love work. I am ſure I have been robbed of a great deal more than this; elſe, how could Tibius get ſo much good ſalt-fiſh for dinner yeſterday? I am told, too, that he bought an ear-ring for his wife that coſt five drachmas; theſe wretches ſpend all my ſubſtance, to ſupport their luxury and extravagance. I wiſh ſomebody does not undermine the wall, and ſteal my money: there are a great many envious rogues that lay wait for me, particularly my neighbour Micyllus.

MICYLLUS.

What! you think I am like yourſelf, and have got one of your * pans under my coat.

* *Pans.*] Alluding to Simo's having ſtolen one of the Cobler's pans, as mentioned in the beginning of this dialogue.

COCK.

COCK.

Softly, Micyllus, or we ſhall be caught preſently.

SIMO.

I had better not venture to go to ſleep: I will get up and look all over the houſe. Who's there? aye, I ſee you digging under the wall; O, it is only the pillar, all is ſafe. Stay, I will count my gold over again, perhaps I may have made a miſtake. Hark! another noiſe; I am beſieged; there is a conſpiracy againſt me; where is my dagger? if I catch them —I will e'en bury my gold again.

COCK.

You ſee what a condition Simo is in: but come, the night is not yet ſpent; let us go to ſomebody elſe.

MICYLLUS.

Poor wretch! what a life does he lead! thus may my worſt of foes grow rich! let us give him a ſlap on the face, and go off.

SIMO.

Who is that ſtrikes me? thieves, thieves, I am ruined and undone.

MICYLLUS.

Aye, aye, watch and weep; fret till you look as yellow as the gold you hang over. Now, ſuppoſe we make a viſit to Gnipho the

uſurer,

usurer, he lives but just by, see, the door is open.

COCK.

Look, there he is, telling his ill-gotten riches upon his fingers, shrivelled up with care; soon must he leave all this, to become a gnat, a moth, or a fly.

MICYLLUS.

I see the poor wretch; he lives a worse life now than either of them; his calculations have worn him to nothing. Let us go somewhere else.

COCK.

To Eucrates, if you will; and look, the door is open. Let us go in.

MICYLLUS.

* All that was mine but a little while ago.

COCK.

What! still dreaming of your riches! there is Eucrates in bed with one of his servants, an old fellow too.

MICYLLUS.

I behold a scene of lust and debauchery; in another bed is his wife diverting herself with the cook.

COCK.

And now, Micyllus, would you wish to in-

* *All that, &c.*] Alluding to Micyllus's dream, as above.

herit

herit every thing that belonged to Eucrates; vices, diſtempers, and all together?

MICYLLUS.

No; I had rather ſtarve: farewel to gold and luxury. Sooner would I wiſh, that I had but two oboli in the world, than have my walls undermined by a parcel of raſcally ſervants.

COCK.

Come, it is almoſt morning, let us go home; you ſhall ſee more of this another time.

ICARO-MENIPPUS,

A DIALOGUE.

This Dialogue, *which is also called by the Commentators* Ὑπερνεφελος, *or,* Above the Clouds, *has a great deal of easy Wit and Humour in it, without the least Degree of Stiffness or Obscurity; it is equally severe on the Gods and Philosophers; and paints, in the warmest Colours, the glaring Absurdity of the whole Pagan System.*

MENIPPUS AND A FRIEND.

MENIPPUS.

THREE thousand * stadia from the earth to the moon, my first resting-place; from thence up to the sun about five hundred para-

* *Stadia.*] The ancient Greek stadium is supposed to have contained an hundred and twenty-five geometrical paces, or six hundred and twenty-five Roman feet, corresponding to our furlong. Eight stadia make a geometrical, or Italian mile; and twenty, according to Dacier, a French league. It is observed, notwithstanding, by Guilletiere, a famous French writer, that the stadium was only six hundred Athenian feet, six hundred and four English feet, or a hundred and three geometrical paces.

The Greeks measured all their distances by stadia, which, after all we can discover concerning them, are different in different times and places.

sanga;

ſanga; and from the ſun to the higheſt heaven, and the palace of Jupiter, as far as a ſwift eagle could fly in a day.

FRIEND.

What are you muttering to yourſelf, Menippus, talking about the ſtars, and pretending to meaſure diſtances? As I walk behind you, I hear of nothing but ſuns, and moons, paraſangas, ſtations, and I know not what.

MENIPPUS.

Marvel not, my friend, if I utter things aerial and ſublime; for I am recounting the wonders of my late journey.

FRIEND.

What! tracing your road by the ſtars, as the † Phœnicians do!

MENIPPUS.

Not ſo, by Jove! I have been amongſt the ſtars themſelves.

FRIEND.

You muſt have had a long dream, indeed, to travel ſo many leagues in it.

MENIPPUS.

It is no dream, I aſſure you; I am juſt arrived from Jupiter.

† *Phœnicians.*] The Phœnicians, it is ſuppoſed, were the firſt ſailors, and ſteered their courſe according to the appearance of the ſtars.

FRIEND.

How, say you? Menippus, let down from heaven?

MENIPPUS.

Even so: this moment come from [illegible]ce, where I have seen and heard things most [illegible]e and miraculous. If you doubt the truth of them, the happier shall I be to have seen what is past belief.

FRIEND.

How is it possible, most heavenly and divine Menippus, that a mere mortal, like me, should dispute the veracity of one who has been carried above the clouds; one, to speak in the language of Homer, of the * inhabitants of heaven. But inform me, I beseech you, which way you got up, and how you procured so many ladders. for, by your appearance, I should not take you for another † Phrygian boy, to be carried up by an eagle, and made a cup-bearer of.

* *Inhabitants.*] Greek, [illegible], cælicolæ, Homer's general name for the gods.

† *Phrygian boy.*] Ganymede, whom Jupiter fell in love with, as he was hunting on mount Ida, and turning himself into an eagle, carried up with him to heaven. I am sure, says Menippus's friend, archly enough, you were not carried up there, like Ganymede, for your beauty.

MENIPPUS.

You are an old ſcoffer I know, and therefore I am not ſurpriſed that an account of things, above the comprehenſions of the vulgar, ſhould appear like a fable to you: but, let me tell you, I wanted no ladders, nor an eagle's beak to tranſport me thither; for I had wings of my own.

FRIEND.

This was beyond Dædalus himſelf, to be metamorphoſed thus into a hawk, or jay, and we know nothing of it.

MENIPPUS.

You are not far from the mark, my friend; for my wings were a kind of Dædalian contrivance.

FRIEND.

Thou art a bold rogue, indeed, and meant, no doubt, if you had chanced to fall into any part of the ocean, to have called it, as * Icarus did, by your own name, and ſtyled it the Menippean Sea.

MENIPPUS.

Not ſo; his wings were glued on with wax, and when the ſun melted it, could not eſcape falling; but mine had no wax in them.

* *Icarus.*] Icarus Icariis nomina fecit aquis. The ſtory is too well known to ſtand in need of any illuſtration. This accounts for the title of Icaro-Menippus.

FRIEND.

Indeed! now ſhall I quickly know the truth of this affair.

MENIPPUS.

You ſhall: I took, you muſt know, a very large † eagle, and a vultur alſo, one of the ſtrongeſt I could get, and cut off their wings: but, if you have leiſure, I will tell you the whole expedition from beginning to end.

FRIEND.

Pray do; for I long to hear it: by Jove the Friendly, I intreat thee, keep me no longer in ſuſpence; for I am hung by the ears.

MENIPPUS.

Liſten then; for I would by no means baulk an inquiſitive friend, eſpecially one who is nailed by the ears, as you are. Finding, on a cloſe examination, that every thing here below, ſuch as riches, honours, empire, and dominion were all ridiculous and abſurd, of no real value or eſtimation, conſidering them, withal, as ſo many obſtacles to the ſtudy of things more worthy of contemplation, I looked up towards

† *Eagle.*] See Biſhop Wilkins's Art of Flying, where this ingenious contrivance of Menippus's is greatly improved upon. For a humourous detail of the many advantages attending this noble art, I refer my readers to the Spectator.

nobler

nobler objects, and meditated on the great universe before me: doubts immediately arose concerning what philosophers call the world; nor could I discover how it came into existence, its creator, the beginning, or the end of it. When I descended to its several parts, I was still more in the dark: I beheld the stars, scattered as it were, by the hand of chance, over the heavens; I saw the sun, and wished to know what it was: above all, the nature of the moon appeared to me most wonderful and extraordinary; the diversity of its forms pointed out some hidden cause, which I could not account for; the lightning also, which pierces through every thing, the impetuous thunder, the * rain, hail, and snow, all raised my admiration, and seemed inexplicable to human reason. In this situation of mind, the best thing I thought which I could possibly do, was to consult the philosophers; they, I made no doubt, were acquainted with the truth, and could impart it to me:

* *Rain, hail, &c.*] Even Lucian's Menippus, we see, could not reflect on the works of God without admiration; but with how much more dignity are they considered by the holy Psalmist!

"O praise the Lord of heaven, praise him in the height. Praise him, sun and moon, praise him all ye stars; praise the Lord upon earth, ye dragons and all deeps; fire and hail, snow and vapours, wind and storm fulfilling his word." Psal. cxlviii.

ſelecting, therefore, the beſt of them, as well as I could judge from the paleneſs and ſeverity of their countenances, and the length of their beards (for they ſeemed all to be high-ſpeaking and heavenly-minded men); into the hands of theſe I entirely reſigned myſelf, and partly by ready money, partly by the promiſe of more, when they had made me completely wiſe, I engaged them to teach me the perfect knowlege of the univerſe, and how to talk on ſublime ſubjects; but ſo far were they from removing my ignorance, that they only threw me into greater doubt and uncertainty, by puzzling me with atoms, vacuums, beginnings, ends, ideas, forms, and ſo forth: and the worſt of all was, that though none agreed with the reſt, in what they advanced, but were all of contrary opinions, yet did every one of them expect that I ſhould implicitly embrace his tenets, and ſubſcribe to his doctrine.

F R I E N D.

It is aſtoniſhing that ſuch wiſe men ſhould diſagree, and, with regard to the ſame things, ſhould not all be of the ſame opinion.

M E N I P P U S.

You will laugh, my friend, when I ſhall tell you of their pride and impudence in the re-

lation

lation of extraordinary events; to think that men, who creep upon this earth, and are not a whit wiſer, or can ſee farther than ourſelves, ſome of them old, blind, and lazy, ſhould pretend to know the limits and extent of heaven, meaſure the ſun's circuit, and walk above the moon; that they ſhould tell us the ſize and form of the ſtars, as if they were juſt come down from them; that thoſe, who ſcarcely know how many furlongs it is from Athens to Megara, ſhould inform you exactly how many cubits diſtance the ſun is from the moon, ſhould mark out the height of the air, and the depth of the ſea, deſcribe circles, from ſquares upon triangles, make ſpheres, and determine the length and breadth of heaven itſelf: is it not to the laſt degree impudent and audacious? When they talk of things thus obſcure and unintelligible, not merely to offer their opinions as conjectures, but boldly to urge and inſiſt upon them: to do every thing but ſwear, that the * ſun is a maſs of liquid fire, that the moon is inhabited, that the ſtars drink water, and that the ſun draws up the moiſture from the

* *The ſun is, &c.*] This was the opinion of Anaxagoras, one of the Ionic philoſophers, born at Clazomene, in the firſt year of the ſeventieth Olympiad. See Plutarch and Diogenes Laert.

ſea,

ſea, as with a well-rope, and diſtributes his draught over the whole creation? How little they agree upon any one thing, and what a variety of tenets they embrace, is but too evident; for firſt, with regard to the world, their opinions are totally different; ſome affirm that it hath neither beginning nor end; ſome, whom I cannot but admire, point out to us the manner of its conſtruction, and the maker of it, a ſupreme deity, whom they worſhip as creator of the univerſe; but they have not told us whence he came, nor where he exiſts; neither, before the formation of this world, can we have any idea of time or place.

FRIEND.

Theſe are, indeed, bold and preſumptuous diviners.

MENIPPUS.

But what would you ſay, my dear friend, were you to hear them diſputing concerning † ideal and incorporeal ſubſtances, and talking about finite and infinite? for this is a principal matter of contention between them; ſome confining all things within certain limits, others preſcribing none: ſome aſſert that there are ‡ many

† *Ideal.*] Alluding to the doctrines of Plato and Ariſtotle.

‡ *Many worlds.*] This was the opinion of Democritus, who held that there were infinite worlds in infinite ſpace, according

many worlds, and laugh at thofe who affirm there is but one; whilft § another, no man of peace, gravely affures us that war is the original parent of all things. Need I mention to you their ftrange opinions concerning the deities? One fays, that * Number is a god; others fwear by † Dogs, Geefe, and Plane-trees: fome

according to all circumftances, fome of which are not only like to one another, but every way fo perfectly and abfolutely equal, that there is no difference betwixt them. See Plutarch and Tully, Queft. Acad.

§ *Another.*] Empedocles, of Agrigentum, a Pythagorean; he held that there are two principal powers in nature, amity and difcord, and that

Sometimes, by friendfhip, all are knit in one,
Sometimes, by difcord, fever'd and undone.

See Stanley's Lives of the Philofophers, page 432.

* *Number.*] Alluding to the doctrine of Pythagoras, according to whom, number is the principle moft providential of all heaven and earth, the root of divine beings, of gods and dæmons, the fountain and root of all things; that which, before all things, exifts in the divine mind, from which, and out of which, all things are digefted into order, and remain numbered by an indiffoluble feries. The whole fyftem of the Pythagoreans is at large explained and illuftrated by Stanley. See his Lives of Philofophers, page 377.

† *Dogs, Geefe, &c.*] See our author's Auction of Lives, where Socrates fwears by the Dog and the Plane-tree.

This was called the ὁρκος Ραδαμανθιός, or oath of Rhadamanthus, who, as Porphyry informs us, made a law that men fhould fwear, if they needs muft fwear, by geefe, dogs, &c. ὑπερ του μη τους θεους επι πασινορκιαζειν, that they might

ſome give the rule of every thing to one god alone, and take away all power from the reſt, a ſcarcity of deities which I could not well brook: others more liberal, increaſed the number of gods, and gave to each his ſeparate province and employment, calling one the firſt, and alloting to others the ſecond or third rank of divinity. Some held that gods were incorporeal, and without form; others ſuppoſed him to have a body. It was by no means univerſally acknowleged that the gods took cogniſance of human affairs; ſome there were who exempted them from all care and ſolicitude, as we exonerate our old men from buſineſs and trouble; bringing them in like ſo many mute attendants on the ſtage. There are ſome too, who go beyond all this, and deny that there are any gods at all, but aſſert that the world is left without any guide or maſter.

I could not tell how to refuſe my aſſent to theſe high-ſounding and long-bearded gentlemen, and yet could find no argument amongſt

might not, on every trifling occaſion, call in the name of the gods; this is a kind of religious reaſon, the cuſtom was therefore, Porphyry tells us, adopted by the wiſe and pious Socrates. Lucian, however, who laughs at every thing here (as well as the place above quoted), ridicules him for it.

them

them all, that had not been refuted by ſome or other of them; often was I on the point of giving credit to one, when, as Homer ſays,

‡ To other thoughts,
My heart inclin'd.

The only way, therefore, to put an end to all my doubts, was, I thought, to make a bird of myſelf, and fly up to heaven: this my own eager deſires repreſented as probable, and the fable-writer * Æſop confirmed it, who carries up, not only his eagles, but his beetles, and camels thither. To make wings for myſelf, was impoſſible, but to fit thoſe of a vultur and an eagle to my body, might, I imagined, anſwer the ſame purpoſe. I reſolved, therefore, to try the experiment, and cut off the right wing of one, and the left of the other; bound them on with thongs, and at the extremities made loops for my hands; then raiſing myſelf by degrees, juſt ſkimmed above the ground, like the geeſe. When finding my project ſuc-

‡ *To other, &c.*] See Homer's Odyſſey, book ix. l. 302. Pope tranſlates it badly,

—— Wiſdom held my hand.

Homer ſays nothing but—my mind chang'd.

* *Æſop.*] One of the fables here alluded to is yet extant amongſt thoſe aſcribed to Æſop, but that concerning the camel I never met with.

ceed,

ceed, I made a bold puſh, got upon the † Acropolis, and from thence ſlid down to the theatre. Having got ſo far without danger or difficulty, I began to meditate greater things, and ſetting off from ‡ Parnethes or Hymettus, flew to § Geranea, and from thence to the top of the tower at Corinth, from thence over || Pholoe and Erymanthus, quite to Taygetus. And now, reſolving to ſtrike a bold ſtroke, as I was already become a high flyer, and perfect in my art, I no longer confined myſelf to chicken flights, but getting upon Olympus, and taking a little light proviſion with me, I made the beſt of my way directly towards heaven: the extreme height which I ſoared to brought on a giddineſs at firſt, but this ſoon went off: and when I got as far as the moon, having left a number of clouds behind me, I found a wearineſs, particularly in my vultur wing; I halted, therefore, to reſt myſelf a little, and looking down from

† *Acropolis.*] That part of Athens which was called the upper city, in oppoſition to the ηκατωπολις, or lower city: the Acropolis was on the top of a high rock.

‡ *Parnethes or Hymittus*] Mountains near Athens.

§ *Geranea.*] A mountain between Geranea and Corinth.

|| *Pholoe, &c.*] A high mountain in Arcadia, to the weſt of Elis: Erymanthus, another, bordering upon Achaia: Taygetus, another, reaching northwards, to the foot of the mountains of Arcadia.

thence

thence upon the earth, like Homer's Jupiter, beheld the places

> ‡ Where the brave Mycians prove their martial force,
> And hardy Thracians tame the ſavage horſe;
> Then India, Perſia, and all-conqu'ring Greece.

which gave me wonderful pleaſure and ſatisfaction.

FRIEND.

Let me have an exact account of all your travels, I beſeech you, omit not the leaſt particular, but give me your obſervations upon every thing; I expect to hear a great deal about the form and figure of the earth, and how it all appeared to you from ſuch an eminence.

MENIPPUS.

And ſo you ſhall; aſcend, therefore, in imagination with me to the moon, and conſider the ſituation and appearance of the earth from thence: ſuppoſe it to ſeem, as it did to me, much leſs than the moon, inſomuch, that when I firſt looked down, I could not find the high mountains, and the great ſea; and, if it had not been for the * Rhodian Coloſſus, and the tower of Pharos, ſhould not have known where the earth ſtood. At length, however, by the reflection of the ſun-beams, the ocean appeared,

‡ *Where, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, book xiii. l. 4.

* *Rhodian Coloſſus.*] See note on this in a former dialogue.

ed, and ſhewed me the land, when, keeping my eyes fixed upon it, I beheld clearly and diſtinctly every thing that was doing upon earth, not only whole nations and cities, but all the inhabitants of them, whether waging war, cultivating their fields, trying cauſes, or any thing elſe; their women, animals, every thing, in ſhort, was before me.

FRIEND.

Moſt improbable, all this, and contradictory; you told me but juſt before, that the earth was ſo little by its great diſtance, that you could ſcarce find it, and, if it had not been for the Coloſſus, would not have appeared at all; and now, on a ſudden, like another Lynceus, you can ſpy out men, trees, animals, nay, I ſuppoſe, even a fleas neſt, if you choſe it.

MENIPPUS.

I thank you for putting me in mind of what I had forgot to mention. When I beheld the earth, but could not diſtinguiſh the objects upon it, on account of the immenſe diſtance, I was horribly vexed at it, and ready to cry, when, on a ſudden, † Empedocles the philoſopher

† *Empedocles.*] It is reported of Empedocles, that he went to Ætna, where he leaped into the fire, that he might leave behind him an opinion that he was a god, and that it was after-

ſopher ſtood behind me, all over aſhes, as black as a coal, and dreadfully ſcorched: when I ſaw him, I muſt own I was frightened, and took him for ſome dæmon of the moon; but he came up to me, and cried out, " Menippus, don't be afraid,

* I am no god, why call'ſt thou me divine?

I am Empedocles the naturaliſt: after I had leaped into the furnace, a vapour from Ætna carried me up hither, and here I live in the moon, and feed upon dew: I am come to free you from your preſent diſtreſs." " You are very kind, ſaid I, moſt noble Empedocles, and when I fly back to Greece, I ſhall not forget to pay my devotions to you in the tunnel of my chimney every new moon." " Think not, replied he, that I do this for the ſake of any reward I might expect for it; by † Endymion,

afterwards diſcovered by one of his ſandals, which the fire caſt up again, for his ſandals were of braſs. See Stanley's Lives of the Philoſophers. The manner of his death is related differently by different authors. This was, however, the generally received fable. Lucian, with an equal degree of probability, carries him up to the moon.

* *I am, &c.*] See Homer's Odyſſey, b. xvi. l. 187. The ſpeech of Ulyſſes to his ſon, on the diſcovery.

† *By Endymion.*] When Empedocles is got into the moon, Lucian makes him ſwear by Endymion, in complement to his ſovereign lady.

that is not the caſe, but I was really grieved to ſee you ſo uneaſy: and now, how ſhall we contrive to make you ſee clear?" "That, by Jove, ſaid I, I cannot gueſs, unleſs you can take off this miſt from my eyes, for they are horribly dim at preſent; you have brought the remedy along with you." "How ſo!"—"Have you not got an eagle's wing?"—"True, but what has that to do with an eye?"—"An eagle, you know, is more ſharp-ſighted than any other creature, and the only one that can look againſt the ſun: your true royal bird is known by never winking at the rays, be they ever ſo ſtrong."—"So I have heard, and I am ſorry I did not, before I came up, take out my own eyes and put in the eagle's; thus imperfect, to be ſure, I am not royally furniſhed, but a kind of baſtard bird."—"You may have one royal eye, for all that, if you pleaſe; it is only when you riſe up to fly, holding the vultur's wing ſtill, and moving the eagle's only; by which means, you will ſee clearly with one, though not at all with the other."—"That will do, and is ſufficient for me; I have often ſeen ſmiths, and other artiſts, look with one eye only, to make their work the truer." This converſation ended, Empedocles vaniſhed into ſmoke, and I ſaw no more of him. I acted as he adviſed me, and no ſooner

moved

moved my eagle's wing, than a great light came all around me, and I ſaw every thing as clear as poſſible: looking down to earth, I beheld diſtinctly cities and men, and every thing that paſſed amongſt them; not only what they did openly, but whatever was going on at home, and in their own houſes, where they thought to conceal it. I ſaw * Ptolemy committing inceſt with his ſiſter; Lyſimachus betrayed by his † ſon; Antiochus intriguing with his ‡ mother-in-law; Alexander the Theſſalian, ſlain by his wife; § Antigonus in adultery with his daughter-in-law; and Attalus poiſoned by his ſon: in another place, I ſaw Arſaces killing his wife, and the eunuch Arbaces drawing his ſword upon Arſaces; Spartim, the Mede, dragged by the heels from the banquet by his guards, and knocked o' the head with a cup. In the palaces of Scythia and Thrace, the ſame wickedneſs was going forward; and nothing could I ſee

* *Ptolemy*] Euergetes. According to Herodian, he afterwards married her.

† *Son.*] Agathocles.

‡ *Mother-in-law.*] Stratonice.

§ *Antigonus.*] I do not remember to have met with this ſtory in any author, nor can the commentators inform us who this Antigonus was; two or three other private hiſtories are here alluded to, which, at this diſtance of time, we are unacquainted with, though the facts were probably at that time well known, and remembered by every body.

but murtherers, adulterers, confpirators, ravifh-ers, falfe-fwearers, men in perpetual terrors, and betrayed by their deareft friends and acquaintance.

Such was the employment of kings and great men: in private houfes there was fomething more ridiculous; there I faw Hermodorus the Epicurean forfwearing himfelf for a thoufand drachmas; Agathocles the Stoic quarreling with his difciples about the falary for tuition; Clinias the orator ftealing a phial out of the temple; and Herophilus the Cynic fleeping in a bawdy-houfe: not to mention a thoufand others, who were undermining walls, litigating in the forum, extorting money, or lending it upon ufury; a fight, upon the whole, of wonderful variety.

FRIEND.

It muft have been very entertaining; let us have it all, I defire.

MENIPPUS.

I had much ado to fee, to relate it to you is impoffible; it was like Homer's § fhield, on one fide were feafting and nuptials, on the other harranguing and decrees; here a facrifice, and there a burial; the Getæ at war, the Scythians travelling in their caravans, the Æ-

§ *Shield.*] Of Achilles. See the 18th book of the Iliad.

gyptians

gyptians tilling their fields, the Phœnicians merchandizing, the Cilicians robbing and plundering, the Spartans flogging their children, and the Athenians perpetually quarreling and going to law with one another.

When all this was doing, at the ſame time, you may conceive what a ſtrange medley this appeared to me; it was juſt as if a number of dancers, or rather ſingers were met together, and every one was ordered to leave the chorus, and ſing his own ſong, each ſtriving to drown the others voice, by bawling as loud as he could; you may imagine what kind of a concert this would make.

FRIEND.

Truly ridiculous and confuſed no doubt.

MENIPPUS.

And yet * ſuch, my friend, are all the poor performers upon earth, and of ſuch is compoſed the diſcordant muſic of human life; the voices not only diſſonant and inharmonious, but the forms and habits all differing from each other, moving in various directions, and agreeing in nothing, till at length the great † maſter of the choir drives every one of them from

* *Such my friend, &c.*] How juſt and elegant is this compariſon!

† *Maſter.*] Greek, ὁ χορηγος.

the ſtage, and tells him he is no longer wanted there; then all are ſilent, and no longer diſturb each other with their harſh and jarring diſcord. But in this wide and extenſive theatre, full of various ſhapes and forms, every thing was matter of laughter and ridicule: above all, I could not help ſmiling at thoſe who quarrel about the boundaries of their little territory, and fancy themſelves great becauſe they occupy a ‡ Sicyonian field, or poſſeſs that part of Marathon which borders on Oenoe, or are maſters of a thouſand acres in Acharnæ; when, after all, to me, who looked from above, Greece was but four fingers in breadth, and Attica a very ſmall portion of it indeed. I could not but think how little theſe rich men had to be proud of; he who was lord of the moſt extenſive country owned a ſpot that appeared to me about as large as one of Epicurus's atoms. When I looked down upon Peloponneſus, and beheld § Cynuria, I reflected with aſtoniſh-

‡ *Sicyonian*] Sicyon was a city near Corinth, famous for the richneſs and felicity of its ſoil.

§ *Cynuria*] The famous Ager Cynurius, a little diſtrict of Laconia, on the confines of Argolis; the Argives and Spartans, whom it laid between, agreed to decide the property of it by three hundred men of a ſide in the field: the battle was bloody and deſperate, only one man remaining alive,

aſtoniſhment on the number of Argives and Lacedæmonians who fell in one day, fighting for a piece of land no bigger than an Ægyptian lentile; and when I ſaw a man brooding over his gold, and boaſting that he had got four cups or eight rings, I laughed moſt heartily at him: whilſt the whole || Pangæus, with all its mines, ſeemed no larger than a grain of millet.

FRIEND.

A fine ſight you muſt have had; but how did the cities and the men look?

MENIPPUS.

You have often ſeen a croud of ants running to and fro in and out of their city, ſome turning up a bit of dung, others dragging a bean-ſhell, or running away with half a grain of wheat. I make no doubt but they have architects, demagogues, ſenators, muſicians, and philoſophers amongſt them. Men, my friend, are exactly like theſe: if you approve not of the

alive, Othryades, the Lacedæmonian, who immediately, though covered with wounds, raiſed a trophy, which he inſcribed with his own blood, to Jupiter Tropæus. This victory the Spartans, who from that time had quiet poſſeſſion of the field, yearly celebrated with a feſtival, to commemorate the event.

|| *Pangæus.*] A mountain of Thrace. Dion Caſſius places it near Philippi. It was ſuppoſed to have abounded in golden mines in ſome parts of it.

comparison, recollect, if you please, the ancient Thessalian fables, and you will find that the * Myrmidons, a most warlike nation, sprung originally from pismires.

When I had thus seen and diverted myself with every thing, I shook my wings, and flew off,

† To join the sacred senate of the skies.

Scarce had I gone a furlong, when the Moon, in a soft female voice, cried out to me, "Menippus, will you carry something for me to Jupiter, so may your journey be prosperous." "With all my heart, said I, if it is nothing very heavy." "Only a message, replied she, a small petition to him: my patience is absolutely worn out by the philosophers, who are perpetually disputing about me, who I am, of

* *Myrmidons.*] When Æacus was king of Thessaly, his kingdom was almost depopulated by a dreadful pestilence; he prayed to Jupiter to avert the distemper, and dreamed that he saw an innumerable quantity of ants creep out of an old oak, which were immediately turned into men; when he awoke, the dream was fulfilled, and he found his kingdom more populous than ever; from that time the people were called Myrmidons. Such is the fable, which owed its rise merely to the name of Myrmidons, which it was supposed must come from μυρμηξ, an ant, or pismire.—To some such trifling circumstances as these we are indebted for half the fables of antiquity.

† *To join, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, book i. l. 294.

what

what ſize, how it happens that I am ſometimes round and full, at others cut in half, ſome ſay I am inhabited, others that I am only a looking-glaſs hanging over the ſea, and a hundred conjectures of this kind; even my ‡ light, they ſay, is none of my own, but ſtolen from the Sun; thus endeavouring to ſet me and my brother together by the ears, not content with abuſing him, and calling him a hot ſtone, and a maſs of fire. In the mean time, I am no ſtranger to what theſe men, who look ſo grave and ſour all day, are doing o'nights; but I ſee and ſay nothing, not thinking it decent to lay open their vile and abominable lives to the public; for when I catch them committing adultery, thieving, or practiſing any of their nocturnal tricks, I wrap myſelf up in a cloud, that I may not expoſe to the world a parcel of old fellows, who, in ſpite of their long beards, and profeſſions of virtue, are guilty of every vice, and yet they are always railing at and abuſing me. I ſwear by night, I have often reſolved to move farther off to get out of the reach of their buſy tongues; and I beg you would tell Jupiter that I cannot poſſibly ſtay

‡ *My light.*] This was the opinion of Anaxagoras, and is confirmed by the more accurate obſervations of modern philoſophy.

here

here any longer, unlefs he will deftroy thefe naturalifts, ftop the mouths of the logicians, throw down the Portico, burn the Academy, and make an end of the inhabitants of Peripatus; fo may I enjoy at laft a little reft, which thefe fellows are perpetually difturbing."—"It fhall be done," faid I, and away I fet out for heaven, where

* No tracks of beafts, or figns of men are found.

In a little time the earth was invifible, and the moon appeared very fmall; and now, leaving the fun on my right hand, I flew amongft the ftars, and on the third day reached my journey's end. At firft I intended to fly in, juft as I was, thinking, that being half an eagle, I fhould not be difcovered, as that bird was an old acquaintance of Jupiter's, but then it occurred to me that I might be found out by my vultur's wing, and laid hold on: deeming it, therefore, moft prudent not to run the hazard, I went up, and knocked at the door: Mercury heard me, and afking my name, went off immediately, and carried it to his mafter; foon after I was let in, and, trembling and quaking with fear, found all the gods fitting together,

* *No tracks, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Odyffey, book x. l. 113.

and

and ſeemingly not a little alarmed at my appearance there, expecting, probably, that they ſhould ſoon have a number of winged mortals travelling up to them in the ſame manner: when Jupiter, looking at me with a moſt ſevere and * Titanic countenance, cried out,

† Say who thou art, and whence thy country, name,
Thy parents ——

At this I thought I ſhould have died with fear; I ſtood motionleſs, and aſtoniſhed at the awfulneſs and majeſty of his voice; but recovering myſelf in a ſhort time, I related to him every thing from the beginning, how deſirous I was of knowing ſublime truths, how I went to the philoſophers, and hearing them contradict one another, and driven to deſpair, thought on the ſcheme of making me wings, with all that had happened in my journey quite up to heaven. I then delivered the meſſage to him from the Moon, at which, ſoftening his contracted brow, he ſmiled at me, and cried, "What were ‡ Otus and Ephialtes in compariſon

* *Titanic.*] i. e. Such a countenance as he put on when he ſlew the rebellious Titans.

† *Say who, &c.*] See Homer's Odyſſey, A. v. 170.

‡ *Otus.*] Otus and Ephialtes were two giants of an enormous ſize; ſome of the ancients, who, no doubt, were exact in their meaſurement, aſſure us that, at nine years old,

parifon of Menippus, who has thus dared to fly up to heaven: but come, we now invite you to fupper with us, to-morrow we will attend to your bufinefs, and difmifs you." At thefe words he rofe up and went to that part of heaven where every thing from below could be heard moft diftinctly; for this, it feems, was the time appointed to hear petitions. As we went along, he afked me feveral queftions about earthly matters; fuch as, "How much corn is there at prefent in Greece? had you a hard winter laft year? and did your cabbages want rain? is any of ‡ Phidias's family alive now? what is the reafon that the Athenians have left off facrificing to me for fo many years? do they think of

old, they were nine cubits round, and thirty-fix high, and grew in proportion, till they thought proper to attack, and endeavour to dethrone Jupiter; for which purpofe they piled mount Offa and Pelion upon Olympus, made Mars prifoner, and played feveral tricks of this kind, till Diana, by artifice fubdued them, contriving, fome way or other, to make them fhoot their arrows againft, and deftroy each other, after which Jupiter fent them down to Tartarus. Some attribute to Apollo the honour of conquering them. This ftory has been explained, and allegorized, and tortured fo many different ways, that it is not eafy to unravel the foundation of it.

‡ *Phidias's, &c.*] Jupiter thought himfelf, we may fuppofe, much obliged to Phidias for the famous ftatue which he had made of him, and therefore, in return, complaifantly enquires after his family.

building

building up the Olympian temple again? are the thieves taken that robbed the Dodonæan?" When I had anſwered all theſe, "Pray, Menippus, ſaid he, what does mankind really think of me?" "How ſhould they think of you, ſaid I, but with the utmoſt veneration, that you are the great ſovereign of the gods." "There you jeſt, ſaid he; I am ſure, I know well enough how fond they are of novelty, though you will not own it: there was a time, indeed, when I was held in ſome eſtimation, when I was the great phyſician, when I was every thing, in ſhort,

* When ſtreets, and lanes, and all was full of Jove.

† Piſa and ‡ Dodona were diſtinguiſhed above every place, and I could not ſee for the ſmoke of ſacrifices; but, ſince Apollo has ſet up his oracle at Delphi, and Æſculapius practiſes phyſic at Pergamus; ſince temples have been erected to § Bendis at Thrace, to Anubis in

* *When ſtreets.*] From Aratus.

† *Piſa.*] A city of Elis, where there was a temple dedicated to Olympian Jupiter, and public games celebrated every fifth year.

‡ *Dodona.*] A city of Theſſaly, where there was a temple to Jove; this was likewiſe the ſeat of the famous oracle.

§ *Bendis.*] A goddeſs worſhipped in Thrace. Heſychius ſays this was only another name for Diana. See Strabo.

Ægypt, and to Diana at Ephesus, every body runs after them; with them they feast, to them they offer up their hecatombs, and think it honour enough for a worn-out god as I am, if they sacrifice once in six years at Olympia; whilst my altars are as cold and neglected as || Plato's laws, or the syllogisms of Chrysippus."

With this and such-like chat we passed away the time, till we came to the place where the petitions were to be heard: here we found several holes, with covers to them, and close to every one was placed a golden chair. Jupiter sat down in the first he came to, and lifting up the lid, listened to the prayers, which, as you may suppose, were of various kinds; I stooped down and heard several of them myself; such as, "O Jupiter, grant me a large empire!" "O Jupiter, may my leeks and onions flourish and increase." "Grant, Jupiter, that my father may die soon!" "Grant I may survive my wife!" "Grant, I may not be discovered, whilst I lay wait for my brother!" "Grant that I may get my cause!" "Grant that I may be crowned at Olympia!" One sailor asked for a north-wind, another for a south; the husband-

|| *Plato's laws.*] Alluding to his republic, which, probably, was considered by Lucian and others, as a kind of Utopian system.

man

man prayed for rain, and the fuller for ſunſhine: Jupiter heard them all, but did not promiſe every body,

> † —— of ſome the juſt requeſt,
> He heard propitious, and denied the reſt.

Thoſe prayers which he thought right and proper he let up through the hole, and blew the wicked and fooliſh ones back, that they might not riſe to heaven : one petition, indeed, puzzled him a little; two men aſking favours of him, directly contrary to each other, at the ſame time, and promiſing the ſame ſacrifice; he was at a loſs which to oblige; he became immediately a perfect Academic, and, like * Pyrrho, was held in ſuſpenſe between them. When he had done with the prayers, he ſat down upon the next chair, over another hole, and liſtened to thoſe who were ſwearing and making vows: when he had finiſhed this buſineſs, and deſtroyed Hermodorus, the Epicurean, for perjury, he removed to the next ſeat, and gave audience to the auguries, oracles, and divinations; which having diſpatched, he proceeded to the hole that brought up the fume of the victims, together

† *Of ſome, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, book xvi. l. 250.

* *Pyrrho.*] Of Elis, founder of the Sceptic ſect, who doubted of every thing. He flouriſhed about the hundred and tenth Olympiad.

gether with the name of the ſacrificer. Then he gave out his orders to the winds and ſtorms: "Let there be rain to-day in Scythia, lightning in Africa, and ſnow in Greece; do you, Boreas, blow in Lydia, and, whilſt Notus lies ſtill, let the North-wind raiſe the waves of the Adriatic, and about a thouſand meaſures of hail be ſprinkled over Cappadocia."

When Jupiter had done all his buſineſs, we repaired to the feaſt; for it was now ſupper-time, and Mercury bade me ſit down by Pan, the Corybantes, Attis, and Sabazius, a kind of demi-gods, who are admitted as viſitors there. Ceres ſerved us with bread, and Bacchus with wine; Hercules handed about the fleſh, Venus ſcattered myrtles, and Neptune brought us fiſh; not to mention that I got ſlyly a little nectar and ambroſia; for my friend Ganymede, out of good-nature, if he ſaw Jove looking another way, would frequently throw me in a cup or two. The greater gods, as † Homer tells us (who, I ſuppoſe, had ſeen them as well as myſelf), never taſte meat or wine, but feed upon

† *Homer tells us.*]

Ου γαρ σιτον εδουσ', ου πινουσ' αιθοπα οινον.

—— Not the bread of man their life ſuſtains,

Nor wine's inflaming juice ſupplies their veins.

See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book v. l. 425.

ambroſia,

ambrosia, and get drunk with nectar, at the same time their greatest luxury is, instead of victuals, to suck in the fumes that rise from the victims, and the blood of the sacrifices that are offered up to them. Whilst we were at supper, Apollo played on the harp, Silenus danced * a cordax, and the Muses repeated Hesiod's Theogony, and the first Ode of Pindar. When these recreations were over, we all retired, tolerably † well-soaked, to bed,

‡ Now pleasing rest had seal'd each mortal eye,
And ev'n immortal gods in slumber lye,
All but myself ——

I could not help thinking of a thousand things, and particularly how it came to pass that, during so long a time § Apollo should never have got him a beard; and how there came to be night in heaven, though the sun is always present there, and feasting with them. I slept a little, and early in the morning Jupiter ordered the crier to summon a council of the gods;

* *Cordax.*] See Lucian on Dancing.

† *Well-soaked.*] Greek, υποβεβρεγμενοι.

‡ *Now pleasing, &c.*] See the beginning of the second book of the Iliad.

§ *Apollo.*] Apollo is always represented as imberbis, or without a beard, probably from a notion that Phœbus, or the sun, must be always young.

 and

and when they were all aſſembled, thus addreſſed himſelf to them.

" The ſtranger, who came here yeſterday, is the chief cauſe of my convening you this day. I have long wanted to talk with you concerning the philoſophers, and the complaints now ſent to us from the Moon make it immediately neceſſary to take the affair into conſideration: there is lately ſprung up a race of men, ſlothful, quarrelſome, vain-glorious, fooliſh, petulant, gluttonous, proud, abuſive, in ſhort, what Homer calls,

|| An idle burthen to the ground.

Theſe, dividing themſelves into ſects, run through all the labyrinths of diſputation, calling themſelves Stoics, Academics, Epicureans, Peripatetics, and a hundred other names ſtill more ridiculous; then wrapping themſelves up in the ſacred veil of virtue, they contract their brows, and let down their beards, under a ſpecious appearance hiding the moſt abandoned profligacy: like one of the players on the ſtage, if you ſtrip him of his fine habits wrought with gold, all that remains behind is a ridiculous ſpectacle of a little contemptible

|| *An idle, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, book xviii. l. 134.

fellow

fellow, hired to appear there for feven drachmas: and yet thefe men defpife every body, talk abfurdly of the gods, and drawing in a number of credulous boys, roar to them in a tragical ftyle about virtue, and enter into difputations that are endlefs and unprofitable. To their difciples they cry up fortitude and temperance, a contempt of riches and pleafures, and, when alone, indulge in riot and debauchery. The moft intolerable of all is, that though they contribute nothing towards the good and welfare of the community, though they are

> * Unknown alike, in council and in field;

yet are they perpetually finding fault with, abufing, and reviling others, and he is counted the greateft amongft them who is moft impudent, noify, and malevolent; if one fhould fay to one of thefe fellows who fpeak ill of every body, What fervice are you of to the commonwealth? he would reply, if he fpoke fairly and honeftly, "To be a failor, or a foldier, or a hufbandman, or a mechanic, I think beneath me; but I can make a noife and look dirty, wafh myfelf in cold water, go bare-foot all winter, and then, like Momus, find fault with every body elfe: if any rich man fups

* *Unknown, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, book ii. l. 258.

luxurioufly, or keeps a miſtreſs, I rail at, and abuſe him; but if any of my friends or acquaintance fall ſick, and want my aſſiſtance, I take no notice of them.

"Such, my brother gods, are the † cattle which I complain of; and of all theſe the Epicureans are the worſt, who aſſert, that the gods take no care of human affairs, or look at all into them: it is high time, my brethren, that we ſhould take this matter into conſideration, for if once they can perſuade the people to believe theſe things, you muſt all ſtarve; for who will ſacrifice to you, when they can get nothing by it? What the Moon accuſes you of, you all heard yeſterday from the ſtranger; conſult, therefore, amongſt yourſelves, and determine what may beſt promote the happineſs of mankind, and our own ſecurity." When Jupiter had thus ſpoken, the aſſembly rung with repeated cries, of thunder, and lightning! burn, conſume, deſtroy! down with them into the pit, to Tartarus, and the giants! Jove, however, once more commanding ſilence, cried out, "It ſhall be done as you deſire; they and their philoſophy ſhall periſh together: but at

† *Cattle.*] Greek, θρεμματα, what Virgil calls ignavum pecus.

preſent,

present, no punishments must be inflicted; for these four months to come, as you all know, it is a solemn feast, and I have declared a truce: next year, in the beginning of the spring, my lightning shall destroy them.

"As to Menippus, first cutting off his wings that he may not come here again; let Mercury carry him down to the earth."

Saying this, he broke up the assembly, and Mercury taking me up by my right ear, brought me down, and left me yesterday evening in the Ceramicus. And now, my friend, you have heard every thing I had to tell you from heaven; I must take my leave, and carry this good news to the philosophers, who are walking in the Pæcile.

THE

DOUBLE INDICTMENT,

A DIALOGUE.

This Title is taken from the latter part of the little Piece before us; where LUCIAN, *in a most ingenious Manner defends his own Method of Writing, against those Critics who blamed him for leaving Oratory, Declamation, and Philosophy, to sport in the more pleasing Walk of easy* Dialogue. *He ridicules the Logicians, laughs at the Epicureans, and diverts himself with the Platonic and Socratic Disputants. The whole is full of excellent Satire, and sensible Reflections.*

JUPITER, MERCURY, JUSTICE, PAN, &c.

JUPITER.

A Plague on those philosophers, who say, that the gods alone enjoy true felicity! if they knew what troubles we go through for mankind, they would not call us happy, merely because we have a little nectar and ambrosia, or place such implicit faith in that blind impostor Homer, who tells such stories of our bliss above, and talks about things in heaven, when he cannot so much as see what passes upon earth. There is the poor Sun, clothed with fire, and

shining

ſhining with his rays, runs about all day in his chariot, from one end of heaven to the other, and has not leiſure, as they ſay, to ſcratch his ears; for, if he ſhould ſtop but a moment, the horſes would ſhake off their bridles, turn out of the way, and ſet every thing on fire. Then obſerve the Moon, how carefully ſhe takes her round to light topers that reel home late at night from ſupper. Then again, Apollo, who has taken a heavy taſk upon him, is almoſt ſtunned with the noiſe of thoſe that are calling upon him for divinations; now he is forced to go to Delphi, a little after he poſts to * Colophon, then, perhaps, croſſes † Xanthus, and runs away in his chariot to Claros, Delus, or the ‡ Branchidæ; wherever, in ſhort, his prieſteſs, after drinking the ſacred liquor, put on his laurel, or moved the tripod, bids him go, away he muſt march to deliver his oracles, if

* *Colophon.*] A city near Claros in Ionia, where there was an oracle of Apollo. Potter does not, I believe, mention it; though it is taken notice of by Philoſtratus, Porphyry, and Jamblichus.

† *Xanthus.*]

> Qualis ubi hibernam Lyciam Xanthique fluenta
> Deſerit, ac delum maternam inviſit Apollo.
>
> Virg. Æn. iv. l. 143.

‡ *Branchidæ.*] An oracle of Apollo, in the territory of Miletus: ſo called from the family of the prieſts.

he has any regard to the honour and glory of his art; not to mention the tricks which they play him to try his power, mixing lamb's fleſh and tortoiſe together; ſo that if he has not a ſharp noſe, to ſmell out the difference, the † Lydian will laugh him to ſcorn. Æſculapius too has enough to do with his patients, meets with many a diſagreeable ſight, taſte, and ſmell; and, in ſhort, is made unhappy himſelf, by the miſeries of others. Need I ſpeak of the Winds, who are conſtantly employed in nouriſhing plants, tranſporting veſſels, and breathing on the fields and meadows: Somnus alſo, who goes about viſiting every body, and carries his dreams and his oracles along with him. This, and a great deal more, are the gods obliged to do for the benefit and happineſs of mankind: but their trouble is nothing to mine. I, who am the king and father of them all, what hardſhips do I go through, and what cares am I diſtracted with! I muſt overlook all the reſt of the gods, and ſee that they do not neglect their buſineſs; beſides doing a hundred little things, ſo numerous and trifling, that there is no attending to them: for, after I have finiſhed my great matters, ſuch as diſpenſing hail, rain, winds, thunder and lightnings, ſtill I can have no quiet, but like the

† *The Lydian.*] Crœſus.

Nemean

‡ Nemean ſhepherd, muſt be always upon the watch, looking after thieves, falſe ſwearers, and ſacrifices, obſerving whoſe altars ſmoak, what ſailors and ſick men are ſending up their prayers to me: then, which is worſt of all, at one and the ſame time I muſt attend the hecatombs at Olympia, and the warriors at Babylon, ſend hail to the Getæ, and feaſt with the Æthiopians; and, after all, there is no eſcaping murmurs and complaints.

§ Th' immortals ſlumber on their thrones,
All but the ever-wakeful eye of Jove.

For, if there is the leaſt neglect, Epicurus pronounces immediately, that we take no care of human affairs: and, let me tell you, if once men come to believe this, we are in imminent danger; our temples will have no garlands, our cups will be empty, and our altars cold; we ſhall have no victims or ſacrifices, and famine muſt enſue: in the mean time, I ſtand like the captain of the veſſel, with the rudder in my hand, the mariners all drunk, or faſt aſleep, and only myſelf awake day and night without food or reſt;

‡ *Nemean.*] i. e. as the ſhepherds inhabiting that territory muſt always have been, before Hercules was ſo kind as to ſlay the famous Nemean lion.

§ *Th' immortals, &c.*] See beginning of the ſecond book of the Iliad.

My

* My heart is full of ſorrow, grief, and care,

And all I have for it is, the honour of being called Lord and Maſter. I would fain aſk theſe philoſophers who talk ſo much of our happineſs, what time they think we can have to enjoy our nectar and ambroſia, with ſo much buſineſs on our hands: for want of leiſure, I have now by me, I know not how many old books of cauſes, covered with ruſt and ſpider's webs, particularly between the profeſſors of arts and ſciences, which I have never been able to ſettle; theſe they are always calling upon me to decide, accuſing me of ſloth and indolence, not knowing that the delay is occaſioned not by neglect, but by that ſtate of felicity which I am ſuppoſed to live in; for ſo they chuſe to call my perpetual hurry and fatigue.

MERCURY.

I have often heard them complain, but never dared to tell you of it; but as you have mentioned the affair yourſelf, I may venture to inform you that they are very angry, and though they are afraid to ſpeak out, murmur and whiſper together, accuſing you of delay, when they ought to be thoroughly ſatisfied.

JUPITER.

What is to be done then, Mercury; ſhall we give

* *My heart.*] See Iliad, b. ii. l. 3.

give them a hearing now, or put it off till next year?

MERCURY.

O by no means; let us have it immediately.

JUPITER.

Be it ſo then: do you fly down, and give out, that "whoever has any cauſe to try, muſt come forth to the Areopagus, Juſtice ſhall there appoint proper judges to determine; but if any one ſhall think himſelf aggrieved by the ſentence, he may appeal to me, and I will rejudge the cauſe." Go you, my † daughter, as aſſeſſor to the ‡ venerable goddeſſes, and preſide over the court.

JUSTICE.

Muſt I to earth again then? to be turned out once more, or bear the inſults of my rival?

JUPITER.

Hope better things; times are altered now, and the philoſophers have perſuaded men to prefer you to Injuſtice; eſpecially the divine Socrates, who has crowned you with the higheſt praiſe, and demonſtrated that you are the chief good.

JUSTICE.

And of what ſervice was his encomium on me to the poor man himſelf, who was con-

† *Daughter.*] Speaking to Juſtice.
‡ *Venerable, &c.*] The Furies.

demned

demned by the * eleven, thrown into a goal, and forced to ſwallow poiſon, even before he had ſacrificed his cock to Æſculapius? ſo much more powerful were his accuſers, who philoſophiſed in favour of my adverſary.

JUPITER.

Philoſophy at that time was unknown amongſt the vulgar, and there were very few profeſſors of it; it was no wonder, therefore, that they ſhould liſten to † Anytus and Melitus: but now it is quite another thing; do not you obſerve how many cloaks, and clubs, and ſatchels there are about, long beards on every ſide, with books under their left arms, and all talking for you; one meets troops of philoſophers in every ſtreet, and not a man but is a diſciple, or a teacher of virtue; hundreds leave their occupations, and get themſelves ſcrips, and long cloaks, blacken their bodies, like Æthiops in the ſun, from coblers and blackſmiths, turn ‡ extempore philoſophers, and go about praiſing you and your virtues: as the proverb ſays, it is

* *The eleven.*] Magiſtrates, or perſons, who ſat as judges in the Παραβυστον, or court of juſtice; if the majority of theſe were againſt the criminal, he was convicted.

† *Anytus and Melitus.*] The accuſers of Socrates.

‡ *Extempore.*] This is exactly the caſe with our modern enthuſiaſts, the Methodiſts of this age, who ſtep forth from ſtalls and counters, to teach religion, and abuſe the clergy.

eaſier

§ eaſier for a man on board a ſhip to avoid touching wood, than, as we walk along, to eſcape meeting a philoſopher.

JUSTICE.

Theſe, father, are the very people I am moſt afraid of, for they are always diſputing about, and yet know nothing of me; in a word, they pretend to have a great veneration, but in fact have no regard for me, and will not ſo much as admit me into their houſes, where my enemy, Injuſtice, has already met with a hearty welcome.

JUPITER.

They are not all ſo wicked: you will ſtill find ſome, my dear daughter, who are good and virtuous; but come, let us be gone, that we may do a little buſineſs to-day.

MERCURY.

Away, good Juſtice, towards Sunium; go along under Hymettus, and leave Parthene on your left, where the two mountains are; you ſeem to have forgot the way. How is this! crying and lamenting! never be afraid, child, this is quite a different age; the * Scyrons,

§ *Eaſier.*] This puts us in mind of lady H——, who at the laſt creation of numerous peers, complained that ſhe could not ſpit out of her window into the Park, without daubing a lord.

* *Scyrons, &c.*] Ruffians, who robbed and plundered in Attica, and were deſtroyed by Theſeus.

and

and Pityocampti, and Buſiris's, and Phalaris's, whom you were ſo afraid of, are all dead and gone; Wiſdom now, and the Academy, and the Portico are all in all, they are looking for, and talking of you, waiting impatiently for your arrival.

JUSTICE.

You, Mercury, and you only can tell the truth, for you are often with them, both in the Forum, and the Gymnaſium; you are their herald and their crier, and therefore can beſt inform me what they are, and whether it is probable I can ſtay amongſt them.

MERCURY.

That you certainly may; unjuſt it would certainly be in me to deceive you; the generality of people are really much improved by philoſophy; from a regard to external appearances, they at leaſt ſin with more decency; though, to ſay the truth, you will meet with many profligate enough, and with ſome that are but half-wiſe, and half-wicked: when Philoſophy firſt took them in hand, as many as heartily imbibed the tincture which ſhe gave, changed their colour, and became perfectly good; theſe are all fond of, and ready to receive you: thoſe who, from the dirt and filth they had formerly contracted, could not take

in

in enough of her ſalutary medicine, were better than many others, but ſtill weak and imperfect, ſtill ſpotted, like leopards, with vice and folly; and ſome there are, who only † touching the veſſel it was prepared in, thought they had done enough. You, however, will have nothing to do but with the beſt of them: but ſee, we are already got to Attica; we muſt leave Sunium, therefore, on our left, and turn off towards the Acropolis; you may ſit down on the hill, and ſee the aſſembly from thence, at leaſt till we receive farther commands from Jupiter. I will get upon the Acropolis, and ſummon them together.

JUSTICE.

Before you go, Mercury, tell me who it is that is coming towards us: he ſeems to be horned, has a pipe in his hand, and hairy legs.

MERCURY.

Do not you know * Pan, one of Bacchus's moſt Bacchanalian miniſters? he uſed to live at

† *Touching*] Quo ſemel eſt imbuta recens ſervabit odorem
Teſta diu. Hor.

* *Pan.*] The god of ſhepherds, hunters, and countrymen, generally repreſented with horns, and a long beard, like a ſatyr. He was worſhipped in Arcadia, where he had an oracle. He is ſaid, but on what good authority we know not, to have fought for the Athenians at the battle of Marathon, and to have ſlain a great number of Barbarians.

Parthe-

Parthenium, but on the incurfion of the Barbarians into Marathon, he came as a volunteer to the affiftance of the Athenians, and from that time has been honoured with a cave under the towers, where he generally refides, and having fpied us out, is coming up, I fuppofe, to pay his compliments to us.

PAN.

Mercury, your fervant; Juftice, your's.

JUSTICE.

Your's, moft noble Pan, thou prince of Satyrs for finging and dancing, at Athens the firft of warriors too.

PAN.

Mercury, what brought you here?

MERCURY.

She will tell you all; I muft to my office of crier at the Acropolis.

JUSTICE.

Jupiter has fent me down to determine fome certain caufes here: but how go you on at Athens?

PAN.

They do not treat me quite fo well as they ought to do, confidering my fervices, in defending them from fo many Barbarians; two or three times a year, indeed, they facrifice a ftinking goat to me, honour me with a little empty praife,

praiſe, and feed themſelves upon the fleſh of it; their jeſts and merriment, however, is ſome diverſion to me.

JUSTICE.

But tell me, Pan, are they grown better and more virtuous, from the inſtruction of theſe philoſophers?

PAN.

What philoſophers? thoſe ſolemn, melancholy, talking fellows, do you mean, with down-caſt eyes, and beards as long as mine?

JUSTICE.

The ſame.

PAN.

I know nothing of them; they are too wiſe to be underſtood by me, who am only a mountaineer, and never learned their fine poliſhed language. Who ever heard of a Sophiſt or philoſopher in Arcadia? A crooked reed and a pipe is all my knowlege: I can feed goats, indeed, and dance, and fight a little withal upon occaſion. I have heard them talking ſometimes about ideas, and nature, and virtue, incorporeal ſubſtances, and ſuch kind of ſtrange unintelligible ſtuff: at firſt they are very calm and peaceable, but, in the courſe of the diſpute, frequently raiſe their voices into the * Orthian

* *Orthian.*] Το Ορθιον, ſay the lexicographers, ſublatâ et

 intentâ

thian mode, and in the heat of the battle, will exert themselves so violently that their faces shall redden, their necks swell, and their veins rise like a flute-player's when he blows in a narrow pipe: at length, the question entirely lost in the general confusion, the combatants wipe the sweat from their foreheads, and retire, abusing one another; and he is generally looked upon as conqueror, who can bawl loudest, and has the most impudence; the multitude, in the mean time, who have nothing else to do, gaze at them with astonishment and admiration: for my own part, I always considered them as a set of vain empty fellows, and was not a little angry at their having beards so like my own. Whether the public may reap any advantage from their noise, or what good their eloquence may do, I cannot say; but to speak the truth, as I live here in a little cave, hard by, I have seen them, sometimes, late in the evening ——

JUSTICE.

Stop a moment, Pan; is not Mercury haranguing them?

intentâ voce. Carmen Verò Orthium dicitur quod voce subtilissimâ cantatur; the Orthian mode, says the Scholiast, is that, qui ad accendendos animos in prælio adhibebatur, which was made use of to raise the spirits of men in battle.

PAN.

PAN.

He is.

MERCURY.

"Oyez, oyez, all people, take notice, that on this day, and good luck attend it! being the ſeventh of February, there is to be a hearing; whoever has any cauſes to try, let him appear in the Areopagus; where Juſtice will herſelf attend and preſide; will appoint judges from amongſt the whole Athenian people; every judge to have three oboli, and the * number of the judges to be in proportion to the crime: thoſe who, having began their proceſs, died before it was determined, † Æacus has orders to ſend back; and if any one ſhall think himſelf wronged by the ſentence here pronounced, he may appeal to Jupiter."

PAN.

What a noiſe and clamour there is amongſt

* *Number.*] In ſome of the Grecian courts of judicature, the number of the judges, who were choſen by lot, was in proportion to the weight of the cauſe to be decided; ſometimes there were fifty, and ſometimes two or five hundred. When cauſes of great conſequence were to be tried, it was cuſtomary to call in all the judges of other courts; and ſometimes, we are told, they amounted even to fifteen hundred, or two thouſand.

† *Æacus.*] One of the three judges in hell, appointed with his two aſſeſſors, Minos and Rhadamanthus, to try men after death, and to puniſh or reward them as they deſerved.

 them!

them! how they croud together, and drag one another up the hill! but here comes M cury. You may go and do your justic nefs, if you pleafe, as in duty bour me, I fhall beg leave to retire to upon my pipe, and fing a love-fong, as I u ly do, to provoke Echo: of judicial de nations I have enough already, for I hear them every day.

MERCURY.

Come, Juftice, fhall we call them over?

JUSTICE.

By all means, for they ftand very thick, and are buzzing about, you fee, like fo many wafps.

ATHENIAN.

I have you now, rafcal.

ANOTHER ATHENIAN.

You are a lyar.

ANOTHER.

You will pay for it at laft.

ANOTHER.

I fhall prove you guilty of fuch facts ——

ANOTHER.

Bring on my caufe firft.

ANOTHER.

Come along, villain.

ANOTHER.

Do not throttle me.

JUS-

JUSTICE.

What ſhall we do, Mercury? we had better, I think, hear the complaints brought againſt men by the Arts, Sciences, and different ways of life to-day, and put off the other cauſes till to-morrow: come, bring on ſome of thoſe.

MERCURY.

Imprimis, Falſe Impriſonment and Drunkenneſs ſues the Academy for running away with Polemon.

JUSTICE.

Appoint ſeven judges for that cauſe.

MERCURY.

Item, a miſdemeanor: the Portico againſt Pleaſure, for ſtealing away their admirer, Dionyſius.

JUSTICE.

Five will be enough for that.

MERCURY.

Item, Luxury againſt Virtue, touching * Ariſtippus.

JUS-

* *Ariſtippus.*] The diſciple of Socrates. After the death of his maſter, he retired to his own country, Cyrene, and inſtituted a ſect, called from thence the Cyrenaic: his diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic was, that he could conform himſelf to every place, time, and perſon, and, like the apoſtle Paul, become all things to all men, as Horace ſays,

> Omnis Ariſtippum decuit color et ſtatus et res.
> Ev'ry condition, habit, and event,
> With Ariſtippus ſuits.

 He

JUSTICE.

Five will do for that too.

MERCURY.

Item, Gluttony against Diogenes, for discretion.

JUSTICE.

For that only three.

MERCURY.

Item, Painting against * Pyrrho, for † flying his colours.

JUSTICE.

Nine for that.

MERCURY.

Would you have the two new suits tried now against the Rhetorician?

JUSTICE.

We had better take the old ones first, and defer them to another day.

He was, consequently, much followed and admired. The Jesuits, of latter times, seem to have adopted the Aristippian maxims, and succeeded accordingly.

* *Pyrrho.*] The famous founder of the Sceptic sect, was, as Apollodorus tells us, originally a painter. In the Gymnasium of Elis was preserved a very good piece of his doing, representing torch-bearers. See Diog. Laert.

† *Flying.*] Greek, λειποταξιου, desertio ordinis. Here, by a lucky expression in our language, coinciding with the sense, the translation (I beg my readers will not pass over so extraordinary a circumstance unobserved,) is better than the original.

MER-

MERCURY.

The causes are nearly of the same nature with those we have marked down already, and it is a point that should be determined.

JUSTICE.

I see, Mercury, you are for obliging every body that applies to you, so let us have them; but these must be the only ones at present; there are judges enough appointed already: come, produce them.

MERCURY.

Rhetoric brings a complaint against a certain ‡ Syrian for male treatment, and Dialogue also for abuse.

JUSTICE.

Who is it? There is no name?

MERCURY.

The name does not signify, we need only say the Syrian Rhetorician.

JUSTICE.

These Tramontanes have no business in the court of Athens, their causes should be tried on the other side of the Euphrates; however, put down judges for the two causes.

‡ *Syrian.*] The ingenious method which Lucian has here taken to introduce and defend himself, cannot be sufficiently admired. Academy's speaking for both sides of the question, is a fine stroke of indirect satire.

MERCURY.

Very well, Juſtice; you are ſaving enough, I find, and would not put the criminals to unneceſſary expence.

JUSTICE.

The firſt cauſe to come on is that between Drunkenneſs and the Academy: come, pour in the water: do you, Drunkenneſs, ſpeak firſt; what! not a word to ſay for yourſelf, only nodding. Mercury, attend and liſten.

MERCURY.

She ſays, ſhe cannot plead her cauſe, for the wine has tied up her tongue, and ſhe is afraid of being laughed at: you ſee ſhe can hardly ſtand.

JUSTICE.

O, let her employ an advocate; one of the ſharpeſt ſhe can get; there are enough of them here that will crack their lungs for three halfpence.

MERCURY.

But nobody chuſes openly to defend the cauſe of Drunkenneſs, though ſhe certainly has a claim to it.

JUSTICE.

What is to be done then?

MERCURY.

The Academy is always ready to plead on both ſides of the queſtion, and ſhe has offered

to

to do it now; ſhe ſays, ſhe will ſpeak firſt for her, and then for herſelf.

JUSTICE.

That is quite a new ſcheme; however, come, Academy, and plead on both ſides, as it is ſo eaſy to you.

ACADEMY.

Pleaſe to obſerve, moſt noble judges, that I ſpeak now for Drunkenneſs; the water flows for her.

"I have been deeply injured by the Academy, who has robbed me of my ſervant Polemon, who always looked upon me as his beſt friend, and did every thing that I bade him. He uſed to be for ever wandering about with fidlers, roaring, and drinking from morning to night, with a garland of flowers on his head; this the whole Athenian people can bear witneſs to, who never ſaw him ſober; but, chancing one day, in his rambles, to ſtumble upon Academy, ſhe laid violent hands upon him, dragged him away from me, forced him to drink water, and be ſober, tore off his garland, and, inſtead of giving him ſomething to drink in bed, taught him certain hard and unintelligible phraſes, full of care and miſery: inſtead of that roſy colour which uſed to ſhine on his countenance, he ſoon grew pale, languid, and dirty,

dirty, forgot all his ſongs, and would ſit without meat or drink till mid-night, ſtudying ſome nonſenſe or other, that Academy had taught him: beſides this, which is worſe than all, he does nothing now but abuſe and traduce me."

Thus far have I ſpoken in favour of drunkenneſs; I ſhall now plead for myſelf: change the water.

JUSTICE.

Do ſo; what will ſhe ſay now? I wonder.

ACADEMY.

Thus hath the advocate for drunkenneſs pleaded her cauſe; and now, O moſt venerable judges, if you will liſten to me with kindneſs and attention, I hope fully to prove, that I have done her no injury; for ſhe herſelf debauched this Polemon, a noble and ingenuous youth, and naturally well affected to me, ſeized upon him in his earlieſt years, and with the aſſiſtance of her hand-maid Pleaſure, corrupted his mind, and led him to taverns and brothels, till he had loſt all ſenſe of ſhame. What ſhe ſaid in her own defence, may as well ſuit me: for he was walking night and day through the city, always liſtening to ſome fiddler or other, and never ſober, to the diſgrace of his family, a laughing-

laughing-ſtock to the whole town, and èvery ſtranger in it. When he came, I happened to be, as I often am, diſcourſing with ſome of my friends; at firſt he made a violent noiſe, and roaring, and endeavoured as much as he could to interrupt our lecture, but perceiving that we took no notice of him, by degrees, (for as yet he was ſcarce recovered from his drunken fit,) he grew ſober; our converſation had ſuch an effect upon him, that he tore off his garlands, bade the fiddling girl have done playing, and was aſhamed of his fine purple coat; as if awakened from a dream, he began to look into himſelf, and abhor his former life; to the redneſs of a drunkard which had before covered his cheeks, ſucceeded the bluſh of ſhame; the rebel at length came entirely over to me: not as ſhe tells you, either forced or even invited to it, but of his own accord, and convinced that it was better for him. Call him to me, if you pleaſe, and you will ſee what good friends we are. I found him, moſt venerable judges, behaving moſt ridiculouſly, and ſo drunk, that he could neither ſpeak, nor ſtand: I converted him, and inſtead of a contemptible ſlave, ſent him back to his friends an honeſt, ſober, and reſpectable man: he acknowleges himſelf much obliged to me for it; and you may judge which

of

of us it was beſt for him to keep company with.

MERCURY.

Come, come, your votes without farther delay: riſe, for we have a great many other cauſes to try.

JUSTICE.

Academy has it by every voice but one.

MERCURY.

It would have been a wonder, indeed, if drunkenneſs had not found one friend amongſt you. Come, ſit down, you that are choſen judges in the cauſe between the Portico, and Pleaſure: the water is poured in; you, * lady of the pictures, may begin.

PORTICO.

I am not ignorant, O judges, how artful and ſpecious an adverſary I am now contending with; many of you, I perceive, are caſting an eye of complacency towards her, deſpiſing me for my homely appearance, the rough manlineſs of my countenance, and the ſeverity of my contracted brow. I doubt not, however, but that, if you will liſten to me with attention,

* *Lady.*] Gr. ποικιλη, Pœcile. The portico where Zeno taught the Stoic philoſophy, was called Ποικιλη, Pœcile, or various; from the variety of curious pictures which it contained, drawn by the greateſt maſters in Greece.

I ſhall

I ſhall appear to have more juſtice on my ſide than ſhe can pretend to: that alluring countenance, that courtezan's dreſs, with all its meretricious ornaments, are proof enough againſt her; with thoſe ſhe ſeduced my lover, the once wiſe and ſober † Dionyſius; the ‡ cauſe you juſt now determined, but too nearly reſembles mine: conſider within yourſelves which is moſt eligible, to wallow in the mire of luxury and intemperance, like ſo many ſwine, without a thought of any thing great or noble; or, preferring the good and uſeful, to the pleaſant and agreeable, to act like freemen and philoſophers: never dreading pain and affliction as evils not to be ſurmounted, nor placing, like ſlaves, our happineſs in figs and honey: theſe are the baits ſhe throws out to allure the weak and idle, repreſenting toil and labour, as ſomething frightful and diſguſting: and then it was that ſhe perſuaded him to ſhake me off, after ſhe had infected his mind with this poiſon; for never in his ſober ſenſes would he have liſtened to her. But why ſhould I be angry with her for abuſ-

† *Dionyſius.*] A famous diſciple of Zeno's. It is recorded of him, that labouring for a long time under a dreadful diſorder in his eyes, he renounced the Stoic doctrine, and ſo far apoſtatiſed as to acknowlege, that pain was a real evil.

‡ *The cauſe.*] Viz. that between Drunkenneſs and Academy.

ing

ing me, when ſhe ſpares not even the gods, but arraigns their providence, and deſerves, therefore, to be puniſhed for her impiety! I hear ſhe does not mean to anſwer for herſelf, but has hired Epicurus to plead for her; in ſuch contempt does ſhe hold the ſeat of judgment: but aſk her, I intreat you, what ſhe thinks Hercules, and your Theſeus would have been, if they had fled from labour, and followed the camp of pleaſure; the earth had then been full of nothing but injuſtice and oppreſſion. This is all I ſhall obſerve to you, as I am not fond of long ſpeeches, though, if ſhe thought proper, to enter into a diſpute with me, I could ſoon ſhew you how little ſhe has to ſay for herſelf; but you will remember your oath, and proceed to your ſuffrages, without giving credit to Epicurus, who will tell you that the gods take no care of human affairs.

MERCURY.

Change the water. You, Epicurus, may ſpeak in defence of your client, Pleaſure.

EPICURUS.

I ſhall not detain you, O judges, with a long ſpeech, nor have I occaſion for many arguments; if Pleaſure has in reality made uſe of any poiſons or incantations to ſeduce and betray this ſame Dionyſius, let her be condemned as an enchan-

enchantreſs, and puniſhed accordingly: but if, on the other hand, a free man, in a free city, diſguſted at the ſourneſs of the Portico, and finding that felicity, which it promiſed, only an idle pretence, ſhould quit its crooked paths, and labyrinths of argument, and ſhake off its chains, ſhould conſider man, not as a ſtock or ſtone, labour as it really is, an evil, and pleaſure as it always muſt be, ſweet and agreeable; muſt ſuch a man, becauſe juſt eſcaped from a ſhipwreck he would ſwim into the haven, be forced into inceſſant toil, and given up a victim to deſpair, when he fled for refuge to the arms of Pleaſure, like a ſuppliant at the altar of mercy? or ſhould he labour perpetually in ſearch of that great and celebrated object virtue, and ſpend a whole life of miſery and ſorrow here, in hopes of happineſs hereafter? could any man determine more properly than he did, who, though he was well acquainted with all the Stoic doctrines, and acknowleged, that what was honeſt, could alone be good; yet found that labour was a real evil, and made choice of that which experience taught him was the beſt. He perceived, moreover, that thoſe who talked ſo much about patience and long-ſuffering, were, in private, fond of pleaſure; and however they might boaſt abroad of temperance and fortitude,
would

would indulge themſelves in luxury at home; that when they were found a little remiſs, in not adhering to their tenets, they would bluſh at the diſcovery, though they could but ill ſupport this tantaliſing puniſhment; and whenever they had an opportunity of violating the laws in ſecret, and without fear of puniſhment, took down full draughts of ſenſuality. If, therefore, they could procure the ring of * Gyges, or the helmet of † Orcus, to make them invisible, I make no doubt but they would all bid adieu to labour, and, one after another, follow pleaſure, as Dionyſius did before them, who, for a long time flattered himſelf, that

* *Gyges.*] A king of Lydia, who dethroned Caudaules, and ſucceeded to his kingdom, had a ring, by turning a certain part of which upwards, he could render himſelf inviſible. If the reader would wiſh to know how he came by the ring, and what uſe he made of it, I refer him to the third book of Tully's Offices, where he will find the whole romantic ſtory told from Plato by the Roman orator, with his philoſophical reflections upon it.

† *Orcus.*] Alluding to that paſſage in the fifth book of the Iliad, where Minerva,

—— to hide her heav'nly viſage, ſpread
Black Orcus' helmet o'er her radiant head.

See Pope's Hom. Il. b. v. l. 1036.

As every thing that goes into the dark empire of Pluto, or Orcus, diſappears, and is ſeen no more: the Greeks from thence borrowed this figurative expreſſion; to put on Orcus, or Pluto's helmet, that is to ſay, to become inviſible.

their

their lectures and disputations would be of service to him; till sickness and pain came upon him, and then finding by experience, that the Portico and his weak frame did not agree well together, gave credit to one rather than the other; began to feel that he was a mortal, and had a mortal's body; he resolved, therefore, not to treat it like a statue, being well convinced, that whoever pretended to be of a different opinion, and to find fault with pleasure, only boast in word, whilst in deed their minds are fixed upon it. I have done; you may proceed to judgment.

P O R T I C O.

By no means; I beg to ask him a few questions first.

E P I C U R U S.

Ask them, and I will answer you.

P O R T I C O.

Do you imagine labour to be a real evil?

E P I C U R U S.

Certainly.

P O R T I C O.

And pleasure a certain good?

E P I C U R U S.

No doubt of it.

P O R T I C O.

But tell me, do you know what I mean by

things indifferent and not indifferent, essential and non-essential?

EPICURUS.

I do.

MERCURY.

The judges say they do not understand these hard terms, therefore have done with your dispute; they are going to vote.

PORTICO.

I should inevitably have conquered, if I could have gone on with my questions in the third figure of the * indemonstrables.

JUSTICE.

Which has gained the cause?

MERCURY.

Pleasure, unanimously.

PORTICO.

I appeal to Jupiter.

JUSTICE.

Success attend you! call somebody else.

* *Indemonstrables.*] Modi indemonstrabiles appellantur, says Apuleius, non quod demonstrari nequeunt, sed quod tam simplices, tamque manifesti sunt, ut demonstratione non egeant—They are called indemonstrable, not because they cannot be demonstrated, but because they are so plain and simple, that they do not stand in need of any demonstration. This is about as good an illustration of the word, as serjeant Kite's in the Recruiting Officer, "Demonstration from Dæmon, the father of lies."

MER-

MERCURY.

Virtue and Luxury contending for Ariſtippus: let him appear himſelf.

VIRTUE.

I muſt ſpeak firſt: Ariſtippus is mine, as all his words and actions ſufficiently teſtify.

LUXURY.

It is no ſuch thing; he belongs to me; he is my man, as is evident from his † garlands, his purple, and his ointments.

JUSTICE.

Let us have no more diſpute between you; this cauſe, likewiſe, muſt be put off till Jupiter has determined with regard to Dionyſius, for it ſeems to be a ſimilar affair; if that is given in favour of Pleaſure, Luxury ſhall have Ariſtippus; but if the Portico is declared conqueror, he muſt belong to Virtue: ſo let us call another

† *Garlands.*] Ariſtippus held that Pleaſure was the chief good, or Summum Bonum of life; he always, therefore, indulged himſelf in the luxuries of it. When Dionyſius, the Sicilian tyrant, at a feaſt, commanded that all ſhould put on purple robes, Plato refuſed, ſaying,

> I will not with a purple robe, diſgrace
> Myſelf, who am a man of manly race.

But Ariſtippus took it, and beginning to dance, ſaid,

> If it come pure, a mirthful feaſt,
> Never corrupts a modeſt breaſt.

This note is from Stanley's Hiſtory of Philoſophy, ſee p. 135.

caufe; but thefe judges muft not have the * reward, for this is not finifhed.

M E R C U R Y.

And fo the old men are to clamber up here for nothing.

J U S T I C E.

If they have a third part, it is enough; away with you, do not grumble; you fhall be judges again by and by.

M E R C U R Y.

It is time for Diogenes the Sinopean to make his appearance: you, Gluttony, may fpeak.

D I O G E N E S.

If fhe is not quiet, I fhall foon give her caufe not to accufe me of running away, but of beating her foundly, which I will certainly do, and that immediately.

J U S T I C E.

What is all this? fhe is running away, and he purfues her with a large club; fhe will get into a bad fcrape foon: call Pyrrho.

M E R C U R Y.

Painting is here, but Pyrrho will not come at all; I thought, indeed, he would ferve us in this manner.

* *The reward.*] The three oboli, the eftablifhed fee given to the judges; but which, Juftice fays, they were not entitled to, as the caufe remained yet undetermined.

JUSTICE.

Why ſo?

MERCURY.

* Becauſe he never admits of any thing decisive..

JUSTICE.

Then let him be non-ſuited. Now call in the Syrian author, though his name was given in laſt, nor did he ſeem anxious about the cauſe; however, let his and Rhetoric's come on firſt: what a crowd there is to hear it!

MERCURY.

No wonder, for it is quite a new thing; they are in hopes of hearing Dialogue and Rhetoric accuſing one another, and the Syrian pleading againſt them both; this has brought ſo many people to the trial. Come, Rhetoric, do you begin.

RHETORIC.

Firſt † then, O Athenians, I humbly implore

* *Becauſe.*] This is very arch, the Pyrrhoniſts or Sceptics, doubted of every thing, and conſequently could never admit the deciſions of a court of judicature.

† *Firſt then, &c.*] This is taken almoſt word for word from Demoſthenes's Oration de Coronâ, and his third Olynthiac, and is introduced here by Lucian, partly, perhaps, as a compliment to Demoſthenes, by putting his words into the mouth of Rhetoric herſelf, and partly, perhaps, to ridicule the affectation and plagiariſm of the orators of his time, who made free with that great ſpeaker's works in every diſcourſe. Lucian takes this occaſion alſo to laviſh not a few encomiums on himſelf.

plore the gods, that the ſame kindneſs and good-will which I have always borne towards this city, and to all here preſent, may be extended to me in this cauſe; that they will inſpire you with the reſolution, which is but juſt, to impoſe ſilence on him, till I have finiſhed my accuſation; very different is what he hath done, from what he hath ſaid to me; for his words, as you will ſoon perceive, reſemble mine, whilſt his actions are ſuch as would be moſt pernicious, and which, I cannot ſufficiently guard againſt: but, not to make a long exordium, whilſt the water flows in vain, hear what I have to allege againſt him.

Know then, moſt venerable judges, that I found him when a boy, in a habit little better than that of an Aſſyrian ſlave, a mere Barbarian in his language, wandering about Ionia, and not knowing which way to turn himſelf; in this condition I took him under my care and brought him up; as he ſeemed tractable, and attentive to me, for at this time he held me in the higheſt eſteem and veneration, I left all the rich and great, by whom I was courted and admired, and attached myſelf to this poor and ignoble youth, to whom I brought the nobleſt portion, of amazing eloquence; I carried him about to all the tribes, and, though a fo-

a foreigner, got him enrolled as a citizen, to the no little mortification of his rivals; when he went to rich weddings, I ſtill followed him up and down, helped him to compoſe and adorn his works, and made him famous wherever he came; what I did for him in Greece was not much, but when he travelled into Italy, I croſſed the Ionian gulph with him, accompanied him even into Gaul, and there made his fortune. For a long time he did every thing I deſired him, and never was abſent even for one night from me. When at length he grew ſatiated of glory and good living, he became proud, and ſupercilious, and from that time neglected, or rather totally deſerted me, falling violently in love with that old, long-bearded fellow, whom they call the Son of Philoſophy; quits, without a bluſh, that flow of words, and eaſy freedom which I had taught him, and confines himſelf to little frittered ſcraps of queſtions and anſwers; inſtead of haranguing with a loud and noble voice, he ſpeaks nothing but ſhort and pithy ſentences, as if his buſineſs were only to put ſyllables together, which I do not find he gets any great admiration or applauſe by, except, perhaps, a ſmile, a ſmall clap between the acts, a nod of the head, and now and then a groan; and yet, fond of this, he neglects

and despises me: though he is not, I hear, on very good terms even with his new favourite, whom he sometimes, they say, abuses and quarrels with.

Is he not, then, the most ungrateful of men, and may I not sue him for ill-treatment, for leaving his lawful wife, who has heaped so many favours on, and ennobled him, to go after a new one? and that at a time too, when all the world beside is admiring me: I am surrounded by lovers on every side knocking at my door; but I will not open them to fellows who bring nothing but noise and nonsense; but all this will not restore the false one to me, he still doats on his new love; and yet what, good heaven! can he expect from such a one, who has nothing to give him but an old cloak? Judges, I have done; in his reply, you will not, I hope, suffer him to use my method of defence; that would be turning my own arms against me; when he pleads the cause of his darling, * Dialogue, let him do it with Dialogue if he can.

MERCURY.

That, lady Rhetoric, we can never allow: he cannot plead by himself, and make use of Dialogue at the same time.

* *Dialogue.*] An arch kind of puzzle, naturally arising from the whimsical personification of the two accusers.

SYRIAN.

Since my adverſary does not chuſe to indulge me in that elaborate and diffuſive mode of ſpeech which I learned from her, I ſhall be brief in my reply. I will ſatisfy you, however, with regard to every article which ſhe has alleged againſt me. What ſhe told you about me, I acknowlege was all true; ſhe inſtructed, travelled with me, and introduced me to the beſt company in Greece; on all theſe accounts the connection was moſt agreeable to me; and now you ſhall hear why I left her, and fixed my affections on the lovely Dialogue; do not imagine I would be guilty of the leaſt degree of falſehood to ſupport my cauſe.

Know then, that when I perceived ſhe no longer behaved with that temperance and ſobriety, or appeared in that decent habit, which ſhe wore when wedded to the * Pæanian orator, but tricked herſelf out like a harlot, plaited her hair, and painted her cheeks, I began to ſuſpect, and watched her narrowly; but I will not mention all I ſaw; ſuffice it to ſay, that every night the ſtreet was filled with drunken lovers, who came to revel with her, knocking perpetually at her door, and ſome of them breaking in with rude force and violence, ſhe ſeeming

* *Pæanian.*] Demoſthenes.

all

all the while to laugh at, and be pleaſed with them for it; frequently would ſhe look down upon them from her window, and liſten to their amorous ditties; nay even ſometimes open her door, and little thinking I knew any thing of it, play the wanton with them. I did not chooſe openly to accuſe her of adultery, but not being able to bear ſuch treatment, betook myſelf to Dialogue, who lived in the neighbourhood, and who, I thought, would with open arms receive me. Theſe are all the great injuries which I have done to Rhetoric; but even, if ſhe had not acted in this manner, ſurely, Sirs, an old man, on the verge of forty, might be permitted to retire from ſtrife and buſtle, and end his days in peace; to ſhelter himſelf both from the accuſations of tyrants, and the applauſes of the great; and, no longer ambitious of fame or admiration, to ſeek the Lycæum or Academy, and converſe there peaceably with my friend Dialogue. And now, having nothing more to ſay, I ſubmit to your equitable determination.

JUSTICE.

Which is the conqueror?

MERCURY.

The Syrian has every vote but one.

JUSTICE.

And that one is a Rhetorician: and now, Dialogue, you muſt ſpeak, before the ſame court. You, Judges, are to remain, and be paid double for your pains.

DIALOGUE.

I ſhall not trouble the court with a long ſpeech, but, as my cuſtom is, be brief as poſſible; ignorant though I am of forms, I will proceed in my accuſation, and ſupport it in the uſual manner. Thus far my exordium; and now to the injuries and affronts which I have received from this man, which are as follows: to wit, taking me, who was always, hitherto, uſed to talk in the ſublime and lofty ſtyle, to walk over the clouds, and through the air,

> * Where mighty Jove, through the wide æther drives
> His rapid chariot.

And when I was juſt got to the pinnacle of all things, ſtopping me in my flight, breaking my wings, and reducing me upon a level with the multitude: taking off my modeſt tragic maſk, and putting me on a comic and ſatiric

* *Where mighty, &c.*] Taken from the Phædrus of Plato, where he ſays, ὁ μεν δη μεγας ηγεμων εν ερανω Ζευς πτηνον αρμα ελαυνων. Lucian, probably, by this quotation, meant to ridicule Plato's expreſſion, as favouring too much of poetical rhapſody.

one;

one; ſhutting me up with bitter jeſts, keen iambics, and cynic licencioufneſs; joining me with Eupolis and Ariſtophanes, men who laugh at, and are ſevere upon every thing; and, which is worſe, introducing me to the company of that ſnarling cur, Menippus, who fawns upon, and bites you at the ſame time. Is not it the worſt of treatment, not to ſuffer me to wear my own cloaths, and force me to talk comedy, ſtuff, and nonſenſe? Then, what is moſt abſurd of all, to make ſuch a ſtrange jumble of me, that I am neither proſe nor verſe, but a mixed unaccountable compoſition, which the hearers know not what to make of.

MERCURY.

Well, Syrian, what have you to ſay to this?

SYRIAN.

It is an attack which I little expected; I had reaſon, indeed, to hope for different treatment from him, whom I found with a melancholy countenance, ſhrivelled up with dry interrogatories, grave, indeed, and reſpectable; but ſour, aukward, and ungracious. I taught him to walk on the ground like a man, cleanſed him from his filth and naſtineſs, and gave him a ſmile of complacency, that made him agreeable to all beholders; by joining him with comedy, which he complains of, I gained him-

the

the good will of his auditors, who before, were afraid of his briſtles, which he ſhot forth like a porcupine, ſo that they could not venture to go near him. I know what hurts him moſt is, that I do not ſit with him, and diſpute about idle, ſubtle, and perplexing queſtions, whether the ſoul is immortal; how many meaſures, what portion of the divine nature, god, when he made the world, mixed up with the general maſs of matter; whether Rhetoric is made up of Flattery and Politics; and ſuch like ſubtleties, which he highly delights in, though it be, after all, only like ſcratching an old ſore; nothing is ſo pleaſant to him as to be told he can ſee thoſe things which nobody elſe can. This is what he wants, always looking round for his wings, to fly up to heaven, and at the ſame time cannot ſee the things that lie before him upon earth. As to his complaint, that, being myſelf a Barbarian, I have given him a Barbarian dreſs, and ſtripped him of his Grecian robe, it is a falſehood; ſhamefully ſhould I have tranſgreſſed the laws, to rob him of his native dreſs; I have only improved it. And now, judges, I have made the beſt defence I could, and hope you will, as before, fairly acquit me.

MERCURY.

All the ten are for you, though he who voted againſt you, is ſtill of the ſame opinion; but he is ſure always to envy the deſerving, and put in his black ball againſt them. To-morrow ſome other cauſes are to come on, in the mean time, † you may retire.

† *You.*] Speaking to the judges.

THE

PARASITE,

A DIALOGUE.

Under the Mask of a grave and laboured Encomium on the Art or Mystery of Parasitism, *universally practised in* LUCIAN'S *time, and not uncommon in our own, we have here a severe Satire on the Professors of it. The Moriæ Encomium, or Praise of Folly, by* Erasmus, *was, probably, suggested to him by this very entertaining* Dialogue, *which is written in an easy unaffected Style, and if it doth not make the Reader smile, he must either have no risible Muscles, or knows not how, or when, to make use of them. Our Author follows the* Socratic *Method of Disputing, made Use of by* Socrates; *who, as* * Addison *observes,* "*introduced the catechetical Mode of arguing, asking his Adversary Question upon Question, till he had convinced him out of his own Mouth, that his Opinions were wrong. This way of Debating (he observes,) drives an Enemy up into a Corner, seizes all the Passes through which he can make his Escape, and forces him to surrender at Discretion.*"

* See Spectator, No. 239.

T Y-

TYCHIADES, SIMO.

TYCHIADES.

HOW comes it to paſs, Simo, that whilſt all mankind, freemen or ſlaves, exerciſe ſome art which is profitable both to themſelves and to others alſo, you ſeem to have no employment that can be of ſervice, either to yourſelf, or to any body elſe?

SIMO.

I do not rightly underſtand your queſtion, Tychiades; I beg you would be more explicit.

TYCHIADES.

Is there, I mean, any art or ſcience which you are maſter of; do you, for inſtance, underſtand muſic?

SIMO.

By Jupiter, not at all.

TYCHIADES.

Phyſic, perhaps?

SIMO.

Nor that neither.

TYCHIADES.

Geometry?

SIMO.

No.

TYCHIADES.

What then? Rhetoric mayhap? for as to philoſophy, I know you are as far from it as vice itſelf is.

SIMO.

SIMO.

Yes, and farther too would I wish to be if possible; nor would I have you think I am ashamed of my ignorance in that point: I own I am bad enough, and even worse than you suppose me.

TYCHIADES.

May be so; but these, perhaps, are things you never learned, on account of their superior excellency, and the difficulty of attaining them: you may, notwithstanding, be an adept in some of the common trades or professions, a smith's, or a cobler's; for your fortune, I know, is too small, to do without something of this kind.

SIMO.

True, Tychiades; and yet I know nothing of them.

TYCHIADES.

What other profession are you of, then?

SIMO.

What profession? a very fine one, I think, and when you know what it is, you will think so too, and admire me for it; I assure you I am perfect master of it, though I cannot explain it to you.

TYCHIADES.

What is it?

SIMO.

I cannot, as yet, properly describe it to you;

it, at preſent, to inform you, that I have a certain art, which I am a proficient in, and, therefore, am not in want: what it is, you ſhall hear another time.

TYCHIADES.

But I cannot ſtay ſo long.

SIMO.

When you know it, you will ſay it is ſomething very new and aſtoniſhing.

TYCHIADES.

For that very reaſon, I long to be acquainted with it.

SIMO.

Some other time, my friend.

TYCHIADES.

No no, let us have it now, unleſs you are aſhamed.

SIMO.

It is the art of paraſitiſm.

TYCHIADES.

And would any one but a madman call this an art?

SIMO.

Yes, I do; and if I am mad, conſider that this madneſs excuſes me from learning any other art, and then I am ſure you will acquit me; for that ſame dæmon, madneſs, however dreadful it may be to thoſe who labour under it, is never blamed for the faults it commits, any more than

than the ſcholar is for what his maſter has taught him.

TYCHIADES.

The paraſite, therefore, practiſes an art?

SIMO.

Certainly; and that art I am maſter of.

TYCHIADES.

You own yourſelf a paraſite then?

SIMO.

I do; and now you think you have abuſed me dreadfully.

TYCHIADES.

Don't you bluſh when you call yourſelf a paraſite?

SIMO.

By no means: on the contrary, I ſhould have more reaſon to bluſh if I did not.

TYCHIADES.

And if I wanted to deſcribe you to a perſon who deſired to know what you were, would you have me ſay, a paraſite?

SIMO.

Were you to call a ſtatuary Phidias, you would not pleaſe him more than you do me, by calling me a paraſite; nor do I glory leſs in my art, than he did in his Jupiter.

TYCHIADES.

Now cannot I help ſmiling, when I think —

SIMO.

Of what?

TYCHIADES.

Why, of writing to you, and directing on the outside, to Simo the Parasite.

SIMO.

Well, and I shall like it better than if it was to * Dion the Philosopher.

TYCHIADES.

As to what you would wish to be called, it signifies little or nothing; but the folly is, with regard to the profession.

SIMO.

What do you mean?

TYCHIADES.

Would you place it, I mean, amongst the arts? if I am asked what art such a one professes, am I to say, as the grammatical, and the medicinal, so the parasitical art?

SIMO.

Certainly, Tychiades; and I would rather say that than any other: and if you please, I will tell you why, though, as I said before, I am not properly prepared for it.

* *Dion*] Of Alexandria, celebrated, according to Philostratus, as an eminent philosopher.

TY-

TYCHIADES.

Well, let us hear it, though, I am afraid, there will be but little truth in your assertions.

SIMO.

First then, we will consider art in general, and then descend to the several species of it, consider how far they partake of the first principles of it.

TYCHIADES.

What then is art? for it seems you can tell me.

SIMO.

I can.

TYCHIADES.

If you know then, let us have it immediately.

SIMO.

An art, then, as I remember to have been told by a certain learned man, is a system of approved rules, co-operating to a certain end useful to society.

TYCHIADES.

Well recollected; you have delivered it exactly as he defined it to you.

SIMO.

If the practice of a parasite answers in every respect to this definition, what is it but an art?

TYCHIADES.

If it does, an art it must certainly be.

SIMO.

Let us see then, whether by comparing it with the several requisites of an art, it will correspond, or whether, like cracked vessels, they will jarr against each other: and first then, this art, like every other, should be a system of approved rules, a complete perception. The first thing, therefore, necessary, is clearly to explore and discern who is the proper person to feed and maintain us, and most likely, when he has taken that resolution, not to change his mind; unless, indeed, we will advance, that he who can distinguish good money from bad, 'is a proper judge of corn: and yet that he is no artist who can know an honest man from a knave, whereas men are by no means so easily read as corns: for, according to the sage Euripides,

* No certain mark by which the good from ill
May be distinguish'd, doth the body wear.

So much doth the parasite excel nature in knowing and understanding things the most hidden and obscure, and better than divination itself; to say and do every thing that may recommend and ingratiate himself with his patron, is surely a mark of the strongest faculties and superior understanding.

* *No certain.*] From the Medea of Euripides.

TYCHIADES.

Moſt indiſputably.

SIMO.

To be much better treated, and counted a more agreeable companion than any of thoſe who do not underſtand the art; can this, think you, be managed without ſenſe and wiſdom?

TYCHIADES.

By no means.

SIMO.

Then to point out the beauties and faults of the ſeveral diſhes at table, can never be done but by a proficient in the art; for, as the moſt noble Plato well obſerves, If he who treats, has no ſkill in cookery, he is not fit to give a ſupper.

But farther; not only are the rules of our art fixed and approved, but reduced alſo to practice; other arts may remain for days, nights, months, and years, and yet never operate, though at the ſame time they exiſt in the perſon who poſſeſſes them; whereas, in the paraſite, if the rules are not put in practice, it makes an end both of the art and the artificer. As to the uſefulneſs of the end required, it would be madneſs to call it in queſtion: for ſurely nothing is more uſeful than eating and drinking, as without them, it is impoſſible to live.

TYCHIADES.

True.

SIMO.

Again, it is not a gift of nature, like ſtrength, or beauty, but acquired, and conſequently an art.

TYCHIADES.

Right.

SIMO.

Neither is it ignorance, for ignorance can never ſerve or aſſiſt you: were you to go to ſea in a ſtorm, and knew not how to guide the ſhip, could you expect to be ſaved?

TYCHIADES.

Certainly, no.

SIMO.

And wherefore? becauſe, doubtleſs, you wanted the art.

TYCHIADES.

True.

SIMO.

The paraſite, therefore, could not be ſaved if he was ignorant.

TYCHIADES.

Right.

SIMO.

He is ſaved, therefore, by art, and not by ignorance.

TYCHIADES.

No doubt of it.

SIMO.

SIMO.

Parafitifm, then, muft be an art.

TYCHIADES.

So, indeed, it fhould feem to be.

SIMO.

Moreover, very good pilots, and very good drivers have I feen thrown from their feats, fome bruifed, others killed; but never did I hear of a parafite wrecked or overturned. Upon the whole, then, fince parafitifm is not ignorance, nor a gift of nature, but certain fixed and approved rules reduced to practice, be it agreed, henceforth, between us, that it is an art.

TYCHIADES.

By what I learn from you, it certainly is fo; the only thing remaining to be proved, is the goodnefs of the end.

SIMO.

This you have doubtlefs a right to require: to define it, therefore; the parafitical art is the art of eating and drinking, and faying proper things on that fubject; and the end of it is, pleafure.

TYCHIADES.

You have defined your art moft admirably; but take care the philofophers do not quarrel with you about the end.

SIMO.

SIMO.

It is sufficient, surely, with regard to the end, if the parasitical art, and the summum bonum are found to be the same, as will evidently appear; for the wise Homer, who admired the life of a parasite, affirms it to be the most happy, and most enviable of all human conditions,

* How sweet (says he), the products of a peaceful reign!
The well-fill'd palace, the perpetual feast.
How goodly seems it ever to employ
Man's social day in union, and in joy;
The plenteous board, high-heap'd with cakes divine,
And, o'er the foaming bowl, the laughing wine!

And then, as if he had not sufficiently expressed his admiration of it, to confirm his opinion, he adds,

Dear to my heart is such delicious fare.

Concluding, if we are to take his word, that none but the parasite can be truly happy. Observe, withal, that he puts these words into the mouth of no common man, but the wisest of the Greeks: if Ulysses had preferred the ultimate end of the Stoics, he might have said so when he brought back Philoctetes from Lemnos, when he laid waste old Troy, destroyed

* *How sweet, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Odyssey b. ix. l. 3.

Ilium,

Ilium, or when he entered it, beating himſelf, and in his poor Stoic tatters; and yet even then he did not call that the moſt delightful of all ends; nay, when he got again into the Epicurean life with Calypſo, in luxury and indolence with Atlas's daughter, and all her allurements, even then he never ſaid this was the ſweeteſt of all ends; but ſtill preferred the life of the paraſite. Paraſites, you will obſerve, at that time were called gueſts; and how does he ſpeak of them! for again, it will be worth while to recur to his verſes, nor can they, indeed, be properly underſtood, unleſs we often repeat them,

* The plenteous board, high heap'd with cakes divine.

Epicurus himſelf ſtole his ſummum bonum from the paraſite; and an impudent theft it was, for Epicurus did not † enjoy that happineſs, which he declares to be his great end; whilſt the paraſite

* *The plenteous,* &c.] Part of the lines quoted juſt before from the Odyſſey.

† *Enjoy,* &c.] Lucian here, contrary to his uſual ſeverity, does juſtice to the character of Epicurus, who, though he conſidered pleaſure as the ſummum bonum, lived himſelf a diſtinguiſhed example of temperance and ſobriety: his followers, however, we have reaſon to ſuppoſe, were not ambitious of imitating him in this particular, but were truly what Horace calls them, Epicuri de grege Porci.

rasite really doth; for pleasure, in my opinion, consists in having a ‡ body free from pain or trouble, and a mind totally divested of all care and solicitude. Now the parasite possesses both these, and the Epicurean neither; for those who are perpetually hunting after the § figure of the earth, the magnitude of the sun, infinite worlds, and their distances from each other, and the first elements of things; disputing whether there are any gods or not, and quarrelling amongst themselves about the end of every good, surely may be styled not merely subject to human miseries, but deeply involved in worldly matters: whilst the parasite, who thinks every thing is as it should be, and that it cannot possibly be in a better situation than it is; never disturbed by such thoughts as these, eats and drinks in peace and safety, and lays all along with his hands and feet in perfect liberty;

‡ *A body, &c.*] Mens sana in corpore sano. Hor.

§ *Figure, &c.*] The earth, according to Epicurus, (who seemed to have no fixed or determinate opinion concerning it,) may be round, oval, or lenticular; triangular, pyramidal, square, hexaedrical, or of any other plain figure, especially if it be unmoved: "Most maintain the world, (say he,) to be as immortal and blessed, so also round, because Plato denieth any figure to be more beautiful than that; but to me, that of the cylinder, or the square, or the cone, or the pyramid, seem, by reason of the variety, more beautiful." See Stanley's Hist. of Phil. p. 570.

like

like Ulyſſes on his return to Ithaca. But there is another reaſon why I think the Epicurean a ſtranger to real pleaſure; this wiſe man either has ſomething to eat, or he has not; now, if he has not, ſo far from living pleaſantly, he cannot live at all: if he has, either he muſt have it from himſelf, or from ſomebody elſe; but if he has it from any body elſe, he muſt be a paraſite, and not, what he would have you think him, a philoſopher; and if he provides them himſelf, he can never live pleaſantly.

TYCHIADES.

Why ſo?

SIMO.

Becauſe he muſt be liable to a thouſand inconveniencies: he who would live pleaſantly, muſt ſatisfy every deſire, muſt he not?

TYCHIADES.

Certainly.

SIMO.

This, he who has a large fortune, perhaps, may, but he who has little or nothing, never can; let not the poor man ever pretend to be wiſe, ſince he cannot attain the great end, I mean pleaſure: but neither can even the rich, who miniſters moſt abundantly to his deſires, arrive at this; and why? becauſe he who ſpends a great deal, muſt always meet with a great

great deal of trouble, such as quarreling with the cook for dressing his victuals so badly, or, if he does not, having nothing fit to eat, and consequently no pleasure; besides, perhaps, scolding his house-keeper for managing matters so ill: are not these things so?

TYCHIADES.

By Jove, I think they are.

SIMO.

Now all this may happen to an Epicurean; ergo, he cannot arrive at the end proposed: but the parasite has no cook to be angry with, no house-keeper, no land or money to lament the loss of; he has nothing to do but to eat and drink, and is free from all the troubles and uneasiness which the other is perpetually subject to.

From the preceding arguments we have fairly proved that parasitism is an art: we shall now proceed to shew that it is the most complete one, that it is not only superior to all arts in general, but, separately considered, to every particular one: and first, it excels them all, because every art necessarily requires labour, discipline, terrors, beatings, stripes, &c. which we have all a natural aversion to, whereas our art is learned without any of them. Who ever returned in tears from a feast, as many do from their

masters;

masters; or who ever that was going to a good supper looked melancholy, as they do who frequent the schools? The parasite goes chearfully and of his own accord to a treat, and seems in love with his art, whilst those who learn others, hold them in abhorrence, and even frequently run away to avoid them. In other arts, parents reward children according to their merit; give the boy some victuals if he has wrote well, or if he has NOT, give him none; of such consequence is this same eating, that both reward and punishment are determined by it: now the parasite eats every day. In other arts this is the fruit of all their learning, and they receive it with joy after the task is over; but the way to it is rough and difficult: the parasite alone enjoys the fruit of his art at the very time when he is learning it; and even as soon as he begins, attains the end desired. Not only some other arts, but every one of them are practised to gain a maintenance; whilst the parasite gets one the moment he enters upon it. The husbandman does not till his field for the sake of agriculture, nor the builder build houses for the sake of architecture; but the parasite has nothing else in view but the thing itself; his business, and the end for which it was undertaken, is one and the same.

Again

Again: in other arts, men are perpetually employed, and have only two or three holidays in a month; for ſome places have annual, others monthly feſtivals, on which they are allowed to be merry; but the paraſite has thirty holy-days in the month, for every day to him ſeems holy.

In other arts, thoſe who would arrive at any proficiency in them, muſt be dieted like ſick men; for he that eats and drinks abundantly, will never learn much. In other arts, the workman can do nothing without his tools; there is no ſinging without a flute, nor playing without a lyre, nor riding without a horſe; now, our art is ſo commodious, and ſo eaſy to the artiſt, that he can exerciſe it without any inſtrument at all. For other arts, we give ſomething to learn them, but in this we receive for it: others, moreover, require a maſter, but this none: for, as Socrates ſays of poetry, it comes by inſpiration: add to this, that other arts cannot be practiſed when you are at ſea, or upon a journey, but this may.

TYCHIADES.

True.

SIMO.

Other arts, indeed, ſeem to ſtand in need of this, but this of no other.

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TYCHIADES.

But anſwer me this; do not thoſe who take what belongs to another, act unjuſtly?

SIMO.

No doubt of it.

TYCHIADES.

Is not the paraſite then guilty of injuſtice?

SIMO.

I cannot ſee that; the origin and ſource of every other art is mean and baſe, but the paraſite's is noble and generous; it ſprings from that boaſted virtue of philoſophers, true friendſhip.

TYCHIADES.

How ſo?

SIMO.

Becauſe no body invites a man to dinner who is his enemy, or a ſtranger, or even a perſon ſlightly acquainted with him; he muſt be a friend before he can be admitted to the table, and be initiated into the rites and myſteries of our art: it is a common ſaying, what ſort of a friend muſt he be, who neither eats nor drinks with us! by which it is plain they mean, that he alone who eats and drinks with us, can be a good and faithful friend. That this is the moſt princely, and, as it were, ſovereign of all arts, is indiſputable, becauſe men exerciſe others not

 only

only with great toil and labour, but ſtanding, or ſitting, as if they were ſlaves; but the paraſite practiſes his lying all along like a king. Need I mention here the peculiar felicity of him, who, as Homer ſays, neither * plants, turns the glebe, nor ſows, but without doing either, feeds freely upon every thing? the orator, the worker in braſs, or the geometrician may exerciſe their profeſſion, be they ever ſo fooliſh, or ever ſo bad; but no man can be a paraſite, who is either one or the other.

TYCHIADES.

Bleſs us! what a fine thing it is to be a paraſite! I could almoſt wiſh to be one myſelf inſtead of what I am.

SIMO.

I have ſhewn already how much this excels all arts in general; I ſhall now proceed to prove how ſuperior it is to every particular one. To compare it with any of the vulgar and mechanic arts, would debaſe and degrade it: we ſhall, therefore, only conſider the moſt elegant

* *Plants.*] See Homer's deſcription of the land of the Cyclops in the 9th book of the Odyſſey, where he tells us the inhabitants are

> Untaught to plant, to turn the glebe, or ſow,
> They all their products to free nature owe.
>
> Pope's Hom. Od. b. ix. l. 121.

and

and refined; and amongſt theſe, it is univerſally agreed, that rhetoric and philoſophy are the principal ones; which, on account of their ſuperior excellency, are by many ſtyled ſciences: if we can prove that paraſitiſm is far beyond theſe, it muſt as evidently ſhine forth the ſovereign of arts, as * Nauſicae was the queen of chambermaids.

Firſt then, it excels both rhetoric and philoſophy, as being a real and actual ſubſtance, concerning which, all are agreed; whilſt, with regard to the others, they are not. As to rhetoric, it is not one and the ſame thing with every body; for ſome call it an art, others no art at all, and others a bad and miſchievous one, and ſo on: in like manner, philoſophy is not always the ſame, it is one thing with the Stoics, another with the Epicureans, another with the Academics, and another with the Peripatetics; to this day its profeſſors are not agreed in their opinion of it: from theſe two we may form an idea of the reſt: I cannot poſſibly call that an art, which is not ſo much as a real ſubſtance: Arithmetic, indeed, is always one and the ſame, two and two make four with the Greeks as well as Perſians; in this point, Greeks

* *Nauſicae.*] See Homer's Odyſſey, book vi.

and barbarians never differ: but many and diverse are our philosophies, and we plainly perceive, that neither their principle nor their ends are the same.

TYCHIADES.

What you say is too true; for the professors call philosophy one simple thing, and yet themselves split it into a hundred.

SIMO.

In other professions, perhaps, some inconsistencies may be pardoned, and some errors passed over; but to philosophy, which is the teacher of truth, unity is essentially necessary; and who can bear to see it, like so many discordant instruments, disagreeing with itself? it cannot be a simple thing, always one and the same, because we see several different kinds of it; now, different kinds of it there cannot be, because, if it is philosophy, it must be one and the same. We may argue in the same manner also with regard to rhetoric; when all do not say the same on the subject proposed, but perpetually disagree in their opinions, it is plain to a demonstration, that object can have no real actual existence, the perceptions arising from which, are not universally the same; when the thing is contested, to whom can it belong? its never being found in any particular person,

at

at once deſtroys its exiſtence. But it is not ſo with paraſitiſm, which is the ſame, both amongſt Greeks and barbarians, in its practice, and in the manner of it; nor can it ever be ſaid, that one man is a paraſite in one way, and another in another: nor have they, like the Stoics and Epicureans, different tenets, but a general union and harmony amongſt themſelves, the actions ever correſponding with the ends propoſed by them. Paraſitiſm, therefore, as far as I ſee, ſtands the chance of being ſtyled the only true wiſdom.

TYCHIADES.

Thus far you ſeem to be in the right; but how will you prove your art to be ſuperior to philoſophy in all other points?

SIMO.

Firſt, I ſhall obſerve that no paraſite ever fell in love with philoſophy, whereas many philoſophers are recorded to have turned paraſites, and do ſo to this day.

TYCHIADES.

What philoſophers may they be?

SIMO.

Thoſe whom Simo is very well acquainted with, though you ſeem to inſinuate that I know no ſuch perſons; as if you thought it would be no honour to them, but rather a diſgrace.

TYCHIADES.

Not ſo, by Jupiter! but I am really in doubt whether you can produce them.

SIMO.

You can never have read their lives, my good friend, otherwiſe you muſt know well enough who I mean.

TYCHIADES.

By Hercules, then, I ſhould be glad you would tell me their names.

SIMO.

I will; and I aſſure you they are men of the firſt rank, and ſuch, perhaps, as you little think of: and firſt, then, there was * Æſchines, the Socratic, who wrote the long and elegant dialogues which he brought with him into Sicily, purpoſely to introduce himſelf to Dionyſius; and finding that his Miltiades, which he read over to the tyrant, met with his approbation, he even ſat himſelf down there, became the king's paraſite, and from that hour bad a final adieu to the diſputations of Socrates.

* *Æſchines.*] A famous philoſopher, contemporary with and a diſciple of the great Socrates. He ingratiated himſelf with Dionyſius the tyrant, and was ſupported by him. He wrote many dialogues, amongſt which was the Miltiades here mentioned, together with ſeveral orations and epiſtles, which are greatly admired.

Next

Next to him, what think you of * Ariſtippus the Cyrenian, was not he one of your moſt celebrated philoſophers?

TYCHIADES.

Moſt undoubtedly.

SIMO.

He alſo lived in Sicily at the ſame time, and was a paraſite to Dionyſius, who held him in the higheſt eſteem; his genius, indeed, appeared, above all men, beſt adapted to that art, inſomuch, that the tyrant would every day ſend his cooks to be inſtructed by him: he ſeems, indeed, to have been one of the greateſt ornaments of our profeſſion.

The next I ſhall mention, is your famous Plato, who travelled into Sicily for this very purpoſe, who practiſed this art at the † tyrant's

* *Ariſtippus.*] This ſatire on Ariſtippus is very fair: it is well known that philoſopher lived a great part of his time in the court of Dionyſius the Sicilian tyrant; and, as he acknowleged himſelf, for a very good reaſon; "when I wanted wiſdom, (ſaid he to the king,) I went to Socrates; now I want money, I come to you." He fell down at the king's feet to aſk a favour of him, which was granted, and being reproved for his meanneſs and ſervility; "Blame me not, ſaid he, but Dionyſius, whoſe ears are in his feet."

† *Tyrant's, &c.*] Dionyſius, to which he reſorted, but not being altogether of ſo compliant a diſpoſition as Æſchines and Ariſtippus, did not meet with the ſame encouragement; he ſtaid there, however, long enough to rank amongſt Lucian's paraſites, and to be handed down as ſuch, (with what degree of truth we know not) to poſterity.

court for a few days, but failed from want of natural capacity: after which, he returned to Athens, took a great deal of pains to qualify himself, and once more set sail for Sicily, where, trying a little while, he again met with as bad success through unskilfulness; his misfortune, indeed, in this particular, resembles the fate of ‡ Nicias.

TYCHIADES.

Who mentions this affair, Simo?

SIMO.

Several; particularly § Aristoxenus the musician, a man of no little note, who was, him-

‡ *Nicias.*] A famous commander mentioned by Thucydides, who perished at Syracuse, in the sea-fight between the Athenians and Lacedæmonians.

§ *Aristoxenus.*] He lived in the reign of Alexander the Great, and was a contemporary of Plato and Aristotle; eminent both as a philosopher and a musician, but most distinguished in the latter character: having written several learned treatises on ancient music, of which only his Harmonics, in three books, are come down to us; they are translated into Latin by Meursius. He is said by Suidas to have written no less than 452 different works, amongst which, those on music were most esteemed.

For a farther account of him and the merit of his Harmonics, I refer my readers to the ingenious Dr. Burney's General History of Music, one of the most instructive and entertaining works published in this century. See his Account of the Greek Music, p. 450.

self,

ſelf, the paraſite of * Neleus. †Euripides, beſides, as you very well know, was paraſite to Archelaus, to the day of his death, as ‡ Anaxarchus was to Alexander: as to Ariſtotle, he § touched but ſlightly this art, as he did on all the reſt. Philoſophers, therefore, as I juſt now obſerved, have frequently turned paraſites, but

* *Neleus.*] Concerning this Neleus we have very little information to be depended on, though he is ſlightly mentioned by Athenæus. He was, probably, however, ſome man of faſhion and conſequence at that time, with whom Ariſtoxenus was intimately connected.

† *Euripides,*] This famous tragedian, as it is well known, and recorded by all his biographers, left his native country, probably, on account of ſome ill treatment from his rivals, and ſpent the latter part of his life at the court of Archelaus, king of Macedon, who loaded him with favours, and treated him with all the reſpect due to his character and abilities: this was a ſufficient foundation for Lucian to call him a paraſite, a name which, notwithſtanding, he might probably very little deſerve.

‡ *Anaxarchus.*] A philoſopher of Abdera, and follower of Democritus. He lived intirely with Alexander the Great, and flouriſhed about the hundred and tenth Olympiad.

§ *Touched, &c.*] Ariſtotle, ſays Lucian, only ſkimmed the ſurface of this art, as he did with regard to many others, by which he means, we may ſuppoſe, to inſinuate that this great writer treated matters but ſuperficially, and never went to the bottom of them. Of his abſtruſe philoſophy we have certainly enough, becauſe if he had ſaid more, he would only have been more tedious: but when we turn to his rhetoric, tragedy, &c. we wiſh, perhaps, with Lucian, he had been more copious and explicit.

nobody

nobody ever ſaw a paraſite who wiſhed to turn philoſopher. If never to know hunger, thirſt, or cold, be real happineſs, paraſites alone are happy: for, as to philoſophers, many are found ſtarving, we never are: this is the fate of your wiſe men only, or ſuch wretches and beggars as reſemble them.

TYCHIADES.

True; but how will you prove, after all, that your art is ſuperior to rhetoric and philoſophy?

SIMO.

There are too ſeaſons, my good friend, when the arts, and the profeſſors of them, have an opportunity of ſhewing their real merit; the time of war, and the time of peace; let us, if you pleaſe, take the former, and conſider which will appear to the greateſt advantage, and be of moſt ſervice, both to themſelves and the public.

TYCHIADES.

An excellent trial of ſkill you have propoſed, and I cannot help ſmiling to myſelf, when I think of a paraſite and a philoſopher thus compared together.

SIMO.

To ſtop your admiration, and convince you that it is no jeſting matter, let us but for a moment

moment suppose word was just now brought, that the enemy had invaded this country, that we could no longer suffer him to lay waste our lands, but were under the immediate necessity of taking up arms against him; that our commanders had summoned all to the field who were of age to fight, and, among the rest, the philosophers, rhetoricians, and parasites were gathered together: first, then, let us see them naked, for they must be stripped before they put down their arms; observe the men one by one, and examine their bodies; you will find some of them pale, thin, and emaciated, as if they had been left half dead on the field of battle; how ridiculous it is to imagine, that such poor wretches as these could ever be fit for a close engagement, or be able to endure the fatigue and bustle of a war! but now, on the other hand, turn your eyes towards the parasite, and mark his appearance; observe what a body he has, and what a colour, not black like a slave, nor white like a woman, but of a fine sanguine complexion, and a countenance full of fire and spirit, like mine. To go to battle with a weak and timid eye, is mean and detestable; but such a warrior as ours

In

* In life is beauteous, and in death admir'd.

But why need we form conjectures about what we may easily prove by example? to say the truth, never would your orators or philosophers venture on the outside of the walls, or if they were ever forced into an engagement, they were sure to quit their ranks and run away.

TYCHIADES.

Very surprising and extraordinary indeed!

SIMO.

Yet so it is, and I will prove it; amongst your orators, how did Isocrates behave! so far was he from going out to battle, that he was afraid even to ascend the rostrum, but lost his voice in the fright. In the war with Philip, did not Demades, Æschines, and Philocrates give up themselves and their country through fear to the invader; did not they stay at home on purpose to manage his affairs with the commonwealth, and were not all those who took his part ranked amongst their best friends? even Hyperides, Lycurgus, and Demosthenes, who were so much braver, who were always abusing Philip, and stirring up the people against him in their harangues, what mighty act did they

* *In life, &c.*] This is probably from some tragic writer, though I do not remember the passage in any now extant.

perform

perform againſt him when the war began? Hyperides and Lycurgus never ſo much as dared to put their heads out beyond the city walls, but ſculked behind them, and during the ſiege, contented themſelves with making little ſpeeches and decrees againſt him; whilſt their great * leader, who was always crying out "Philip, that plague of Macedon, from whom no man would even purchaſe a ſlave." After venturing as far as Bœotia, before the battle began, threw down his ſhield, and fled. This you muſt have heard, as it is univerſally known, not by Athenians only, but by the Thracians and Scythians, thoſe barbarians from whom this coward ſprung.

TYCHIADES.

I acknowlege it; but theſe were only orators, people employed to teach language and not virtue; what ſay you to philoſophers? you cannot accuſe them.

SIMO.

Theſe, Tychiades, though they are perpetually talking about fortitude, and hackneying the name of virtue, are more timid and cowardly even than our orators: who ever heard of a philoſopher dying in battle? they either never

* *Leader.*] Demoſthenes.

fought

fought at all, or if they did, took the firſt opportunity to run away. Antiſthenes, Diogenes, Crates, Zeno, Plato, Æſchines, Ariſtotle, and the whole tribe of them, never ſo much as ſaw an engagement. The wiſe Socrates alone ventured to a battle, but was glad to retreat from † Parnethe to the palæſtra of Taurea; he thought it much pleaſanter and more polite to divert himſelf with the young men, and throw out his jeſts and ſarcaſms, than to fight with the Spartans.

TYCHIADES.

In truth, my good friend, I have heard as much from others, and thoſe two, who did not

† *Parnethe.*] Socrates, in ſpite of what is here roundly aſſerted by Lucian's paraſite, was no coward; but, according to Plutarch's teſtimony, always behaved well in battle, ſo well, indeed, that an honourable reward was aſſigned to him by the general, which he declined in favour of his friend Alcibiades. With regard to the affair here alluded to, Lucian has miſrepreſented it; for, as Plutarch tells us, in his tract concerning the dæmon of Socrates, as the army came to a way that was divided into two, Socrates made a ſtand, and adviſed thoſe that were with him not to take the path they were going into, along the mountain Parne, but the other, by the way called Retiſte, for ſuch, ſaid he to them, was the dæmon's advice; moſt of them, however, perſiſted in their own opinion, were met by a party of horſemen, and all cut off. Socrates, and thoſe who followed him, got ſafe home.

This, ſurely, was prudence, and not cowardice. We muſt not always depend on my friend Lucian's veracity.

ſay

ſay it merely for the ſake of laughing at, or abuſing them, nor do I therefore imagine you have belyed them, in compliment to your own art; but now, if you pleaſe, let us know how your friends behave in battle, and whether any of the ancient heroes were paraſites.

SIMO.

Every body, my friend, be he ever ſo ignorant, is acquainted with Homer; and thoſe that know him, know that his greateſt heroes were paraſites: the famous Neſtor, whoſe * lips flowed with honey, was the king's paraſite; nor was Achilles, who not only ſeemed, but was the moſt beautiful and moſt courageous of men, nor Diomed, nor Ajax, ſo much praiſed and admired by him as Neſtor; he does not wiſh for ten Ajax's, or ten Achilles's, but tells us he ſhould † ſoon take Troy, if he had but ten ſuch ſoldiers as this old paraſite. Idomeneus too, the offspring of Jove, was another paraſite, as he informs us, of Agamemnon's.

* *Lips.*] Words, ſweet as honey, from his lips diſtill'd.
See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book i. l. 332.

† *Soon take, &c.*] ——— Wou'd the gods decree
But ten ſuch ſages as they grant in thee,
Such wiſdom ſoon ſhou'd Priam's force deſtroy,
And ſoon ſhou'd fall the haughty tow'rs of Troy.
See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book ii. l. 442.

TY-

TYCHIADES.

I remember very well what you mention, but I do not rightly comprehend why they muſt be ſtyled paraſites.

SIMO.

Recollect, I beſeech you, the verſes where Agamemnon ſpeaks to Idomeneus.

TYCHIADES.

Which do you mean?

SIMO.

‡ —— in banquets when the gen'rous bowls
Reſtore our blood, and raiſe the warrior's ſouls,
Tho' all the reſt with ſtated rules we bound,
Unmix'd, unmeaſur'd, are thy goblets crown'd.

And this, he ſaid, not becauſe the goblet of Idomeneus was always filled for him, either fighting or ſleeping, but becauſe he alone had the privilege of ſupping every night with the king, whilſt other ſoldiers were only invited on particular occaſions.

Again, after Ajax had fought in ſingle combat with Hector, they * led him, he tells us, to the divine Agamemnon, where he was rewarded by ſupping with the king; but Neſtor and Idomeneus, as he informs us, had that

‡ *In banquets, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book iv. l. 296.

* *Led him.*] See Homer's Iliad, book vii. l. 312.

honour

honour every day. Neſtor, indeed, was the firſt of royal paraſites, and underſtood the art better than any of them; having practiſed it before with † Cæneus and Hexadius, nor did he quit it, till after the death of Agamemnon.

TYCHIADES.

He was certainly a moſt excellent one; if you know of any others, let us have them.

SIMO.

What think you of Patroclus, the famous paraſite of Achilles, a man not inferior to any of the Greeks, though but a youth, either in body or mind? nay, if Homer is to be credited, equal to Achilles himſelf: he who burſt through the gates, and attacked Hector in the trenches, and drove him to the ſhips, he who ſaved the burning veſſel of Proteſilaus, which was more than Ajax and Teucer, the ſons of Telamon, could do, though one was a heavy-armed leader, and the other a famous archer: this noble paraſite ſlew a number of the barbarians, and amongſt the reſt Sarpedon, the ſon of

† *Cæneus.*] This alludes to Neſtor's ſpeech in the firſt book of the Iliad, where he talks of his old acquaintance,

> Lives there a chief to match Pirithous' fame,
> Dryas the bold, or Cæneus' deathleſs name.

Theſeus and Polyphron are likewiſe recorded, but no mention is there made of Hexadius.

 Jove:

Jove: nor did he die like other men; Achilles we know alone, killed Hector, and Paris alone slew Achilles; but no less than two men and one god went to the slaying of our parasite, who, when he died, did not supplicate like the brave Hector, who fell down at Achilles's feet, and intreated that his body might be given to his friends, but behaved as became the dignity of his calling, and cried out

TYCHIADES.

What?

SIMO.

* Had twenty mortals, each thy match in fight,
Oppos'd me fairly, they had sunk in night.

TYCHIADES.

That's enough; but you must first fairly prove that Patroclus was not a friend, but a parasite.

SIMO.

I will produce you his own words to prove him the latter.

TYCHIADES.

Wonderful indeed!

SIMO.

Mark what he says:

† —— As in fate and love we join,
Ah, suffer that my bones may rest with thine;

* *Had twenty, &c.*] See Pope's Hom. Il. b. xvi. l. 1002.

† *As in fate.*] Part of the speech of Patroclus's shade to Achilles. See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xxiii. l. 103.

Together

Together have we liv'd, together bred,
One house receiv'd us, and one table fed.

Again, when he went away,

Me Peleus cherish'd long, and bad me be,
What I have prov'd, a ‡ minister to thee.

That is, his parasite; if he had meant that Patroclus was his friend, he would not have called him minister, for Patroclus, we know, was a free man; whom then could he call ministers, but those who were neither slaves nor friends, and consequently must be parasites? You will observe too, that he does not honour Idomeneus, though he was the son of Jupiter, with the epithet of Mars-like, but his parasite Meriones. Again, what think you of Aristogiton, the poor plebeian, who, as Thucydides tells us, was the parasite of Hermodius, and his lover also, for parasites must love those who maintain them; this man, we know, defended Athens when groaning under tyranny and oppression, and restored her freedom and independency: the brazen statues of him and his dearly beloved remain to this day in the market-place: please to observe, that all these brave men were parasites.

How does our parasite behave in the battle! does he not always, before he goes out to

‡ *Minister.*] Greek, Θεράποντ'.

fight, as * Ulyſſes preſcribes, take his breakfaſt? for, whomſoever he commanded to fight, him he firſt invited to feaſt, let him begin ever ſo early: whilſt other ſoldiers ſpend their time in a cowardly manner, ſome in fitting on their helmets, others preparing their breaſt-plates, others in trembling for the event of the battle; he with a chearful countenance employs it in making a good meal, and the moment he goes out, ſteps forward, and is foremoſt in the engagement: behind him, in another rank, ſtands his feeder, whom he covers with his ſhield, as Ajax did Teucer, and as the darts are flying round, expoſing his own body, ſhelters him, anxious to protect and ſave his patron, rather than himſelf: if he periſhes in battle, neither general nor ſoldier need bluſh to ſee his beauteous body falling gracefully as at a banquet. It is worth while, at the ſame time, to obſerve the carcaſe of the philoſopher that lies by him, dry and dirty, with his long beard, a poor little creature who was half dead before

* *Ulyſſes preſcribes.*]

Strength is deriv'd from ſpirits and from blood,
And thoſe augment by gen'rous wine and food;
Diſmiſs the people then, and give command,
With ſtrong repaſt to hearten ev'ry band.

See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. xix. l. 169.

the

the fight began: how muſt we deſpiſe the unfortunate city that has ſuch defenders, who that beheld theſe pale puny wretches thus ſtretched out on the ground, but muſt ſuppoſe them to be ſo many malefactors let out of priſon for lack of better ſoldiers to fight for their country! Such, my friend, are paraſites in time of war, compared to your orators and philoſophers; in peace they are as preferable to them as peace itſelf is to war; and to prove this, we will firſt, if you pleaſe, conſider the ſituations of peace.

TYCHIADES.

I do not rightly underſtand what you mean by that.

SIMO.

The forum, the courts of juſtice, the palæſtra, the gymnaſium, hunting parties, and banquets, theſe I call peaceful ſituations; are they not ſo?

TYCHIADES.

Moſt undoubtedly.

SIMO.

To the forum, or court of juſtice then, our paraſite never comes, becauſe they are fitter for informers and petty-foggers, ſeldom any thing juſt or honeſt is carried on there; the palæſtra indeed, the gymnaſium, and the ban-

quet, he always frequents, and is the great ornament and conductor of them. In the palæſtra, what orator or philoſopher can be compared with him for ſhape and beauty, which of them is not rather a diſgrace to the gymnaſium whenever he appears in it? If one of them meets a wild beaſt in the deſart, he is frightened out of his wits at him; whilſt our paraſite ſuſtains his attack with the greateſt eaſe and indifference: by the frequent view of his adverſary on a * table, he has learned to deſpiſe him; no ſtag nor horrid boar affrights our hero; for if the boar whets his teeth againſt him, he, in return, whets his teeth againſt the boar: as to hares, he is fonder of running after them than the dogs themſelves: at a feaſt, whether eating or jeſting, who is able to contend with him? who can ſo well entertain the company, he who is for ever ſinging and cutting jokes, or the poor creature who lies down in his ſhort cloak, never ſmiles, but looks upon the ground, with a melancholy countenance, as if he came to a funeral inſtead of a banquet; a philoſopher at a feaſt, I think, is like a † dog in a bath.

* *A table.*] The wild-boar was a favourite diſh at the tables of the great: the paraſite, therefore, is not afraid of meeting with his old acquaintance.

† *A dog.*] Frightened at the hot water, ſplaſhing, ſweating, and, in ſhort, as we ſay, quite out of his element.

But,

But, to paſs over theſe matters, let us come at once to the life of the paraſite, and compare it with theirs. In the firſt place then, he has an utter contempt of all fame and glory, and never cares what people think of him; now your orators and philoſophers, one and all of them, are fond of both, and what is worſe, of money too; whilſt the paraſite values it no more than the ſand upon the ſea-ſhore, and thinks it as bad as fire. Our rhetoricians, and what is more ſhameful, thoſe who call themſelves philoſophers, are ſo attached to their intereſt, that amongſt them, (for as to the orators, I ſhall take no notice of them,) ſome in the courts of judicature have taken bribes, others exact money from their pupils, others without a bluſh, will aſk a ſtipend of a king for living with him. You may ſee many an old fellow rambling about, and letting himſelf out, like Indian and Scythian ſlaves, nor is he aſhamed to own that he receives wages: beſides all this, you will find them ſubject to melancholy, to anger, envy, to paſſions, appetites, and deſires of every kind; but the paraſite is free from all: he is never angry, firſt, becauſe he can bear misfortunes, and ſecondly, becauſe there is nobody whom he can be angry with; if at any time he

is a little ruffled, his resentment produces nothing harsh nor gloomy, but rather excites mirth and laughter; he puts those in a good humour with whom he converses, and is, himself, never melancholy, as it is the peculiar advantage of his profession, that nothing can make him uneasy; for he has neither estate, nor house, nor servant, nor wife, nor children, the loss of which, and they are all perishable, must deeply affect the possessor of them; but he is not fond of glory, or riches, or any of those things that are so univesally admired.

TYCHIADES.

But, perhaps, Simo, want of victuals may now and then affect him a little.

SIMO.

You have forgot, my friend, that he who wants victuals is no parasite; he is not a brave man whose bravery is departed from him, nor is he a wise man who is deprived of wisdom; our inquiry is about him who is a parasite, and not about him who is none; now if the brave man is only brave whilst he is exercising his bravery, and the prudent man whilst he is practising prudence, in like manner, he only is a parasite who is * actually feeding, and if he

* *Actually feeding.*] Gr. παρασιτος, parasitus, from σιτος, food. A pun upon the Greek word.

is not ſo, we are talking not about him, but about ſomebody elſe.

TYCHIADES.

The paraſite then, you think, muſt always have plenty.

SIMO.

Certainly; neither on this account, therefore, nor any other, can he be unhappy. Moreover, you will pleaſe to obſerve, that orators and philoſophers are all cowards; you never ſee them go out without a club, which they would not be armed with, if they were not afraid; making their doors as faſt as poſſible for fear of thieves: whilſt our paraſite juſt ſhuts his, and that careleſsly, to keep the wind out; be there ever ſo much noiſe in the night, he is no more moved than if there was no noiſe at all; and if he walks through a deſart, he goes without a ſword, for he is afraid of nothing: but many a philoſopher have I ſeen, armed with ſpears and arrows, where there is nothing to fear; they carry clubs with them even when they go into the bath, or to dinner: you never knew a paraſite accuſed of an aſſault, rape, adultery, or any crime of that kind; he never hurts any body but himſelf: but as to orators and philoſophers, we not only know of a thou-

a thousand crimes committed by them in our own age, but have them recorded in books; there is still extant the apology of Socrates, Æschines, Hyperides, Demosthenes, and many others amongst your wise men; but who ever saw the defence of a parasite? nor can we call to mind a suit commenced against one of them.

TYCHIADES.

But, supposing the life of a parasite superior to that of an orator or philosopher, his death, after all, perhaps, may be much more wretched.

SIMO.

So far from it, that it is infinitely more happy. All your philosophers, we know, at least three parts of them, have died miserably; some condemned to suffer for the most atrocious of crimes, have been forced to drink * poison, others were burned to ashes, others died of the strangury, and others were banished; whereas parasites never go off in either of these ways, but come to a happy end, eating and drinking; or if, perhaps, any of them ever did die a violent death, it must have been from indigestion.

TYCHIADES.

You have fought your parasite's battle with the philosophers most nobly; all I want you

* *Poison.*] Alluding to the deaths of Socrates and Empedocles.

now

now to ſhew, is, what honour and profit redounds to the patron who ſupports him, and whether it is not a ſhame he ſhould be ſo liberally ſupported.

SIMO.

How ignorant, Tychiades, muſt you be, not to know that the rich man, who eats by himſelf, though he had all the wealth of Gyges, muſt be really poor, and if he appears in public without a paraſite, looks like a beggar! for, as a ſoldier is contemptible without arms, a garment without purple, or a horſe without his trappings, even ſo does a great man without a paraſite ſeem of no rank or eſtimation. The paraſite ſets off the rich man, but the rich man never ſets off the paraſite: it is no diſgrace, as you acknowlege, for the latter to live upon the former, as the poor ſhould depend upon the rich; and to the former the dependent is highly uſeful, not only becauſe he ſhews him off, but becauſe from the attendance of the one, is derived the happineſs of the other: woe be to thoſe who attack the patron, when his paraſite ſtands by him; and who will attempt to poiſon the man who has always a friend to taſte his meat and drink for him? the rich man is not only dignified by the paraſite, but is, at the ſame time, ſaved from the greateſt dangers by him;

him; the parasite, from his zeal and attachment, runs every hazard for his patron, not only takes care he shall never eat by himself, but even chuses to eat with him at the peril of his life.

TYCHIADES.

In good truth, my friend, you have done every thing in your power, have not neglected the defence of your art in any particular, but appeared to be what you promised, well prepared, and an adept in the profession; I would only ask you now, whether there is not something in the appellation of parasite, that is mean and base.

SIMO.

No such thing: it means no more than eating together; and is not sailing together, running together, riding and shooting together, and consequently eating together, better than sailing, and running, and riding, and shooting, and eating alone?

TYCHIADES.

You are quite right, and I entirely agree with you: for the future I shall come, as the children do, night and morning, to learn of you; you should teach me your art, I think, freely, because I am your first scholar, as mother's, they say, are always fondest of their first-born.

ANA-

ANACHARSIS.

A DIALOGUE ON GYMNASTIC EXERCISES.

The Advantages arising from the public gymnastic Exercises practised in Greece, *and the Inconveniences sometimes attendant on them, are here set forth in a lively and entertaining* Dialogue. LUCIAN, *in the Person of* ANACHARSIS, *the* Scythian, *laughs, but with great good Humour, at the obvious Absurdities, and ridiculous Circumstances which sometimes accompanied them: whilst the Lawgiver defends his own Statutes and Customs, with a Warmth and Seriousness suitable to the Occasion. The contrasted Characters of the* Grecian, *and* Scythian, *are well supported throughout, and the whole sprinkled with that Portion of true* Attic *Salt which distinguishes the Productions of this amusing Author.*

ANACHARSIS AND SOLON.

ANACHARSIS.

PRAY, Solon, what is the meaning of these young gentlemen's diverting themselves in this manner? Some of them are locked close together, and tripping up one another's heels, some writhing and twisting, rolling in the mud, and begriming themselves like so

many

many hogs: when they firſt undreſſed, I ſaw them ſtroking and anointing one another, as peaceably as could be; then, all on a ſudden, heaven knows why or wherefore, butting, and lifting their heads together, like rams. Look there, one of them has thrown his antagoniſt on the ground, he will not ſuffer him to riſe, but gets upon, and keeps him down with his knees, and, with his hands at his throat, is going to ſuffocate him, whilſt the other lays hold on his ſhoulder, as if beſeeching that he would not throttle him. The oil does not keep them a bit cleaner, for it is ſoon wiped off, and they are covered with ſweat and dirt. I cannot help laughing to ſee them ſlip out of one another's hands like eels. Yonder are others in the open air, with a deep ſand under them, which they are raking up like ſo many chicken, and ſprinkling each other with, I ſuppoſe that they may lay the faſter hold, as the ſand takes off the ſlipperineſs of the ointment, and makes them ſtand firmer on the ground: and now they go to it hand and foot; one poor creature ſeems as if he was ſpitting out all his teeth, his mouth is ſo full of ſand and blood, from the blow he has received on his face; that officer who preſides over the ſport, for by the purple

purple I take him to be a magiſtrate, never offers to part them, or put an end to the fray, but ſeems to encourage and promote it, as you ſee by the applauſes he beſtows on that bruiſer. But look yonder, ſome of them are ſkipping about with great agility, as if they were running a race, though they never ſtir from the ſpot; obſerve how they raiſe their bodies up into the air, and ſhake their legs: I ſhould be glad to know what good end or purpoſe this can poſſibly anſwer, for, to me, it appears like madneſs, nor ſhall I eaſily be perſuaded that they are not all out of their ſenſes.

SOLON.

No wonder, Anacharſis, they ſhould ſeem ſo to you, as theſe cuſtoms muſt appear ſtrange and foreign to your Scythian manners; and ſo would many of your's to us, if we were eye-witneſſes of them, as you are now of our's: but believe me, my good friend, there is no madneſs in the caſe, nor do they, when they roll about in the dirt, kick up the ſand, and ſtrike one another, mean to do any injury, or act from anger and reſentment: many good and uſeful conſequences reſult from it, and the body acquires no little ſtrength and improvement; if you ſtay any time in Greece, as I hope you will, I make no doubt but I ſhall ſee

you

you as deep in dirt and duſt as the beſt of them, ſo uſeful and ſo agreeable will the cuſtom ſoon appear to you.

ANACHARSIS.

Keep your uſeful and agreeable to yourſelves, I beſeech you, Solon; for if any one of you attempts to treat me in that manner, he ſhall find I do not wear a * ſcymitar for nothing: but pray inform me, what do you call this, and what is it they are about?

SOLON.

This place is called the † Gymnaſium, and is ſacred to Apollo the Lycian. Obſerve his ſtatue, the head reclining on his right hand, with a bow in his left, repreſents the deity as riſing from long labour: with regard to the exerciſes, what you obſerve in the mud there, and likewiſe on the ſand, we call wreſtling: when they ſtand upright, and attack one another, we term it the pancratium: we have

* *A ſcymitar.*] The acinaces, or ſcymitar of the Scythians, was their favourite weapon, which they always wore, both in peace and war; it was even treated with ſome degree of adoration, and worſhipped by them. See Lucian's Toxaris, and the note upon it.

† *Gymnaſium.*] The gymnaſium, or palæſtra, was the place where all the public exerciſes were performed, divided into ſeveral parts, which are all accurately and minutely deſcribed by Pauſanias, Vitruvius, Potter, and other writers.

likewiſe

likewise other sports, such as * boxing, quoits, and leaping, for every one of which we lay down certain rewards, which the conqueror is entitled to.

ANACHARSIS.

And what are they?

SOLON.

At the Olympic games, an ‡ olive crown, or garland; at the Isthmian, one of pine; at the Nemean, one of parsley; at the Pythian, apples from the trees sacred to Apollo; and with us, at the Panathenaica, olives from the tree of Minerva. What do you smile at? you think our prizes very small, I suppose.

ANACHARSIS.

O no; your rewards are certainly most magnificent, and such as must stir up a contest amongst the donors which shall be most libe-

* *Boxing, &c.*] The curious reader will meet with a particular account of all the ancient gymnastic sports, in three pieces written by Mons. Burette, and printed in the second volume of Memoires de Literature de l'Academie Royale des Inscriptions, &c.

‡ *Olive.*] The first reward bestowed upon the conquerors in the Olympic games was a chaplet, or crown, composed of the branches of wild olive, to enhance the value of which, it was pretended, that the tree from whence they were taken was brought to Olympia by Hercules, from the country of the Hyperboreans, and withal, that it was indicated to the Eleans by the Delphic oracle. See West's Dissertation on the Olympic Games.

 ral,

ral, worthy, no doubt, to be contended for by the candidates, even beyond their ſtrength: they muſt take a great deal of pains, to be ſure, and willingly run the hazard of being throttled for apples and parſley, as if they could not have plenty of them when they pleaſed, without having their faces ſmeared with mud, and their breaths trod out of their bodies for it.

SOLON.

But remember, my friend, it is not the reward alone which we look towards: theſe are only the marks and tokens of victory: the glory which reſults from it, is the conqueror's great reward: thoſe who look for glory, and thirſt after that alone, muſt ſuffer many things, and wait for it as the noble and worthy end of all their labours.

ANACHARSIS.

The great and noble end, you talk of then, is, that thoſe, who before pitied them for their wounds and dangers, ſhall applaud their victories, and ſee them crowned: whilſt they ſhall themſelves be ſupremely happy in the poſſeſſion of their apples and parſley.

SOLON.

You know little at preſent, I tell you, of our manners; by and by you will think better of them: when you come to the aſſembly, and

ſee

ſee ſuch numbers of people gathered together, and the amphitheatre filled with ſo many thouſand ſpectators, the combatants crowned with ſhouts of applauſe, and the conqueror equalled in honour and glory to the gods.

ANACHARSIS.

That, now, to me appears the moſt unfortunate circumſtance of all; to ſuffer ſo many hardſhips, not before a few judges only, but in the ſight of ſo many people, who are eye-witneſſes of their miſery, and compliment them ſo highly when they are bleeding at every vein, and half-choaked by their adverſaries; for this it ſeems is the happineſs of victory. Now, amongſt us Scythians, if any one beats a citizen, throws him down, or tears his cloaths off his back, he is ſeverely puniſhed by our elders, even when there are ever ſo few witneſſes, and not in large and ſpacious theatres, ſuch as you talk of at your Iſthmians and Olympics. I pity the combatants moſt ſincerely on account of their ſufferings, and as to your ſpectators, compoſed, as you ſay, of the firſt people in the ſtate, who frequent theſe aſſemblies, I wonder not a little how they can neglect their own affairs to throw away their time on ſuch things as theſe, nor do I underſtand what pleaſure

they can find in feeing men beating, fqueezing, and tearing one another.

SOLON.

If this was the feafon of our public games, you would then fee how ufeful and agreeable they are; you cannot by defcription form any idea of the pleafure which it would give you to fit amidft a number of fpectators, and obferve the courage of the men, the beauty of their forms, their ftrength and agility, their fkill and bravery, their unconquerable fpirit, and never-ceafing defire of fame and victory; I am fure, if you were to be an eye-witnefs of it, there would be no end of your acclamations and applaufe.

ANACHARSIS.

Rather fay, my friend, of ridicule and cenfure; for to tell you the truth, I think all thofe mighty virtues, you talk of, that ftrength, fkill, and fpirit, is only thrown away for nothing, when neither your country is in danger, your lands laid wafte, nor your friends injured nor affronted; if the combatants, therefore, are, as you fay, perfons of the firft rank, more fools are they, to fuffer fo much for nothing, to contend with misfortune, and roll beautiful bodies in the dirt, to get a few apples, or a branch of olive:

olive: for I cannot forget the immense rewards which you bestow on your conquerors. But, pray inform me, does every candidate receive a prize?

SOLON.

By no means, * only he who overcomes all the rest.

ANACHARSIS.

It is only, therefore, in pursuit of a doubtful and uncertain victory that all these men contend, though they know at the same time only one can be conqueror, and all the others, not only vanquished, but perhaps miserably mauled and wounded into the bargain.

SOLON.

You seem, Anacharsis, to be an utter stranger to every thing that concerns the proper regulation and management of a commonwealth; you would not otherwise find fault with such excellent institutions; but when you come to know how a city may be best established, and its members become most useful and praiseworthy, you will then approve of these our exercises, and the warmth with which we pursue

† *Only he, &c.*] "Know ye not (says St. Paul), that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize; so run that ye may obtain." See Epist. to the Corinthians, ch. ix. v. 24.

them, and will acknowlege that ſuch employments are of uſe, though they now appear to you ſo fruitleſs and unprofitable.

ANACHARSIS.

For no other reaſon, Solon, did I travel thus far, and croſs the ſtormy Euxine, but that I might learn the laws of the Greeks, acquaint myſelf with your manners, and acquire the moſt perfect idea of true policy: for this purpoſe did I fix on Solon to be my friend and companion, as a man who, I was told, had framed the moſt excellent laws, introduced the moſt uſeful inſtitutions, and formed the moſt noble republic: receive therefore your diſciple, and inſtruct him; for I would ſtay here with pleaſure, without meat or drink, as long as you pleaſe, to hear your talk on theſe ſubjects.

SOLON.

It would require, my friend, much time and pains to explain every thing to you; but if you have a mind to go through the ſeveral parts, I will give you my opinion concerning the gods, parents, marriage, and the reſt. But firſt, with regard to the treatment of our youth, and the methods which we take, as ſoon as they are capable of knowing what is good, to ſtrengthen their bodies, and render them fit for labour, I ſhall acquaint you with the reaſons why we

exerciſe

exercise them in this manner, not, as you will see, merely for the sake of the reward, for that a few only can obtain, but with the view to a much greater advantage arising to the whole city, and to every individual in it; another more noble contention springs from hence, amongst all the members of the community, and a crown is bestowed, not of pine, of olive, or of parsley, but one, with which is wreathed public happiness and private liberty, the ancient rites and ceremonies, the wealth, honour, and glory of our country, the safety of every man's property, with every good and noble gift we wish for from the gods: these are all interwoven with that crown, and result from that contest, and to this all our toils and labours lead.

ANACHARSIS.

When you had such rewards as these, my worthy friend, why did you talk of wild olives, pines, apples, and parsley?

SOLON.

Even these you will not think so trifling and inconsiderable, when you come rightly to understand what I just now mentioned; for these are in consequence of the same plan, and should be considered as so many small parts of that great contention, and that noble crown which

I ſpoke of. I have wandered I know not from the main ſubject, and got into our how Iſthmian, Olympic, and Nemæan games; but as we are now at leiſure, and you are deſirous of hearing me, we will go back, if you pleaſe, to the great principle, that common and univerſal trial of ſkill, which, as I obſerved to you, all this is intended to raiſe and promote.

ANACHARSIS.

It would be better, I think, to do ſo; I ſhall then, perhaps, learn to laugh no longer at thoſe who are ſo happy in their crowns of olive and parſley; but, if you pleaſe, we will retire into that arbour, and ſeat ourſelves on the bench, where we ſhall be removed a little from the noiſe of the combatants, and the ſhouts of the ſpectators; beſides, to tell you the truth, I cannot well bear the heat of the ſun, which ſtrikes full upon my head, and I have left my * hat at home, on purpoſe that I might not appear as a foreigner amongſt you;

* *Hat.*] The Scythian, we ſee, leaves his hat at home in complaiſance to the Grecian, who, we may ſuppoſe by this, thought it effeminate to wear any thing upon his head, even in the dog-days. Lucian, in the character of Anacharſis, laughs at him, as well he might, for the abſurdity; but when a cuſtom is once eſtabliſhed, eſpecially when founded on national vanity, as this was, be it ever ſo ridiculous, it is not eaſily ſhaken off.

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at this time of the year, what you call the dog-ſtar burns up every thing, and makes the air hot and dry, and the meridian ſun juſt over our heads renders the heat intolerable; I am ſurpriſed, therefore, that you, who are an old man, ſeem neither to ſweat as I do, nor feel any inconvenience from it, never looking about for ſhade, but expoſing yourſelf thus to the ſun.

SOLON.

Thoſe ridiculous labours, as you call them, Anacharſis, our conſtant rolling about in the mud, and the hardſhips we ſuffer, by being perpetually on the ſand and in the open air, are the very things which make us proof againſt the darts of the ſun: we want no hats to keep the rays from our heads; but, come, I will accompany you.

And now, obſerve, I do not expect you implicitly to obey and ſubmit to my laws, but whenever I appear to be wrong, that you will ſcrutiniſe and oppoſe my tenets, whence this advantage will inevitably accrue, either that you, when every thing is carefully examined, will embrace and firmly adhere to my opinion, or, on the other hand, I ſhall be convinced of my error, and learn beter of you, for which the whole city of Athens will be infinitely obliged to you: in this caſe I ſhall com-

thing, but ſtanding up in the great aſſembly, "I have given you, O Athenians, will I ſay to them, a body of laws, which I deemed good and ſalutary, but this ſtranger (pointing to you), who, though a Scythian, is a man of the higheſt ſenſe and abilities, hath convinced me of my miſtake, and taught me better precepts with regard to life and manners; look upon him, therefore, as your friend and benefactor, and erect a ſtatue to him next to your Minerva." Athens, I aſſure you, will never be aſhamed of learning what is good, even from a ſtranger and Barbarian.

ANACHARSIS.

* You Athenians, I ſee, as I have often heard, are fond of irony; for how ſhou'd a poor wandering ſhepherd like me, who have lived in a waggon all my life, and ſtrolled about from place to place, one who had never learned any thing before he came here, pretend to diſpute about your affairs, or to inſtruct men, like you, † ſprung from the ſoil which they inhabit,

* *You Athenians*, &c.] It is obſervable that, whilſt Anacharſis is blaming the Athenians for their irony, he is here himſelf praiſing it.

† *Sprung*, &c.] Anacharſis laughs at the vanity of the Athenians, which, after all, was a vanity not peculiar to themſelves, for the Ægyptians, Phrygians, Scythians, and many

bit, who have preserved this noble and most ancient city, by your salutary laws, for so many ages; or you above all, great Solon, who knows so well what will best establish and promote its happiness and prosperity! but, as a legislator, I will obey you even in this; and if any thing you advance appears wrong, venture to contradict, only that I may be better instructed by you. We are now got into the shade, where the sun can no longer annoy us, and this cool stone will afford us a pleasant seat. Begin, therefore, and inform me, why you so early inure your young men to labour, how it happens that rolling in the mud makes men good, and why dust and dirt should increase honour and virtue; this is what I would first wish to know, and instruct me in other points afterwards, each in its proper place; only remem-

many other nations fancied themselves to be the first race of mankind, as the Arcadians boasted that they were προσεληνοι, or, before the moon; in like manner the Athenians gave out that they were produced at the same time with the sun, and assumed the pompous name of αὐτοχθονες, persons produced out of the same soil that they inhabit, as it was a vulgar opinion, that in the beginning of the world men sprang up like plants from their mother earth; the Athenians called themselves also, alluding to this opinion, τεττιγες, or grasshoppers, and wore grasshoppers of gold in their hair, to signify the antiquity of their race, because those insects were believed to be generated out of the ground.

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ber, I beseech you, that you are conversing with an ignorant Barbarian. I mention this, that you may be plain and intelligible in your discourse, and, above all, not too long, lest whilst you are delivering one part, I should forget the other.

SOLON.

When I am obscure or tedious, therefore, you must interrupt and cut me off; though if what I say is not foreign to the purpose, you may indulge me a little in point of time, for thus it is our custom to act in the Areopagus; when a cause comes on there of murther or fire, the parties have a right to speak, the plaintiff and defendant, each in their turn, either themselves, or by their orator who pleads for them. As long as they confine themselves to the matter in hand, the judges listen with silence and attention; but if any of them usher in their defence with a long prooemium in favour of their clients, or attempt to excite compassion, or stir up the resentment of the audience, as the sons of rhetoric are apt to do, the † crier immediately steps forth into the middle of the assembly,

† *The crier.*] This check upon the prating counsel must have been of infinite service, and contributed greatly towards shortening a tedious law-suit. How extremely useful would an office of this kind be in our courts of judicature!

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and commands ſilence, never ſuffering them to play the fool before the judges, to obſcure or puzzle the cauſe by a multiplicity of words, but obliging them to explain the naked fact, and that only. And here, Anacharſis, in like manner, I conſtitute and appoint you an Areopagite: hear me as counſel in this cauſe, and impoſe ſilence on me when you think I play the orator, and endeavour to deceive you; but give me leave to go on, whilſt I adhere to the point in queſtion. We are not now in the heat of the ſun, ſo that a little longer converſation will never hurt us, the ſhade is thick round us, and we have nothing elſe to do.

ANACHARSIS.

True, Solon, I am greatly obliged to you, for thus acquainting me with your manner of determining cauſes in the Areopagus, where the judges decide ſo equitably: but proceed; I accept the honourable office you have conferred on me, and ſhall act accordingly.

SOLON.

I will firſt, then, acquaint you with the methods we take in regard to the city and its inhabitants: the former is conſidered by us, not merely as conſiſting of walls, temples, wharfs, and buildings, but the whole as a firm and immovable body, framed for the reception and

ſecurity.

ſecurity of the citizens, in whom alone we place all our ſtrength, and who are to preſide over, govern and direct every thing, as the ſoul preſides over the body; we take care, therefore, of the city, adorning it with noble edifices within, and ſecuring it by ſtrong bulwarks from without: but our chief concern is the citizens themſelves, to preſerve them in ſtrength both of mind and body, that they may be able to guard the commonwealth, and keep it free and happy, in war and in peace. For this purpoſe, we commit our children firſt to the care of mothers, nurſes, and ſchool-maſters, to inſtruct them properly in their early years; but as ſoon as they begin to underſtand what is right and good, when fear, ſhame, and emulation ſpring up in their minds, we then employ them in ſtudies of a different kind, and inure their bodies to labour by exerciſes that will increaſe their ſtrength and vigour: we do not reſt content with that power of mind or body which nature has endowed them with, but endeavour to improve it by education, which renders the good qualities that are born with us more conſpicuous, and changes the bad into better; following the example of the huſbandman, who ſhelters and hedges round the plant, whilſt it is low and tender; but when it has gained ſtrength

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and thickneſs, takes away the unneceſſary ſupport, and by leaving it open to the wind and weather, increaſes its growth and fertility.

We teach them, therefore, firſt muſic, and arithmetic, to write letters, and to read aloud clearly and diſtinctly; as they grow older, we give them the maxims, ſayings, and opinions of the wiſe men, and the works of the ancients, generally in verſe, as eaſier for the memory: when they read of the great and noble actions thus recorded, they are ſtruck with admiration, and a deſire of imitating them, ambitious of being themſelves diſtinguiſhed, admired, and celebrated by the poets of future ages, as their predeceſſors were by Homer and Heſiod. When they become able to guard the commonwealth, and enter on public affairs —— but I am wandering beyond my ſubject; as my intention was firſt to explain to you, why we inured them ſo much to bodily exerciſes: I ſhall ſtop, therefore, of my own accord, without waiting for a crier to admoniſh me, or your cenſure, my good Areopagite, though you are ſo modeſt, as not to reprove me for prating thus.

ANACHARSIS.

Pray, Solon, inform me, is there no puniſhment in your court for thoſe who leave unſaid what they ought to have ſaid?

SO-

SOLON.

Why do you aſk me that queſtion?

ANACHARSIS.

Becauſe you are for paſſing over what it is moſt neceſſary for me, as well as moſt agreeable to hear, and would dwell upon the leaſt uſeful, your ſports and exerciſes.

SOLON.

I only do that, my friend, in purſuance of the ſubject we * firſt entered upon, and that I might not load your memory with too many things at once; I will ſpeak, however, of what you deſire to know, but briefly at preſent, as the full conſideration of this will require another interview.

We form then, the minds of our youth, by making them thoroughly acquainted with the laws of the community, which are written in great letters, and put up in a public place, and which contain every thing which ſhould be done, and every thing which ſhould not. We commit them, moreover, to the care of certain good and approved maſters, who are called ſophiſts, or philoſophers, by whom they are taught both to ſay and do what is right and juſt, to attend to, and aſſiſt the common-weal, to live honeſtly, never to ſeek after what is baſe

* *Firſt, &c.*] The gymnaſtic exerciſes.

or

or unworthy, or to commit violence on any man: we carry them to comedies and tragedies at our theatre, that whilſt they behold the virtues and vices of paſt times, they may, themſelves, be attached to the one, and avoid the other; permitting our comic writers to expoſe and ridicule the citizens; and this we do, as well for their ſakes, who may grow better by ſeeing themſelves laughed at, as for that of the ſpectators in general, who may thus eſcape being ridiculed for the like abſurdities.

ANACHARSIS.

I have ſeen, I believe, what you call your tragedians and comedians; the former, I think, have high heavy ſhoes, gold fringes on their garments, with great * helmets on their heads, gaping immenſely wide, and truly ridiculous; they made a prodigious noiſe, and contrived, heaven knows how, to walk in their † chopines: it

* *Helmets.*] The ancient maſque was a kind of caſque or helmet, which covered the whole head, generally copied from the buſts or ſtatues of the perſonages repreſented: in ſo extenſive an area as the Greek theatre, it might be neceſſary to exaggerate the features, and enlarge the form of the actor. This, however, makes the maſk a proper ſubject of ridicule, and Lucian has frequently taken the liberty to laugh at it as ſuch.

† *Chopines.*] The cothurnus or buſkin was a kind of large and high ſhoe, the ſole of which, being made of very

 thick

it was, if I remember right, at the feaſt of Bacchus, where the comedians wore ſhoes not quite ſo high, could ſtand upon their feet, and were more like human creatures, but their head-pieces were even more ridiculous than the others, and the whole audience laughed at them, though they looked very grave and melancholy at the high-heeled tragedians, as if they were concerned at the load which they dragged after them.

S O L O N.

It was not their compaſſion, my good friend, which made them ſo melancholy, but, probably, the ſtory which the poet told of ſome ancient calamity, which, repeated in a mournful tragic ſtrain, drew tears from them: at the ſame time, I ſuppoſe, you heard ſome playing on the flute, and others ſinging to it, ſtanding in a ‡ circle; theſe, I aſſure you, have their

thick wood, raiſed the actors to an extraordinary height, and made them appear extremely tall. It was, probably, of the ſame form as the high ſhoe, or piece of cork, worn by the Spaniſh women, called a chopini, and which it ſhould ſeem by a paſſage in Shakſpeare, was uſed on our own ſtage—"Your ladyſhip (ſays Hamlet to the player,) is nearer heaven, than when I ſaw you laſt by the altitude of a chopine." Hamlet, act II. ſcene 7.

‡ *In a circle.*] The chorus. For a full account of which, ſee the Diſſertation on Ancient Tragedy, prefixed to my tranſlation of Sophocles. Octavo edition, vol. i. p. 22.

uſe,

use, for by such allurements, the mind is sharpened, and the heart improved.

And now, with regard to their bodies, which you seemed particularly inquisitive about, I will shew you how we exercise them. First, as soon as they are able to bear it, we strip them naked, to accustom them to the open air, to inure them to all kinds of weather, that they may be able to bear heat and cold; we then anoint them with oil, to fit them for more laborious exertion. It would be absurd, indeed, to suppose, that leather could be rendered by oil more supple, to last longer, and be less liable to crack, and that a living body like our own, should not be the better for it: we, therefore, invented various methods of exercise, and appointed masters in every one of them; some wrestle, others box, by which they are enabled to bear fatigue, and not to faint under wounds and blows; it gives them spirit to encounter difficulties and danger, and at the same time, makes them hardy and robust: by frequent throws, they learn to fall without danger, and to rise with ease; by the various inflexions, and squeezings of their bodies, and lifting up their adversary, and pressing him in their arms, their limbs are rendered more pliant, and less susceptible of injury; but the

greateſt advantage ariſing from hence is, their practice of the ſame diſcipline in the field of battle; as it is manifeſt, that the man who is thus inſtructed, if he lays hold on his enemy, knows better how to throw him down, or, if he falls himſelf, can riſe with more eaſe. To this great purpoſe, we endeavour to make every thing ſubſervient, and imagine that thoſe who are thus kept in conſtant exerciſe, will prove the beſt ſoldiers, their bodies being thus rendered ſtronger, as well as more ſupple and fit for engagement. You ſee what a figure it is probable thoſe will make in arms, who, even when naked, ſtrike their enemies with terror; who do not carry about with them a lifeleſs load of fleſh, nor lean and pale bodies, like women's, that wither in the ſhade, or diſſolve in perpetual ſweats, eſpecially if the meridian ſun ſcorches as it does now. What ſervice can ſuch be of, always thirſting, unable to bear the heat and duſt, who faint at the ſight of blood, and die with fear before they come within reach of a weapon? but our young warriors are robuſt and roſy, borrow their colour from the ſun that burns them, of a manly aſpect, full of warmth, ſpirit, and courage; not rough and dry, or bending beneath their own weight,

weight, but with bodies of due ſymmetry and proportion, who have carried off their ſuperfluous fleſh by conſtant labour, and kept only that which is firm and ſubſtantial. Exerciſe is to the body, what a fan is to the corn, which blows away the chaff, and duſt, and ſeparates it from the uſeful grain. Such, therefore, muſt be healthful and fit for labour, not ſubject to colliquation, nor, till the latter part of life, to infirmities or decay; for to return to my alluſion of the corn, if you ſet it on fire, the flames will firſt deſtroy the ſtubble, and afterwards the grain, which will ſmoke and take fire by degrees: and in like manner, ſuch bodies as I have been deſcribing to you, will not ſoon or eaſily be ſubdued either by toil or diſtemperature; their interior parts being well prepared, and the external ſo defended as not to be hurt by heat or cold: if at any time they yield to extraordinary fatigue, the vital ſpirits within ſupplies them with freſh vigour, and alacrity; inſomuch, that increaſe of labour, only increaſes ſtrength, and renders them indefatigable.

We teach them likewiſe to run races, which makes them ſwift of foot, and prevents their being out of breath; the courſe, moreover, is not on ſolid ground, but in a deep ſand, where the foot can never be firm, but ſlips away

from beneath them: we exercife them likewife in leaping over ditches, with leaden weights in their hands, and teach them to throw darts at a great diftance: you muft have feen alfo in the gymnafium, a brafs thing like a fmall fhield, round, and without a handle or ftrings; you took one up, I remember, and thought it very heavy, and fo fmooth that you could not hold it; this they throw up into the air, or * ftrait forwards, contending who fhall caft it fartheft; this ftrengthens the fhoulders, and gives the limbs their full power and agility. As to the duft and dirt, which feemed to you fo ridiculous, I will tell you why we have fo much of it; in the firft place, we do it that the combatants may not hurt themfelves on the ground, but fall foft, and without danger; and fecond-

* *Strait, &c.*] Lucian has here given us a pretty exact defcription of the quoit, or difcus, and the manner of playing with it, a proof, at the fame time, as the learned Mr. Weft obferves, that all the competitors made ufe of one and the fame difc, which is confirmed by the teftimonies of Homer, Ovid, and Statius. The difc was probably compofed of different materials, as iron, brafs, ftone, or wood, and thrown underhand, much in the fame manner as the quoit is amongft us, though not as we do at any particular mark, their whole endeavour being to throw beyond one another, and he who threw fartheft obtained the victory. With the Greeks it was only a trial of ftrength, with us it is a game of fkill alfo.

ly, becaufe, when they grow wet in the mud, and look like fo many eels, as you called them, it lubricates the limbs; it is therefore neither ufelefs nor ridiculous, but promotes ftrength and agility, by obliging them to hold one another with all their might, to prevent their flipping away: add to this, that to lift up a man who is anointed with oil, and rolled in the mud befides, is no eafy tafk: all this, as I before obferved to you, may be ufeful in time of war, if you want to carry off a wounded friend, or to lift up an enemy whom you have taken: for this reafon we ufe them to the moft violent exercifes, teaching them firft the moft difficult things; that thofe which are lefs fo may be performed by them with the greater facility; the fand, moreover, prevents their flipping away from each other; befides that, when fpread over the body, it keeps in the fweat, makes them ftronger, and hinders the cold air from entering into their open pores; it likewife wipes off the filth, and makes the man appear more neat and clean. I am fure you would prefer one of thefe to our delicate youth that are brought up in the fhade, even without putting their abilities to the proof, as you would find the body of the one firm, folid, and compact, of the other foft, pale, and bloodlefs.

Thus, my friend, do we exercise our youth, hoping by these means to render them the guardians of our city, and supporters of the common-weal, that they will defend our liberties, conquer our enemies, and make us fear'd and respected by all around us: in peace they become better subjects, are above any thing that is base, and do not run into vice and debauchery from idleness, but spend their leisure in these useful employments. I call this, therefore, a common good, and the greatest happiness which we enjoy, that our young men are thus prepared for peace and war, and are always thus engag-ed in what is both innocent and praise-worthy.

ANACHARSIS.

If then, Solon, you are at any time invaded by your enemies, you have nothing to do but to anoint yourselves with oil, sprinkle the dust over your bodies, and fall upon them; they, to be sure, will run away immediately, being afraid, as well they may, that you will throw the sand in their faces, or, getting behind them with agility, twist your legs round, and press them to death: then your archers will cast their darts at them, you, in the mean time, will stand like so many impenetrable statues; you who take your colour from the sun, and have such a quantity of blood in you; you are no

chaff

chaff and ſtubble, to be deſtroyed immediately, though, perhaps, at laſt, and by very deep wounds, they may draw a little blood from you; for ſo, if I underſtand you right, it muſt happen; it is odds, moreover, but you will borrow arms from your players, and when you ruſh out upon the enemy, put on their gaping vizards to appear formidable, and ſtrike terror into them, or, perhaps, ſtrut in their high ſhoes; they would be light to fly in if you are beat, or if you purſue the foe, you will make ſuch long ſtrides in them, that he can never eſcape you. Upon the whole, I am afraid theſe diverſions, which ſeem ſo excellent to you, are only trifling and ridiculous, a mere ſport for boys, that can only make cowards of them: if you wiſh to be free and happy, you muſt uſe yourſelves to other exerciſes, and ſuch as may be of ſervice to you in battle; leave your oil and your ſand, and teach your young men not to throw light darts, that are carried away by the wind, but heavy lances, that hiſs in the air, large ſtones that will fill their hands, a hatchet in one, and a ſhield in the other, with helmets and breaſt-plates. As you furniſh them at preſent, a few light-armed ſoldiers would ſoon rout them, and they muſt owe their ſafety, I think,

to

to the mercy of heaven. If I were to draw this little ſword out of my girdle, I could put your whole gymnaſium to flight; they would not dare to look at it, but hide themſelves behind the ſtatues and pillars, whilſt I ſhould laugh at their fright, and divert myſelf with their miſery; you would ſoon ſee them, not freſh and roſy as they are at preſent, but pale with fear: you have had ſuch a long peace that your men dare not ſo much as look at the creſt of an enemy's ſhield.

SOLON.

The * Thracians who came with Eumolpus to attack us, were not of that opinion, nor thoſe women of your's, whom † Hippolyta led to invade us, nor any, indeed, who ever tried our courage in the field: though we ſtrip the bodies of our youth in their exerciſe, we do not, therefore, my good friend, ſend them naked

* *The Thracians.*] Eumolpus, by ſome ſuppoſed to be the ſon of Orpheus, by others of Muſæus, diſputed the kingdom of Athens with Erectheus. Both leaders were ſlain in the conteſt. The Athenians, after their death, gave the throne to the family of Erectheus, and beſtowed on that of Eumolpus the dignity of hierophantes, or chief prieſt in the Eleuſinian myſteries, wherein it is ſaid to have continued for twelve hundred years.

† *Hippolyta.*] Queen of the Amazons. Hercules, by command of Euryſtheus, invaded her kingdom, killed her brothers Mygdon and Amycus, took her priſoner, and gave her in marriage to his friend Theſeus.

and

and unarmed to battle, but when they have gained ſtrength, put weapons in their hands, which by theſe means they know better how to make uſe of.

ANACHARSIS.

And pray, Solon, whereabouts is your armory? I have looked all about the city, and could never find one.

SOLON.

If you ſtay a little longer with us, you will ſoon ſee it; we have creſts, horſes, trappings, and arms of every kind to uſe, whenever there is occaſion for them: a fourth part of our citizens are horſemen; but we think it very unneceſſary to wear arms in time of peace; it is even forbidden by our laws to carry them about the city: but it is pardonable, indeed, in you, who are always at war; as you live without any walls and bulwarks, you are perpetually expoſed to treachery, and for ever in danger, a man may drag you by night out of your cart, and kill you in your ſleep; you live in fear of each other, every man acts as he pleaſes, and there are no laws to reſtrain you: the ſword, therefore, muſt always be drawn, and ready to defend you againſt violence and rapine.

ANACHARSIS.

You think it then unneceſſary to carry arms conſtantly

conſtantly about you, but lay them by you for ſervice when there may be occaſion for them, ſubduing the bodies of your young men by perpetual labour, and exhauſting all their ſtrength by rolling in dirt and filth for nothing.

SOLON.

You ſeem to conſider the ſtrength of man as if it was like water, wine, or any other liquor, that by dint of labour it would evaporate out of the veſſel, and leave the body dry and empty, having no reſource to ſupply it with more; but this is not the caſe, for the more ſtrength is exhauſted by exerciſe, the more is added; like the hydra, which when one head was cut off, produced two in the room of it; but if they are not inured to labour from their infancy, and by that gain ſupplies of ſtrength, then are they quickly conſumed and worn away by the leaſt toil or exertion; it is like fire and a candle, the ſame breath which adds force to the one, extinguiſhes the other, if you do not ſupply it with freſh matter.

ANACHARSIS.

I really do not underſtand you; your alluſions are too refined, and above my comprehenſion: but I ſhould be glad to know why at the Olympic, Iſthmian, and Pythian games, when ſo many people, as you tell me, come together to

ſee your exerciſes, you do not arm your young men, but ſend them forth naked, to be kicked and beat about, and when they conquer give them nothing but apples and olive garlands.

SOLON.

Becauſe it makes them more inclined to labour and aſſiduity, when they ſee the victors thus crowned with honour and glory by the applauſe of all Greece; beſides, that being obliged to appear naked, makes them keep their bodies neat and fit to be ſeen. As to the rewards, they, as I before obſerved to you, are by no means inconſiderable; to be praiſed by the ſpectators, and pointed out as ſuperior to their rivals, is a prize ſufficient for them; add to this, that numbers of the ſpectators, whoſe age demands the like exerciſe, feel the ſame ambition of excelling, and prepare themſelves for labour. Take away the love of fame from mankind, and what virtue would remain amongſt us, or who would ſtrive to perform great and ſplendid actions; you may judge from hence how they will fight for their wives and children, their religion and their country, who, naked and unarmed, ſhew ſuch an ardent thirſt after victory, when they contend only for apples and wreaths of olive.

But

But what would you ſay if you were to ſee the battles of our * quails, and † fighting cocks! you would ſmile, no doubt, eſpecially when I tell you, that they are by public appointment; and that we enjoin our youth, when they arrive at years of maturity to attend them, and be eye-witneſſes of the courage of theſe birds who fight till they die: nor is there any thing ridiculous in this cuſtom; for, hence they learn to deſpiſe danger, and are aſhamed to appear leſs bold and courageous than our cocks, to ſink under any wounds, or be intimi-

* *Quails, &c.*] The fighting of quails is mentioned by ſeveral authors, as a favourite diverſion amongſt the ancients; "Circulos faciunt (ſays Belingerus,) in illiſque Coturnices ſtatuunt, quas ad pugnam inter ſe ſtimulant; Coturnix quæ victa circulo ejicitur cedit domino Coturnicis victricis." See Jul. Cæſar Belingerus de Ludis Veterum.

By this account it appears that they fought in a pit, like our game-cocks. The ancients had, probably, a great plenty of theſe martial birds: in England they are rather ſcarce; we, therefore, when we can get, make a better uſe of them.

† *Fighting cocks.*] Our favourite diverſion of cock-fighting has, we ſee, at leaſt, the plea of antiquity, and, perhaps, it is the only plea it can boaſt, in favour of it. It does not, however, appear that the ancients furniſhed them as we do, with any artificial arms to deſtroy one another. For a circumſtantial account of the places and manner in which theſe bloody battles were fought, I refer the curious reader to a Tract on this ſubject in the Hiſt. de l' Acad. des Inſcript, and Belles Lettres.

dated

dated at any difficulty or misfortune; as to putting arms in their hands, and permitting them to cut and hack one another, we think it idle, ſavage, and unneceſſary, to run the hazard of deſtroying our beſt men, who might be of ſo much ſervice againſt our enemies.

As you propoſe, before your return home, to viſit the other parts of Greece, you will not, I hope, when you come to Lacedæmon, laugh at, or condemn the Spartans, for frequently killing one another about a ball, or for aſſembling together in a little iſland, ſurrounded with water, where the Lycurgeans and Herculeans, attack furiouſly, and throw each other into the river: after which, a peace ſucceeds, and they are all good friends again; nor, above all, muſt you be offended when you ſee their * young men whipped at the altar, and ſtreaming with blood; whilſt their fathers and mothers ſtand by, intreating them to ſuffer it courageouſly, and even proceed to threats, if they do not bear it with patience and reſolution: many have died under this diſcipline, rather than acknowlege themſelves unequal to it before their friends and relations. Statues of theſe

* *Young men.*] The Spartan cuſtom of whipping their boys at the altar of Diana, is taken notice of by Pauſanias, and by Plutarch in his life of Lycurgus.

have

have frequently been erected at the public expence. Think not, therefore, that they are out of their ſenſes, becauſe, neither forced by their enemies, nor at the command of a tyrant, they ſubmit to ſuch puniſhments. Their law-giver, Lycurgus, would give you very good reaſons for it; would tell you, that he does not thus chaſtiſe them from hatred or cruelty, but with intent, that thoſe who are to defend their country, may be endowed with extraordinary patience, and be ſuperior to all pain and affliction. But, without Lycurgus's apology, you muſt, yourſelf, naturally conclude, that one of theſe young men would never reveal a ſecret prejudicial to his country, though the enemy ſhould torture him ever ſo ſeverely, but rather provoke a repetition of the ſtrokes, and try who ſhould be tired firſt.

ANACHARSIS.

Was Lycurgus himſelf whipped thus when he was a youth, or, being paſſed the whipping, did he ſafely and ſecurely enjoin this diſcipline to be practiſed by others?

SOLON.

When he made theſe laws he was an old man, and juſt returned from Crete, whither he had travelled, on account of the excellent ſtatutes

tutes which he had heard were eſtabliſhed there by Minos the ſon of Jupiter.

ANACHARSIS.

And why do not you imitate Lycurgus, and flog your young men? it is a noble cuſtom, and worthy of you.

SOLON.

Becauſe our own exerciſes are of themſelves ſufficient; beſides that we think it beneath us to imitate foreigners.

ANACHARSIS.

That is not your reaſon; you are convinced, I am ſure, that to tye up young men naked in this manner, by both their hands, and whip them, can anſwer no good end whatſoever, either to the individual, or the whole community; and if ever I go to Sparta, and find them at this ſport, I ſhall certainly be ſtoned for laughing at them, when I ſee them whipping their young men like ſo many thieves and robbers. That city, in my opinion, ſtands in need of a good quantity of hellebore, which gives its public ſanction to any thing ſo abſurd and ridiculous.

SOLON.

Think not, my good friend, to gain the victory by thus arguing without an antagoniſt; you will find at Sparta enough who will be able

to anſwer and confute you. But, as I have told you all our cuſtoms, which you ſeem not much to approve of, I have a right to beg in return that you will acquaint me with your's, that I may know how you exerciſe and bring up your Scythian youth, and by what means you make them good and honeſt men.

ANACHARSIS.

To this, Solon, you have, no doubt, a fair claim, and I will give you an exact account of our laws and cuſtoms, though they are not ſo grand and reſpectable as your's, nor indeed any ways reſembling them, as we never ſo much as venture to give one another a ſlap on the face; we are rather afraid, indeed, of the conſequence: however, ſuch as they are, you ſhall have them; but I muſt defer it till * to-morrow, that I may have time to reflect a little on what you have told me, and recollect what I am to inform you of; in the mean time, we muſt part for the preſent, for it is almoſt dark.

* *To-morrow.*] An account of the Scythian cuſtoms, with Lucian's remarks upon them, would have been a valuable tract; but Anacharſis, which we have reaſon to lament, probably, did not keep his word, as no ſuch piece is come down to us.

ON

ON

MOURNING FOR THE DEAD.

In this little Tract Lucian *laughs at the whole Story of the Pagan Hell, as related by the Poets, and believed by the Multitude; together with many of the ridiculous Customs and Ceremonies used at Funerals, by People of all Nations. There are some good strokes of Humour in several Parts of it.*

IT is well worthy of our observation to remark what strange things the generality of mankind do and say with regard to mourning, both those who suffer, and those who condole; how dreadful and lamentable every thing appears, though, by Pluto and Proserpine, I believe none of them really know whether what happens is the better or the worse, for those whom they thus pity and lament: but they grieve according to stated modes and forms, and when a man dies, thus they always act. I would first examine, therefore, what their opinion concerning death is, so will all the superfluous pomp and parade attending it be best accounted for.

The great multitude, whom the wise and learned call the mobility, who have an implicit faith in Homer, Hesiod, and other fabulous writers, believe that there is beneath the earth, a place called Hades, or Hell, deep, dark, and spacious, where the sun never enters, and yet, we know not how, so * enlightened, as that all things in it may be fairly seen. In this cavern reigns the brother of Jupiter, surnamed Pluto, (for so I was informed by one skilled in those matters), and so called, because he is † rich in dead men; here he lives, and gives laws to his own kingdom, for to him, it seems, was allotted the empire of the dead, whom he holds in indissoluble chains, never permitting them to return to earth, but on some particular occasions, and which have very seldom happened from the earliest period of time to this day: the whole region is surrounded by rivers, which excite terror by their very names, such as ‡ Cocytus, Periphlegethon, and the rest of them; then there is the lake

* *Enlightened.*] What Milton in his description of hell poetically calls "Darkness visible."

† *Rich.*] A play upon the word Πλȣτος, or Pluto, in Greek signifying rich.

‡ *Cocytus.*] From Κωκυτος, lamentation.

Acheron,

* Acheron, that receives the new inhabitants, and which cannot be paſſed without a ferryman, too deep to go through on foot, and too wide to ſwim over; even the dead birds cannot fly ſo far. At the gate, which is of adamant, ſits † Æacus, the king's brother's ſon, who guards it; and near him ſtands the ‡ three-headed dog, a moſt fierce beaſt, who welcomes the gueſts with a mild and placid countenance, but if they endeavour to eſcape, makes a moſt dreadful howling. After paſſing this lake, they are received into a large meadow, planted with aſphodelus, and drink the liquor of oblivion, which deſtroys the memory, and is therefore called § Lethe: ſo we are told by thoſe who returned from thence, Alceſtes, Proteſilaus, Theſſalus, Theſeus the ſon of Ægeus, and Homer's

* *Acheron.*] From the Greek, which ſignifies ſine gaudio, or joyleſs. See Virg. Georg. ii. and the ſixth book of the Æneid.

† *Æacus.*] Son of Jupiter and Ægina, he was king of Oenopia, which he called Ægina, in honour of his mother; he was ſo renowned for equity that the poets thought proper to reward him, by reſerving a place for him between Minos and Rhadamanthus, the two chief juſtices of hell.

‡ *Three-headed dog.*] Cerberus.

§ *Lethe.*] Which in Greek ſignifies oblivion. The properties attributed to this water, furniſhed a late ingenious writer, whom we cannot ſufficiently lament, with the ſubject of his excellent dramatic ſatire.

Ulyſſes, moſt grave and creditable witneſſes, and who, I ſuppoſe, never drank of that ſame water, or they could not ſo well have remembered it. There, they tell us, Pluto and Proſerpine reign, and govern all things; with them exerciſe dominion alſo, a large multitude of Furies, Terrors, and Puniſhments, with || Mercury at their head, though he is not always amongſt them. As magiſtrates, ſatraps, or judges, ſit Minos and Rhadmanthus, two Cretans, and ſons of Jupiter; theſe, when they get together a few good and honeſt men, who have lived virtuouſly, ſend them off to eſtabliſh a colony in the Elyſian fields, where they live a life of joy and happineſs. On the other hand, when they lay hold on the wicked, they deliver them over to the Furies to be puniſhed for their iniquities, in the regions of ſorrow; there they ſuffer moſt grievouſly; ſome are tortured, others burned, torn by vulturs, fixed on wheels, or rolling ſtones up hill; Tantalus ſtanding at the lake, and dying with thirſt; great numbers in a kind of * middle ſtate, wander along

|| *Mercury.*] Whoſe buſineſs it was to conduct the departed mortals to the ſhades, leave them there, and immediately return to earth for another cargo. His ſtay, therefore, as Lucian obſerves, could be but ſhort amongſt them.

* *Middle ſtate.*] This is probably the

Inhumata infletaque turba,

mentioned

along the mead without bodies, ſhades, that on the leaſt touch, vaniſh like ſmoke: theſe receive a ſort of nouriſhment from our libations, and the offerings which we leave on their graves, ſo that if the poor ſpirit has no friends or relations left above ground, he ſtands a chance of ſtarving in the regions below. The vulgar are firmly perſuaded, that if any of their kindred die, it is their duty to put a piece of money into their mouth to pay the ferry-man for his paſſage, not determining, at the ſame time, what coin will beſt paſs there, whether a farthing of Attica, or Ægina, or Macedonia will be moſt current; nor reflecting, that it would be better for them not to pay at all, as the ferry-man then would not admit them, and ſo they might return to life again.

After this, when they have waſhed them well (as if the infernal lake was not ſufficient for the purpoſe), they anoint with the fineſt ointment the almoſt ſtinking carcaſe, crown it with flowers, and dreſs it up fine, that it may not

mentioned by Virgil; a ſet of poor ſouls, who for want of the ceremony of being buried were forced after death to wander about, and could gain admittance neither into the regions of bliſs, nor the ſeats of puniſhment. The account of this in ancient authors is very imperfect and obſcure; it ſeems, however, to have laid the foundation of a doctrine equally abſurd with the Pagan, a Popiſh purgatory.

catch cold upon the road, or appear naked before Cerberus. To this ſucceeds the weeping of the women, tears and lamentations on every ſide, beatings of the breaſt, tearings of the hair, and bloody cheeks; ſometimes the garments are rent in pieces, duſt ſprinkled on the head, and the living, in ſhort, in a worſe condition than the dead; for they roll themſelves on the earth, and beat their heads againſt the ground, whilſt the deceaſed is finely adorned, and carried about as to ſome pompous celebrity: then, perhaps, ſteps forth from the middle of the croud the father or mother (for we will ſuppoſe, the better to carry on the farce, that the deceaſed is ſome beautiful youth,) and embracing him, utters ſome ſtrange and abſurd ſpeech, which the dead man, if he had a voice, would give a proper † anſwer to; for now the father, in a melancholy tone, cries out, "‡ My ſweeteſt boy, why would you die, and leave me thus, cut off in the flower of your age; never didſt thou marry or have children; never didſt thou fight

† *Anſwer.*] This anſwer Lucian gives a little farther on. Wherefore, good old man, &c.

‡ *My ſweeteſt boy, &c.*] This cuſtom, I am told, is even now to be found in ſeveral parts of Ireland, where the relations of the deceaſed, croud about the grave, and cry out, "Arrah! why would you die, my dear honey, and leave your wife and ſweet babes, &c."

for

for thy country, or till the earth, or arrive at old age; never again, my child, ſhalt thou keep company, never ſhalt thou fall in love, never ſhalt thou get drunk with thy companions." This, or ſomething like this, will the fooliſh father ſay, as if he thought he could ſtand in need of theſe things after death, and would not be able to get them. But this is nothing; ſome I have known ridiculous enough on the death of their relations, to kill their horſes, their women, and their ſlaves, to burn along with them their apparel, and bury their furniture, as thinking they may have occaſion for them below. But the old man I mentioned, whatever he might ſay with a tragical voice, did not do it for his ſon's ſake, who, he very well knew, could not hear him, though he roared like Stentor; nor was it for his own, as the ſentiment would have done juſt as well without being expreſſed, and nobody need talk to themſelves; it muſt be therefore only to pleaſe others, and becauſe it is the faſhion, as he could not poſſibly tell where his ſon was going, or whether his death was really a misfortune or not.

Might not the ſon, therefore, having begged leave of Æacus and Pluto to peep from the door of his priſon, thus have reproved the father for his

his idle complaints, "Wherefore, good old man, art thou ſo unhappy and diſquieted? Why doſt thou trouble me with thy lamentations; leave off tearing thy hair, and cutting thy fleſh; why doſt thou call me wretched, when I am much happier than thyſelf? doſt thou think it a misfortune to me that I am not like thee, old, haggard, and withered, and ruſty, with a bald pate, and wrinkled face, bent down with age, and weak hams, after ſuch a number of Olympiads, that are but ſo many witneſſes of thy folly; what is there in life ſo valuable that I ſhould here regret the loſs of it? Eating and drinking, you will ſay, fine cloaths, and fine women; and feareſt thou that I ſhall be wretched for want of theſe? Knoweſt thou not that never to be thirſty is better than to drink, never to be hungry than to eat, never to want cloaths than to have the greateſt plenty of them?

"But I will tell you, for you ſeem not to know, why you ſhould lament; once more begin your complaints, and cry out, "Wretched ſon, no longer ſhalt thou be hungry or dry, no longer ſhalt thou mourn, no longer dread diſorders, fevers, enemies, or tyrants, no longer ſhall love or paſſion torment thee, no longer ſhalt thou ſtuff thyſelf two or three times a day; nor ſhalt thou grow old and deſpiſed, or thy

preſence

presence be detested by the young and gay. Would not this, my good father, be a fitter subject of complaint? but you cannot bear the darkness, it seems, which is to surround me, and are afraid I shall be choaked in my grave; but please to remember, when my eyes are putrified, or burned, if you mean to burn me, I shall not be able to distinguish light from darkness: but, moreover, of what service to me will be all your grief, the beatings of the breast, and women's lamentations, the sepulchre crowned with flowers, or the wine poured upon it, do you think it will distill to me, or penetrate into the infernal regions? And as for your sacrifices and libations, the smoke of them can only rise to heaven, and be of little use to the dead; what is left will be nothing but dust, and do you think we are to be fed with ashes? that the empire of Pluto is so barren and unfruitful, that we have no asphodelus left, and must be obliged to you for our subsistence? By Tisiphone, I could laugh at every thing you have said and done, but that you have tied up my jaws with your linen bandage."

* He ceas'd, the Fates suppress'd his lab'ring breath.

And now, by Jupiter, I beseech you, might not

* *He ceas'd, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, II. 502.

the

the dead youth moſt juſtly have argued in this manner? And yet fooliſh men make a noiſe and buſtle, and call in every day ſome lamentable ſophiſt or other to murmur for them, and join their own ridiculous complaints to his melancholy ſong: with regard to this all are fools alike; but as to ſepulture, people have different cuſtoms; the Grecian burns his dead, the Perſian inters, the Indian makes an earthen cruſt for them, the Scythian eats, the Ægyptian pickles them, he makes the dried carcaſe, I ſpeak from ocular proof, his gueſt and pot companion; a poor Ægyptian frequently gets money to maintain himſelf by pawning his dead relations; then come pyramids, tombs, monuments, and inſcriptions, which laſt, heaven knows, but a very little time, and are truly idle and ridiculous: ſome have inſtituted ſports and funeral orations at the tombs of the deceaſed, as if they meant to plead his cauſe, and give a favourable character of him to the judges below; after all theſe comes the relations feaſt; the kindred meet to comfort the parents, and force them to take ſome refreſhment, which they need not do, for they who have faſted three days are glad enough to eat again; then they cry out to them, how long, my friends, will you mourn, ſuffer the manes of your hap-

py child to reſt in peace; but if you are reſolved ſtill to weep and lament, for that very reaſon you ſhould not abſtain from food, but eat away, that you may have ſtrength to go on with it; then in the mouths of all you hear thoſe verſes of Homer,

> * —— Do not, thus conſum'd with woe,
> The common cares that nouriſh life forego;
> Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,
> A parent once, whoſe ſorrows equall'd thine.

And,

> † Eternal ſorrows what avails to ſhed?
> Greece honours not with ſolemn faſts the dead.

They then, perhaps, begin to feed a little, though with fear and trembling, as if they were aſhamed, after the death of their dear relations, to be ſubject to human infirmities.

Theſe, and a great many other things, ſtill more ridiculous, one may obſerve with regard to mourning, ariſing, perhaps, all from the vulgar opinion, that death is the greateſt of evils.

* *Do not thus*, &c.] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. xxiv. l. 755.

† *Eternal*, &c.] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xix. l. 227.

THE

T H E

COMPLETE ORATOR.

In the Time of LUCIAN, *and it is not impossible but such a Thing may happen in our own, a Species of false and tinsel Eloquence had crept in, and, probably gained many Admirers amongst the idle and unthinking Multitude, which our Satirist has here attacked with his usual Arms of Raillery and Ridicule. A rich Vein of pleasant Irony runs through the whole, which must render it highly entertaining to every Reader of Taste and Sensibility; nothing, indeed, is wanting to recommend it to us, but a perfect Knowlege of the Facts and Speeches, visibly alluded to in many Parts of it, which at this Distance of Time we cannot possibly acquire. Some Critics assert that the Satire was principally aimed at* JULIUS POLLUX, *Author of the* Onomasticum; *but this seems to be a mere Conjecture.*

YOU have often asked me, my young friend, how you may become an orator, and acquire the most noble and respectable title of a sophist: you have even gone so far as to say, you cannot properly enjoy life till you have gained such a proficiency in the art of speaking

ſpeaking as to be irreſiſtible, one whom none ſhould dare to oppoſe, but all Greece unite to admire: you are reſolved, therefore, to purſue the means, whatever they may be, that are conducive to this end: nor ſhall I refuſe my inſtructions to a youth, who, like you, ambitious of excelling in the nobleſt accompliſhments, and ignorant how to acquire them, ſolicits advice and direction. Liſten then to what I am going to ſay, and make not the leaſt doubt but that in a very ſhort time you will know every thing that is requiſite, and be able to practiſe it, provided that you continue to obſerve what I ſhall teach you, reflect ſeriouſly upon it, and carefully tread in that path, till you reach the goal. The game you are in chaſe of is, indeed, by no means poor or contemptible, but ſuch as will require toil and vigilance, and in purſuit of which there is nothing which ought not to be borne; for how many, you muſt remark, who before were men of no eſteem, have, by their ſkill in oratory, become rich, great, and noble!

In the mean time, be not diſmayed or terrified by the multiplicity of labours which you are to undergo; for I ſhall not carry you ſuch a rough and bad road as will tire you before you get half way, and make you turn back again:

that

that would be acting like moſt other guides, who generally lead people through round-about, ſtony, and dangerous paths; but the advantage of following me is, that I ſhall ſhew you the pleaſanteſt and the neareſt way, a fine ſmooth * horſe-road, which you will travel with delight, through flowery meadows and thick ſhade, go on at your eaſe, and get ſoon, without ſweating and toil, to the end of your journey, where you may lay and feaſt yourſelf, and look down upon the poor wretches who went the other way, puffing and blowing at the bottom of the hill, ſcarce able to crawl through the rough and dangerous precipices, ſome tumbling on their heads, and others wounded by the rocks; whilſt you ſit at the top, crowned with honour and glory, and reaping, in a ſhort time, all the fruits of eloquence, and are ſcarce waked out of your ſleep for it.

A moſt magnificent promiſe this! but by hoſpitable Jove I intreat you not to doubt or miſtruſt me, when I ſay, I will conduct you with the greateſt eaſe, pleaſure, and ſafety; and if † Heſiod, only by cropping a few leaves from

* *Horſe-road.*] Gr. ἱππήλατον.

† *Heſiod.*] Alluding to the following paſſage in the beginning of his Theogony:

‘ —— The

from Helicon, from a ſimple ſhepherd, immediately became a poet, and favoured by the Muſes, ſung the birth of gods and men: ſhall we think it impoſſible, in a very ſhort time, to make an orator, who is ſo much beneath the grandeur and dignity of a poet, if we can but diſcover the quickeſt way for it?

I will tell you the propoſal of a certain Sidonian merchant, which failed only by not being attended to, and, therefore, was of no ſervice to the perſon to whom it was addreſſed. Alexander, after the victory over Darius at Arbela, was maſter of Perſia, and had occaſion to ſend meſſengers through all parts of the empire; now, it was a long way from Perſia to Ægypt, for they were to go all round the mountains, and then from Babylonia into Arabia, and after paſſing through a long deſert, on to Ægypt: this gave Alexander no little un-

—— The maids of Jove, the ſacred nine,
Had pluck'd a ſceptre from the tree divine,
To me the branch they gave, with look ſerene,
The laurel enſign, never-fading green;
I took the gift, with holy raptures fir'd,
My words flow ſweeter, and my ſoul's inſpir'd.

Ovid, in the beginning of his Art of Love, alludes to this enthuſiaſtic flight of Heſiod's, where he ſays,

Nor Clio, nor her ſiſters, have I ſeen,
As Heſiod ſaw them in the ſhady green.

 eaſineſs;

eaſineſs, as he had heard the Ægyptians were planning ſomething againſt him, and wanted much to give orders to his ſatraps concerning them. At this time it was, that a Sidonian merchant ſaid to him, "I can promiſe, O king, to ſhew you a very ſhort way from Perſia to Ægypt; let a man but get over thoſe mountains, which he may do in three days, and he will be there immediately." And ſuch was really the caſe, but Alexander would not believe the merchant, and called him an impoſtor: the improbability of the promiſe ever being fulfilled rendered it abſolutely incredible to the multitude.

But do not you imitate them, for you will ſoon know by experience, that nothing can hinder you from being a complete orator in leſs than a day's time, by flying with me over the mountain from Perſia into Ægypt: but, before we ſet off, let me ſhew you, by an allegory, in the manner of * Cebes, both the roads, for there are two which leads to that oratory which you ſeem ſo ambitious to obtain. Obſerve then, ſitting on an eminence, a beautiful figure, bearing in her right hand the horn of Amalthæa, filled with fruit of every kind; imagine that on

* *Cebes.*] The Theban Philoſopher, and diſciple of Socrates, author of the famous allegory of the Tabula Cebetis.

the

the other ſide, you behold the amiable Plutus all over gold, by their ſide are glory and power, with a number of praiſes and compliments, like ſo many little Cupids, embracing each other, and fluttering about you; juſt as you have ſeen the Nile repreſented leaning on a crocodile, or Hippopotamos, with boys playing round him, which they call the † cubits of Ægypt; ſuch are the praiſes that hover round an orator. Approach then, fond lover, aſcend the eminence, and there receive thy bride, with riches, glory, and applauſe, for theſe are all the lawful right of him who ſhall eſpouſe her. When you come near to the mountain, at firſt you will, perhaps, deſpair of ever getting to the top of it; it will appear as Aornos did to the Macedonians, ſo inacceſſible, that even the birds can ſcarce fly up to it, and requires the ſtrength of a Bacchus, or Hercules, to take poſſeſſion of it. But you will ſoon perceive two paths that lead up to it, one narrow, rough, and over-

† *Cubits.*] There is now at the Tuilleries near Paris, a marble groupe of figures, copied from the antique ſtatue here alluded to, repreſenting the river Nile, under the figure of an old man crowned with laurel, and leaning on his elbow with a cornucopia in his hand; on his arms, ſhoulders, and thighs, are ſixteen naked boys, ſignifying ſo many cubits, the height of the river, when it overflows, and enriches the whole territory of Ægypt.

grown with thorns and briars, ſcarce paſſable, without much toil and labour; Heſiod has already engaged to ſhew it, and therefore you will not want my aſſiſtance: the other is broad, pleaſant, flowery, well-watered, ſuch, in ſhort, not to detain you from the deſired object, as I before deſcribed to you. Here, however, I muſt not forget to obſerve, that in the hard and rough way, you will find very few footſteps, and what there are, of a long ſtanding: I myſelf went that road like a fool as I was, and took a great deal of unneceſſary pains. The other. plain and even path, I ſaw, indeed, at a diſtance, juſt as it now is, but would not ſtep into it, for when I was young, I did not know what was beſt for me, but thought the poet muſt be right who tells us, that * labour is the ſource of happineſs; but it is not ſo, for I ſee numbers every day, who acquire the good things of life, without toil or care, only by a happy choice of the right road to them.

You will be in doubt, I know, at the beginning of the journey, which path you ſhall

* *Labour.*]

The paths of virtue muſt be reach'd by toil,
Arduous and long, and on a rugged ſoil;
Thorny the path, but when the top you gain,
Fair is the future, and the proſpect plain.

See Heſiod's Weeks and Days, l. 290.

turn;

turn to; but I will inſtruct you how to reach with eaſe the ſummit, to enjoy your beloved miſtreſs, to be happy, and to be admired. It is enough, that I was myſelf deceived and tired, for you every thing ſhall ſpring up without ploughing or ſowing, as in the days of Saturn.

And now, obſerve, there comes towards you a ſtout and hardy figure, robuſt and active, with a manly gait and geſture; he comes to be your guide in that rough and thorny way, and commands you to follow him: he will tell you many an idle tale, ſhew you the ſteps of Demoſthenes, Plato, and others, ſteps much † larger than thoſe of our days, but ſuch as are now buried in obſcurity and oblivion; theſe, he will ſay, if you tread in, you will ſoon gain the lovely bride, and be happy: but it is like walking on a rope, for if you go but ever ſo little beyond the line, or turn your foot to the right, or left, down you tumble. He will then order you to imitate the ancients, which

† *Larger.*] A happy alluſion to what Homer tells us of Hector's extraordinary ſtrength, when, as Garth, in his Epilogue to the Diſtreſs'd Mother, has humorouſly deſcribed it,

> He threw a ſtone of ſuch prodigious weight,
> As no two men could lift, not even of thoſe,
> Who in that race of thundering mortals roſe;
> It would have ſtrain'd a dozen—modern beaux.

is not very eaſy to do, and produce you ſome obſolete examples out of the old ſhop, ſuch as * Crates, † Hegeſias, and the famous ‡ iſlander, ſtiff and laboured things, mighty accurate and exact. He will inform you, perhaps, that induſtry, watchfulneſs, water-drinking, frugality, and ſo forth, are indiſpenſible, as without them you can never travel that road. But what is the moſt diſagreeable of all, is, that it will coſt you ſo much time, not days or months, but years, nay, whole Olympiads, ſo that before half your taſk is over, you will ſink under the toil, and in deſpair, bid a long adieu to all your hoped-for happineſs: add to this, that he will himſelf

* *Crates*] Is mentioned by Diogenes Laertius as a celebrated orator. The critics, however, ſeem to think, that Lucian meant in this place, to ſpeak of Critias, the famous orator, mentioned by Cicero, in his Treatiſe de Claris Oratoribus, who lived in the time of Thucydides; and who is likewiſe taken notice of by Philoſtratus, in his book de Vitis Sophiſtarum.

† *Hegeſias.*] Cicero ſpeaks likewiſe, but ſeems to have entertained no very high opinion of him, obſerving in the above mentioned treatiſe, de Clar. Orat. that Chariſii voluit ſimilis eſſe, atque ſe ita putavit Atticum, ut viros illos præ ſe penè agreſtes putaret.

‡ *Iſlander.*] Gorgias Leontinus, called the Iſlander, from his being a native of Sicily, which was termed the iſland Κατ' ἐξοχην; he was a diſciple of Empedocles, and held the firſt rank amongſt the ſophiſts of his time; he is mentioned likewiſe by Philoſtratus and Plutarch.

expect

expect no little reward, nor will he condescend to be your guide, unless you bribe him handsomely before-hand. This insolent old Saturnian, who proposes his ancient models, and wants you to rake up things long since buried in oblivion; will advise you, as a great and mighty matter, to rival the § sword-maker's son, or || Atrometes the scribe, and that too, in time of peace, not when Philip invades, or Alexander commands, for then it might have been of some service. But he knows nothing, all the time, of our new, short, easy, and direct road to rhetoric: never do you listen or attend to him, lest he should entirely ruin you, or at least make you grow old before your time, by the toil and labour he will impose on you; if you are really fond of eloquence, and wish as soon as possible to possess her, whilst you are in full vigour, take an eternal farewell of that sturdy rugged old fellow, let him go up himself, and carry with him as many as he can seduce, whilst you leave them all sweating and panting behind you.

For, as soon as you strike into the other road, you will meet a number of figures, and amongst

§ *Sword-maker's son.*] Demosthenes.

|| *Atrometes.*] Æschines, the famous orator. See Demosthenes's Oratio de Coronâ.

the reſt an * all-knowing and beautiful man, with an undulating motion in his gait, and his head bent on one ſide, a ſoft voice, and an effeminate countenance, touching his head gently with the tip of his finger, and adjuſting his curled hyacinthine locks, like Sardanapalus, Cyniras, or † Agatho himſelf, the famous handſome tragic poet: you will know him by theſe marks; let not, I beſeech you, ſo divine a figure, one ſo dear to Venus and the Graces, eſcape your obſervation; but how can I ſuppoſe it ſhould! for when he ſhall approach you, even though you were blind, and open, which ſuits admirably with a white hat, that ‡ Hymettian mouth of his, with its accuſtomed ſweetneſs, you will ſoon perceive that he is not one of us common people, who live upon the fruits of the earth, but ſome foreign and miraculous creature, fed with dew and ambroſia: to him, if you conſign yourſelf, you will im-

* *An all-knowing, &c.*] It is ſuppoſed, as I obſerved in the firſt note, that Lucian here meant to ſatiriſe Julius Pollux; but this is by no means clear.

† *Agatho.*] This famous tragic poet is mentioned by Ariſtotle in his Poetics, and by the ſcholiaſts on Ariſtophanes. But for the fulleſt account of him, I refer the curious reader to the learned Bentley's Diſſertation on the Epiſtles of Euripides.

‡ *Hymettian.*] Alluding to the mountain of Hymettus, ſo famous for its honey.

mediately

mediately become a famous orator, or, as he calls himſelf, a * king of words, and ride in the chariot of eloquence; for he will ſoon teach you every thing.

But let him ſpeak for himſelf; ridiculous, indeed, would it be in me, to harangue for ſuch an orator; I ſhould but ſpoil the part of ſo great a hero, were I to attempt to perform it: let him, therefore, addreſs you, as ſoon as he has ſtroked down his little foretop, and given you one of his ſoft beautiful ſmiles, with a voice like Glycera, Malthace, or the great comic † Thais herſelf; in this modeſt manner then, will he, perhaps, ſpeak of himſelf:

"Did the Pythian oracle ſend you here? and did it inform you that I was the prince of orators, as it told ‡ Chærephon of old, who was the wiſeſt of men? if it be not ſo, and urged by the love of glory, you come of your own accord,

* *King of words, &c.*] Ridiculous expreſſions, probably quoted from the works of the unfortunate author, now (happily for himſelf,) conſigned to oblivion, whom Lucian meant to expoſe.

† *Thais herſelf.*] Lucian calls her Αυτοθαις, the great Thais, or Thais herſelf. In the ſame manner in his Timon, he calls Boreas Αυτο Βορεας, ipſemet Boreas; an uncommon expreſſion, I believe, and peculiar to this author.

‡ *Chærephon.*] Who, we are told, enquired of the Pythian oracle, who was the wiſeſt of men? the oracle returned for anſwer, Socrates.

because

becauſe you have heard all mankind unite in praiſe of my perfections, and, aſtoniſhed at my ſuperiority, yield the palm to me, ſoon ſhall you know how divine a perſon you are applying to. You will not compare me to common men, but think what I ſhall ſhew you, beyond all that a * Tityus, an Otus, or Ophialtes could produce: my voice ſhall excel every other, as much as the trumpet doth the pipe, the bee a graſhopper, or the full chorus, every little chanter.

"If you wiſh to be an orator, nobody can teach you better than myſelf; follow me, therefore, thou favourite of Apollo, mind what I ſay, and look forward to every thing thou canſt deſire, but mark the laws which I lay down, and obſerve them well; go on boldly, and without delay; be not afraid becauſe thou art not firſt initiated by vain pretenders, who would ſhew thee another path; we ſhall not want their aſſiſtance; ſtep in, as the proverb ſays, with unwaſhed feet, thou wilt be never the worſe for it; nay, not even ſhouldſt thou not be able to write thy name; a true orator is above all theſe things.

"But, firſt, I muſt tell you what proviſion

* *Tityus.*] The famous giants mentioned by Homer. See Odyſſey Λ. l. 307.

you

you are to bring along with you, and what neceſſaries for the journey; and then, by my advice and direction, before ſun-ſet, I will make you as good an orator as myſelf, who know the beginning, and the middle, and the end of every thing that can, or ought to be ſaid. Bring with you, therefore, a great deal of ignorance, with much confidence, and, above all, a large quantity of boldneſs and aſſurance: as to modeſty, bluſhing, truth, and equity, you may leave them at home, as totally uſeleſs, and contrary to our deſign: forget not, however, the loudeſt bawling you can produce, an impudent tone, with gait and geſture exactly like mine. Theſe are abſolutely neceſſary, and theſe alone are ſufficient. Let your dreſs be white, with flowers upon it, and of the † Tarentine make, that the body may be ſeen through it; your ſlippers Attic, ſuch as the women wear, and finely wrought; or a ‡ Sicyonian ſhoe, which ſuits admirably

† *Tarentine.*] The linen of Tarentum was, probably, a kind of gauſe, ſo remarkably fine as to be almoſt pellucid, and conſequently ſhewed the ladies or gentlemens limbs who wore it to the greateſt advantage.

‡ *Sicyonian ſhoe*.] This kind of ſhoe, ſo called from the place where it was made, and generally worn by the ladies; though the macaronies of that age, as we find by this paſſage, ſometimes made uſe of them. Si mihi calceos (ſays Tully,) Sicyonias attuliſſes, non uterer, quamvis eſſent habiles, & apti ad pedem; ſed non viriles. See Cic. de Orat. b. i.

with

with a white hat; bring a good many ſervants with you, and always carry a book in your hand. All this you muſt provide yourſelf with; and as for the reſt, as we go along, I will explain every thing to you, and lay down ſome rules, which, if you carefully obſerve, oratory ſhall not reject you as one who hath never been initiated into her myſteries, but with open arms receive and embrace you. And firſt, remember that your dreſs and appearance are decent and handſome; then get you fifteen or twenty good Attic words, well ſelected, and maturely conſidered of, which you muſt have always ready, and at your tongue's end, ſuch as * *átta*, and *kata*, and *mone*, and *amegete*, and *loaste*, and ſo forth; theſe you muſt ſprinkle over every diſcourſe, like ſo many ſweetmeats, and never mind, if the reſt of your words are ever ſo unlike them, harſh, and diſſonant, and of quite another claſs. Let your garb be as coarſe as you pleaſe, ſo that the purple be fine, and full of flowers. In the other parts of your ſpeech, your words may be ſtrange, obſolete, and ſuch as are ſeldom met with amongſt the ancients;

* *Atta*, &c.] Greek words frequently uſed by ſome of the beſt Attic writers, and which, therefore, the ridiculous imitators of them were perpetually making uſe of, and applying, right or wrong, in their own works.

theſe

these you must have ready to throw at every body who converses with you: the vulgar will admire you, and think you a wonderful man, whose learning is above their † comprehension.

"If, after all, you blunder upon solecisms and barbarisms, there is one infallible remedy for you, which is impudence; you have nothing to do but immediately to quote some poet or prose-writer, no matter whether there ever was such a person, who approves that mode of speech, and who was a most learned man, and an excellent judge of language. As to study, you must never read the ancients, the trifler ‡ Isocrates, the aukward ungraceful Demosthenes, or the frigid Plato; but consult the books lately published, what we call our declamations; from these you may gather instructions, use them whenever you have occasion, and take, as from a store-house, whatever you want out of them.

"If you are to speak on any point, and the persons present are for suggesting arguments to you, and furnishing you with matter, treat them

† *Comprehension.*] Here Lucian quotes two or three quaint words and phrases, used at that time by the literary coxcombs of the age, which, as the learned reader who well knows them, will easily perceive, are untranslatable.

‡ *Isocrates.*] See Bayle.

with

with contempt; tell them, what they call difficult is extremely easy, and that they are afraid of doing any thing great or noble: then without delay rush on, and say any thing that comes into your head, never going from first to second, and from second to third, but let whatever comes first, be first advanced; and if it so happens, put the boot upon your head, and the helmet on your foot; go on talking, whatever you do, and never be silent. If you are speaking about an adultery at Athens, be sure you let them know what is done in such cases at Persia, and the Indies: above all, do not forget Marathon and Cynagirus, for without them you do nothing: fail to mount Athos and go on foot to the Hellespont, cover the Sun with Persian arrows, make Xerxes fly, hold up Leonidas to admiration, read the bloody letters of * Othryades, and talk for ever about Salamis, Artemisium, and Platæa; dwell perpetually on these, let them float upon the surface, keep these flowers always in bloom, and continually repeating your *atta* and *depothen*, though there is no occasion for them; for they are always beautiful, even when they are nothing to the purpose.

* *Othryades.*] See latter part of Charon, vol. i. and the note upon it.

"If

" If at any time you have an opportunity of ſinging, let every thing be ſung; but if you can find nothing fit to be ſung, modulate your voice to the proper tone, addreſs yourſelf in ſing-ſong to the judges, and depend upon it, the harmony is complete. Be ſure to repeat frequently, alas! alas! then ſtrike your thigh, ſtretch your throat, and roar out your words in a loud ſcream, and ſtrut about manfully, and ſhake your poſteriors: if they do not applaud you, be angry with, and abuſe them; if they ſeem aſhamed, and want to go off, ſtop them, make them ſit down, and, in ſhort, exerciſe your full dominion over them. That the vulgar may admire your ſpeeches, bring your arguments from the ſiege of Troy, or rather, if you will, from the marriage of Deucalion and Pyrrha, quite down to the preſent times. Underſtanding hearers are few in number, and out of good nature will ſay nothing, or if they ſhould, it will only look like envy; but the multitude will admire your dreſs, voice, walk, geſture, ſinging, nay even your fine ſhoes, and your *atta*; and when they ſee you ſweat, and toil, and puff, and blow, will never be perſuaded but that you are a moſt accompliſhed orator: beſides,

ſides, that the rapidity of your extempore eloquence carries with it no little excuſe for every thing, and always gains admiration with the vulgar. Take care, therefore, that you never write down any thing, or ſeem to think before you ſpeak; for that would be a ſtrong argument againſt you. Let your friends be always ready to applaud you with their * feet; it is what they owe you for their ſuppers; and if at any time they perceive you tripping, or heſitating, let them lay hold of your hand and pay you compliments, in the mean time you may find ſomething to ſay and go on. Be ſure you take care to have a chorus of your own to ſing with you.

"This you are to obſerve with regard to your ſpeeches: after they are over, let your guard of friends lead you off, converſing with them about your oration; and if you meet any body, be full of your own praiſes, that you may appear of ſome conſequence to him, crying

* *Feet.*] This method of applauſe, by ſtriking the feet on the ground, was, we have reaſon to ſuppoſe, generally adopted by the ancients: a modern audience makes uſe of the hands, for the ſame purpoſe, which is eaſier, and at the ſame time, perhaps, more exhilarating.

out, what is the † Pæanian to me, which of the ancients will contend with me? and so forth.

"But there is one principal thing, and which will raise your reputation above all, which I had forgot to mention; whoever speaks besides yourself, always laugh at them; if they speak well, say they stole it, and it is none of their own; if it is only tolerable, say it is good for nothing: always come late into the assembly, and you will be the more taken notice of, and when they are all silent, begin some strange panegyric, that may call off the attention of the audience from him who was speaking before, and make them shut their ears against him. Do not move your hand too often by way of applauding any body, for that is low and vulgar; nor rise up to speak above once or twice at most, but often smile to yourself, as if to shew your contempt of all that is said; for to those who are inclined to censure, some occasion may always be found; you must be confident and bold, have a lie always ready, and an oath at your tongue's end, envy, hatred, calumny, and malice, these will soon make you celebrated and conspicuous.

† *Pæanian.*] Demosthenes.

"So much for your outward appearance: in private you may game, whore, commit adultery, at leaſt tell every body you do, glory in it, and ſhew the love-letters written to you; endeavour to make yourſelf as handſome as you can, that the women may ſeem to have ſome reaſon for admiring you; this will be of uſe to you as an orator, as it will give you more aſſurance; women are more loquacious than men, and have better talents for abuſe: the more you are like them, therefore, the more you will † excel. * * * * * * —Theſe things, young man, if you diligently obſerve (and they are very eaſily done), I will anſwer for it, in a ſhort time, you will be the beſt orator in the world, and as great as myſelf; the conſequence I need not point out to you, nor the many advantages which eloquence has to beſtow; for only look on me, born of no very noble race, for my father was a * ſlave, and my mother a mender of old cloaths: at firſt, for you ſee my perſon is not

† *Excel.*] Here follow in the original two or three lines, which, for decency's ſake, are omitted in the tranſlation.

* *A ſlave.*] The original adds, which ſerved on the other ſide of Xois and Thmuis, cities of Lower Ægypt, or Abyſſinia.

contemptible, I ferved an old mifer only for my board, for that was all I could get, though, as I told you before, I was well accomplifhed, having a good fhare of ignorance and impudence. After this, I lived with an old woman of feventy, who fed me well for fome time, for I pretended to be fond of her, though fhe had but four teeth left, and thofe ‡ faftened in by a bit of gold: I was compelled by poverty to go through this laborious employment; hunger made the cold kiffes from this fepulchre moft delicious to me; and I fhould certainly have been left heir to all fhe had, if a rafcally fervant had not told her that I bought fome poifon on purpofe to make an end of her; upon which fhe thruft me headlong out of doors. I was not, however, left to ftarve, for I foon after turned orator, and gained univerfal applaufe, betrayed my clients, and promifed thofe that knew no better, that I would bribe the judges for them. Many a time have I loft my caufe, but ftill I § hung up the green branches and

‡ *Faftened.*] The art, we fee, of faftening in falfe teeth with gold wire, though generally confidered as a modern invention, was known by the Spence's and Vanbutcheli's of antiquity.

§ *Hung up.*] It was cuftomary amongft the ancients, as we

and crowns before my door; for I always lay this as a bait for the ignorant, and it is no little advantage to me to be known and fear'd, to be pointed at as a ſkilful advocate, verſed in every fraud, and the prince of miſchief. Such are the precepts which I deliver to you, and which I practiſed long ago myſelf, with no little emolument."

Thus will your noble guide finiſh his diſcourſe: and now, my young friend, if you will follow his advice, you may ſuppoſe yourſelf arrived at the deſired haven; nor need you fear but that you will ſoon be a great orator, and univerſally admired; that you will be wedded, not to an old woman like your preceptor, but to the beauteous fair one, Eloquence herſelf,

we learn from Caſaubon and other writers, for thoſe advocates, who had gained their cauſe, to hang up green branches and crowns before their doors, in token of their ſucceſs, which Juvenal alludes to,

> ut tibi laſſo
> Figantur virides, ſcalarum gloria palmæ.

And Martial alſo, in the following lines,

> Sic fora mirentur, ſic te palatia laudent,
> Excolat et geminas plurima palma fores.
> Book vii. Epig. 27.

If this cuſtom took place amongſt us, what groves of triumphant green would have crowned the doors of a *Thurlow*, a *Norton*, and a *Dunning!*

and

and ride in the ſwift chariot of Plato. As for myſelf (ſlothful and timid as I am), I muſt get out of your way, and ſince I cannot follow ſuch advice, give up all thoughts of being an orator. I have, indeed, long ſince declined it. Go you, therefore, my good friend, talk away, and be admired; only remember, that you did not get before me by running faſter, but by taking the eaſieſt and the neareſt way.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.